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THE

WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 2

THE SOCIETY OF JESUS IN AUSTRALIA

(Continued)

THE ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST IRISH FATHERS.

On September 21st, 1865, Father Joseph Lentaigne and Father William Kelly, the pioneer missioners of the Irish Province of the Society of Jesus, landed in Melbourne. They began their work at once. On the evening of their arrival Father Kelly preached in St. Francis' Church, where the Bishop, Dr. Goold, was conducting a mission. In a few days the Fathers took charge of St. Patrick's College, and with the help of two lay teachers, taught about thirty pupils till Christmas. No definite arrangement was made with the Bishop, as they preferred awaiting the arrival of Father Joseph Dalton and his companions who were to take over the mission at Richmond in accordance with a previous agreement with Dr. Goold. The diocese gave £180 per annum for the services of the two Fathers on Saturday and Sunday. On Sunday they said Mass and preached. Moreover, Father Lentaigne was assiduous in working among the Catholic patients at the Melbourne Hospital, in hearing confessions and attending sick calls. The annual stipend was money well earned. The Bishop and clergy, as a body, gave the Fathers a very cordial welcome and showed themselves well affected towards the Society. The Melbourne laity especially accorded every mark of esteem; they were evidently very pleased at our advent to Australia.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

1866.—On the 1st of February, Father John Nepomuk Hinteroecker and Brother George Eberhard arrived in

Sevenhill. They had left Vienna on November 25th, 1865, and travelling by steamer via Suez, had reached Melbourne on the 17th of January. Several handsome articles were sent with them by the Provincial for the new church at Sevenhill, the chief of which was a large painting of St. Aloysius, done by Father Rinn, of the Austrian Province. This painting was placed eventually above the High Altar. For many years Father Hinteroecker cherished an ardent desire to be sent to the foreign missions, but his delicate health hindered the granting of his wish. He had made a special study of zoology, botany and the kindred sciences, and he expected to find in Australia an extensive field not only for the exercise of apostolic zeal, but also for scientific research. The small number of the aborigines in South Australia disappointed him, and at Sevenhill he found the beginning merely of a higher institution of learning; but all the Fathers hoped for much help from a man of his ability and virtue. Letters which he conveyed from the Superiors in Europe were published on the 5th of February, and Father Joseph Tappeiner became Superior of the Mission. On the same day, Thomas O'Brien, the first Australian to be admitted to the Society, began his novitiate. Born in Sydney, New South Wales, of Irish parents, he arrived at Sevenhill in March, 1857. On the 28th of April, he left for Europe and completing his novitiate in Austria, he went through his studies in that Province.

Father Hinteroecker took charge of the Germans and Poles, and formed a class of natural history for the Sevenhill students. He also laid out a botanical garden to which he devoted much care and stocked it with many rare specimens. He commenced also, a zoological collection.

On the 15th of August (1866) the Very Rev. Laurence Bonaventure Shiel, O. S. F., Archdeacon, Ballarat, was consecrated in Melbourne Bishop of Adelaide. On his arrival in South Australia the following month, the clergy and the laity presented addresses of welcome, and the public installation in the Cathedral took place on Sunday, the 16th of September. The Rev. F. Smyth became Vicar General and the Rev. Father Russell Archdeacon. It may not be out of place to mention here the chief dates of Dr. Shiel's episcopate. In April, 1867, he left for Rome, returning in December, 1868. In 1869 he attended the Ecumenical Council

(Vatican), and re-entered his See in February, 1871. He died on the 1st of March, 1872. It is noteworthy that the diocese of Adelaide, after Dr. Murphy's death, was, for the most part, without a resident Bishop. The last year of Dr. Shiel's life was embittered by troubles within the diocese and the trial, it is said, hastened his death.

On the 17th of November (1866) Dr. Shiel paid his first visit to Sevenhill. A large number of Catholics met the Bishop at Undalya and accompanied him to Sevenhill where the students accorded him a formal and hearty welcome. Although the church was still incomplete, the sanctuary, with a sacristy on one side and a side chapel on the other, had been roofed, and a temporary wooden addition gave the requisite accommodation to the congregation. On Sunday, the 18th of November, Dr. Shiel blessed the Sanctuary in the presence of over a thousand persons. High Mass followed; and the Bishop preached an eloquent sermon, in which he praised warmly the Jesuit Fathers and their work in the diocese. Later in the day he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation.

Father Hinteroecker was eager to institute a mission for the conversion of the aborigines, and did something for a few blacks whom he found about Sevenhill; but it was felt that to secure lasting results, the mission should be established far from white men, in the interior. A proposal of devoting two Fathers and two lay-brothers to the work was submitted to Very Rev. Father General. On October 26th (1866) an answer arrived to the effect that, while Father Hinteroecker's zeal deserved warm praise, the undertaking proposed could not, for weighty reasons, be approved of for the present. So, for the time being, the project was abandoned.

MELBOURNE.

On the 17th of September, 1866, the second contingent of Irish Jesuits arrived by the Steam Ship *Great Britain*, the same vessel that brought out Father Lentaigne and Father Kelly the year before. The new arrivals were Father Joseph Dalton, Superior, Father Edward Nolan, Father David McKiniry, and two lay-brothers, Michael Scully, a shoemaker, and Michael Goodwin, a carpenter. Brother Goodwin was a novice. The new Fathers found that the number of pupils at the College had increased since the opening of classes

at the beginning of the year and had reached in April a total of one hundred. Father Lentaigne and Father Kelly worked the school with the help of two ecclesiastical students and two paid lay teachers. The school fees were nominally £3 a quarter, but reductions for brothers and for struggling parents, bad debts and quarters only partially paid, brought the annual pension down to the low sum of £7. The newly arrived Fathers gave much needed help in the carrying on of the College, and the year was brought to a satisfactory conclusion with a well attended Distribution of Prizes in December.

Father Dalton and Father Lentaigne had several interviews with the Bishop about the terms of the agreement between his Lordship and the Society. The transaction of this business took up a week (September 19–27), and resulted in the handing over to the Fathers of the charge of Richmond, Hawthorn, Camberwell, and large country districts known then as Nunawading and Air Hill. When everything was finally arranged, Father Dalton took up his residence in Richmond on the 27th of September. Father Parle was the priest then in charge of the district, and just at that time he had to leave suddenly to take the place of a priest up country who was seriously ill. Father Nolan and Father McKiniry taught at the College, where they lived, but on Saturday and Sunday they helped in the mission work in Richmond. From the outset Father Nolan had care of the Hawthorn district.

Brother Goodwin burst a blood-vessel shortly after his arrival and died of consumption at St. Patrick's College, on the 13th of October. He had completed his twenty-seventh year. R. I. P. The other lay-brother (Mr. Scully) was allowed to leave the Society. He settled in Melbourne, married and followed the trade of shoemaker.

In 1866 Father Nolan sent an interesting letter to the *Letters and Notices*, which is given here, with a short letter of Father Lentaigne's belonging to the same year.

LETTER OF FATHER NOLAN.

Great Britain Steam-ship,
April 16, 1866.

Rev. and Dear Father,

P. C.

As we are now but two days' sail from Melbourne, and we shall have to make our

retreat immediately on landing, I take advantage of my last bit of leisure to give you an account of our voyage.

It was on a Sunday morning, as you remember, that we left Liverpool; and we had great difficulty in making arrangements for that Sunday's Mass. No place had been as yet assigned to us for that purpose, and no large room could be spared. However we erected an altar on some trunks in one of our cabins, and in another cabin of ours, which faced this oratory, we stowed away as many of the congregation as could fit in it: the rest heard Mass in the passage. Our congregation on that Sunday consisted of the Bishop of Hobart-Town, Dr. Murphy; his nephew, Father Beechinor; ourselves; and the O'Hara family, consisting of five sisters and two brothers (little boys fresh from Stonyhurst). These were the only Catholic passengers in the first class. We started with an unusually favourable wind, which enabled us to move at a good speed during six or seven days without the aid of the screw. During these days we passed the outskirts of the famous Bay of Biscay: the sea was by no means as rough as we had anticipated, and, with the exception of a good rolling, we felt no inconvenience. Not many days after we started, a case of small pox occurred; the person attacked was a sailor, but the disease, thank God, did not spread. The sick man was shut up in a cabin with another sailor as his attendant, and orders given that they were not to leave the cabin nor to admit any one until all symptoms of the disease had vanished. In compliance, however, with the regulations of the ship we were all obliged to undergo the pleasant operation of vaccination. No case of small pox has yet occurred in Australia, and the authorities are naturally anxious to prevent its invading the country. From 30° N. Lat. to 5° S. Lat., where the sun was directly over us, the temperature of the air and water rose every day about two degrees, the water being generally from one to three degrees higher in temperature than the air. The greatest heat we experienced was 89° Fahr. During our passage through the tropics an awning was spread every day over the deck from end to end, and this with the pleasant sea breeze made the deck sufficiently agreeable. Indeed I enjoyed the heat a good deal, though many found it uncomfortably warm. A strange visitor dropped in on us on our way; it was a flying fish, measuring about fifteen inches in length, the largest the captain had ever seen: it cleared the bulwarks, which are twenty feet above the water, and dropped close to where I was walking. They fly in shoals along the surface, sometimes to a distance of a hundred yards or upwards, and at first sight might be easily mistaken for a flight of swallows. They are taken in great numbers between 16° N. and 16° S. Lat., and a large trade is done in them in the islands of Ascension and St. Helena. At about 20° S. Lat. we came

into the regions of the albatross, the Cape pigeon, and the Cape hen. The albatross is a fine bird, measuring from ten to twelve feet across the wings: they made very free with us, following in our wake quite close to the ship, and pouncing greedily on everything thrown to them. The sailors are very superstitious about them, and will not if they can help it allow them to be molested. Two or three attempts to catch them by hook and bait were unsuccessful; they swallowed the bait, and cut a strong line across without difficulty. Great numbers of them, and of Cape hens and pigeons, kept company with us from the Cape until we reached Australia. A shoal of whales came in sight at about 40° S. Lat.; the sea was quite calm at the time, and we could see them here and there spouting up water; they did not appear to be more than twelve or fourteen feet each in length. The whales of the South are of the Spermaceti kind, and are more valuable than those of the North, which produce only the common dark oil.

On the 4th of March I baptized conditionally and received into the Church two children of a Protestant woman, a Mrs. Furrin; they had been baptized, she said, by a Methodist minister. On Palm Sunday I had the consolation of receiving herself and her eldest child into the Church, having previously instructed them in the catechism. This eldest child was nine years of age; the oldest of the others was only four years, and of course incapable of instruction. The husband of this woman was killed in the Confederate army, but she herself is English by birth. She has since received the Sacrament of Confirmation, is very fervent in her faith, and told me she would not abandon it for the whole world. On the 27th of March I administered the Sacraments of Penance and Extreme Unction to a young man named Michael Mahony, from Cork: he had been suffering for about three weeks previously from a severe attack of bronchitis; the lungs then became implicated, and rapid consumption set in. On Easter Sunday I gave him the Holy Viaticum, and during his illness invested him with the scapular, and put around his neck a medal of the Blessed Virgin. The poor fellow died in the most pious dispositions on the Wednesday of Easter Week, at about 1 o'clock in the morning. On the day previously I had given him a plenary indulgence. I was by his bed-side for more than an hour before he died: he frequently repeated with me the Holy Names, the acts of Faith, &c. I then read the prayers for the agonizing, and other prayers prescribed by the Church. He was quite conscious until within a few minutes before his death. His burial took place the same day: the body was sewn up in canvas; four long iron bars were placed about it to make it sink; it was then covered with the ship's flag as a pall, placed on a plank, and brought to the side of the vessel on the under-deck, where we entered the ship

through a doorway in the bulwarks. At this place I read the burial service. The flag was withdrawn when the service ended, and the body in its canvas coffin slipped off the plank, and fell into the deep with a heavy splash. Few persons of the world are better prepared for death than was this poor fellow.—May he rest in peace.

A violent storm began on Saturday morning, April 7th, and continued without intermission for three days and three nights. Up to that time the voyage had been quite delightful. On the first evening of the storm I was sitting in the saloon when a huge torrent of water poured in on us. In a moment children were carried about by the tide, ladies up to the waist in water, and in the midst of them were floating about cups, saucers, plates, dishes, and articles of dress. Of course the ladies and children screamed and fainted; many thought it was all over with us. I was myself startled not a little by the first rush of water, but I soon guessed the cause of the catastrophe, and as I knew there was no danger I set about dispelling the fears of those who had run to me for protection. There was no other Priest in the saloon at the time. Fortunately I was at the side of the ship that was uppermost when the water came in, and before the return-lurch came the water had flooded the cabins on the opposite side and spent itself, so I got off with wet feet only. The cause of the catastrophe was this: the vessel had given a tremendous lurch and shipped a very large sea over the bulwarks of the under-deck; this sea burst in the door of the passage leading to the saloon and then flowed in on us. On its way through this passage it knocked down a gentleman who was there, dashed him violently several times against the sides of the passage, and bruised him severely. Three sails were torn to shreds during the storm, and on the last day of it a poor fellow, the doctor's assistant, was washed over-board, unseen by any one, and lost. He was noticed standing close by the door-way in the bulwarks, where the body had been buried a few days before; this door-way was broken in by the sea, and it is conjectured that on its way back the water carried this poor fellow with it. I never saw anything so awfully grand as the sea on this third day. The waves seemed to me to be each from five to six hundred yards in length and a mountain in height. The ship however was in splendid sailing trim, being about 1000 tons lighter than when we started, and it was quite encouraging to see how gallantly she rode over the waves.

On yesterday (Sunday), April 15th, ten persons received the Sacrament of Confirmation. The Bishop gave them a very good preparatory instruction: it was the only one he gave on board. Father Dalton preached once; each of the other Priests twice. Two of these sermons came off on deck in presence of the Protestants and other sectarians,

and I heard they liked our sermons very much better than those of their own ministers. On two Sundays we had no Mass, owing to the roughness of the weather; and on account of this many who intended to approach Holy Communion were disappointed. Our early Masses on Sunday, for first-class passengers, were celebrated in the ladies' saloon; the people's Mass in the dining-room of the third-class at half-past ten. Service for sectarians of different creeds was said at the same hour in other parts of the ship. On Easter Sunday we had 45 Communions: total number of Communions during the voyage 186. I heard 114 confessions. I don't think any of the other Priests kept an account of the numbers they heard. I invested twenty-five with the scapular, and distributed a considerable number of scapulars amongst those already enrolled, and also a good number of beads and medals. There were amongst the Communicants two first Communions of adults. Father Dalton and I were not sea sick for one moment since we left Liverpool, indeed I never enjoyed better health during my whole life, thank God. The sea voyage in fact has been a complete renewal of life to me, and if it were to last for another month I should not be at all dissatisfied.

Tuesday, April 17th.—Land at last! sighted at 5 o'clock this morning—the first we had seen since we left the shores of England. A fine bold headland stretching along, at the extremity of which is Cape Otway, 120 miles from Melbourne. From this point our arrival is telegraphed to Melbourne.

Melbourne.—Monday, April 23rd. FF. Lentaigne and Kelly came out on Tuesday night to where we lay moored four miles distance from the shore; it was too dark to approach nearer without risk. Great rejoicings at the meeting. The Bishop, Dr. Goold, received us very kindly: we dined with him on Wednesday and yesterday. The College is thriving; one hundred and two boys, besides the two young O'Hara's who travelled with us, and some others promised. The Bishop in an interview with Father Dalton has given us the parish of Richmond, and desires us to select a site there for a new church and a new college. The present college though admirably placed for a day-school is badly situated for a boarding school: first, because it is in the city, and there is every facility for boys going out of bounds; and secondly, because it cannot be enlarged, being hemmed on three sides by the road and on the fourth by the Bishop's house. All persons, lay and clerical, agree in saying that the great want of this country is Catholic education, and for that purpose a boarding and day-school is requisite. The nearest point of the parish of Richmond is about ten minutes' walk from us, the parish chapel about half an hour's walk, and the farthest part of the parish eight miles from us. Including the parish chapel there are three

school-house chapels in Richmond, i.e., chapels on Sundays and school-houses on week days. Each would hold about 300 persons. There are about 200 children attending at the parish school-house. This was the only one I visited. Some of the others I hear are very well circumstanced. The Catholic population of Richmond is about 4000; many of them never go to Mass on Sundays: the entire population about 20,000. One of our staff must be told off for duty there as soon as the agreements are finally drawn up—but one will not suffice for the duty; there were two Priests there and they had plenty to do. Close to the parish chapel is the presbytery. There are only four classes in the college at the present time, but in a day or two there will be five, and in a short time we will want six. The lay professors are paid £180 a year each.

I am, Very Rev. and dear Father,
Your very obedient servant in Xt.,
EDWARD NOLAN, S. J.

P. S.—The retreat is deferred till the month of August; there will then be a fortnight's vacation.

Wednesday, 25th.—We are in possession of Richmond; Father Dalton goes out there to-night to stop. The two great leading men of the Catholic party will be our parishioners there, O'Shannassy and Gavan Duffy. A train every half hour to Hawthorn, one of the chapels of the parish.

LETTER FROM FATHER LENTAIGNE.

St. Patrick's College, Melbourne, Victoria.
27 June, 1866.

My dear Father Fitzsimon,

P. C.

We are here five Fathers and two Lay-brothers. We have had given us by the Bishop of Melbourne the buildings known as St. Patrick's College, adjoining His Lordship's residence, and close to the Cathedral; and we have also the Mission of Richmond, which extends from the municipal boundary of the city of Melbourne eastward for about twelve miles. The College is a rather ostentatious building exteriorly, though badly laid out interiorly. It is on a grant from the State of one acre, and is situated on an eminence called the Eastern Hill; for the people of Melbourne boast that their city is like Rome, a city on seven hills. The building was formerly a Convictus as well as a Day-College, but want of management in pecuniary matters ruined those in charge of it. We have merely a Day-College. Our pupils at present are one hundred and five in number, lively, precocious little colonials, who prefer play to study. As yet we have only four classes; the highest learning Virgil, Xenophon, and such matter as corresponds pretty much to your Syntax class. We are assisted in teaching by a former

pupil of Stonyhurst, a Mr. Rogers. When it is in our power to open a Convictus, I do not doubt but that we shall have a respectable number of pupils in it, as we have had application from forty or fifty families already.

Our Mission of Richmond extends over three municipalities, Richmond, Hawthorn, and Kew, besides a wild district chiefly in forest, or *bush*, as it is here called. We have a residence and three chapels, which serve as schools also. They are small, each capable of containing probably four hundred persons. The Catholic population of this colony is about one-fifth of the whole. The city of Melbourne with its environs contains about 150,000 inhabitants, the Catholics being about 30,000. There are many thousand Chinese in the colony, most industrious gardeners, gold-washers, hawkers, &c., and nearly all Pagans. The Jews are very numerous, they have two synagogues here. The Methodists are the most powerful; next come the Presbyterians. Baptists, Anglicans, and every sect, English, American, and German, swarm. However we have never met any incivility; our being Jesuits has not excited any attacks. One joke only, and not at our expense, but at that of a notorious anti-Catholic bigot, appeared in the newspapers. It was stated that the Jesuit Fathers gratefully acknowledged the receipt of £50 as a donation from the gentleman in question.

The insufficiency of the number of Priests for the wants of the colony causes our services to be a good deal in requisition. Hence we are all called upon to preach nearly every week. We have also conducted the Retreats of the Clergy of this diocese and of Sydney; and we were invited to conduct a Retreat for the Clergy of Brisbane, but the distance rendered it quite impossible to do so, as the steamer is six days in performing the voyage which exceeds twelve hundred miles. In the next colony, South Australia, our Austrian Fathers have a College and a Mission at Sevenhill, about one hundred miles from the capital, Adelaide. They are four in number, and have done much good. They intend to commence a Mission among the Aborigines very shortly.

I must now conclude by recommending our little Mission to your Holy Sacrifices and prayers, and those of our English Fathers and Brothers.

I remain, my dear Father Fitzsimon,

Yours most devotedly in the SS. Hearts of Jesus and Mary,

J. LENTAIGNE, S. J.

As soon as St. Patrick's College was begun (1854) it was looked on by the Victorian Government as a Public School and the representative College of the Roman Catholic denomination. A grant was made of £10,002

towards its erection. The following printed statement, issued by the Government, contains several important and interesting items.

COLLEGES AND GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.

RETURN of the various Colleges and Grammar Schools throughout the Colony of Victoria for the Year ended 31st December, 1900.

Name of Institution.	Religious Denomination connected with.	Government Grant towards Buildings.[1]	Number of Masters.[2]	Number of Students.		
				6 and under 13 years.	13 years and upwards.	Total.
		£				
Melbourne Grammar School[3]	Church of England	13,784	12	48	134	182
Geelong Grammar School[4]		7,000	9	23	94	117
Scotch College (Melbourne)	Presbyterian Church of Victoria	6,445	12	59	214	273
Wesley College (Melbourne)[5]	Wesleyan Methodist	2,769	8	17	170	187
St. Patrick's College (Melbourne)	Roman Catholic	10,002	10	54	43	97
St. Francis Xavier's College (Kew)[6]		.....	12	49	105	154
	Total	40,000	63	250	760	1,010

[1] These amounts were received many years since. No Government aid has ever been given towards maintenance.——[2] Regular masters only. Visiting masters are not included.——[3] In connection with the Melbourne Grammar School there are three "Foundation Scholarships" giving exemption from tuition fees for boys under 14, open only to members of the school and tenable for three years; and three Foundation Scholarships which give exemption from half the tuition fees for three years under similar conditions.——[4] A scholarship of the value of £60 per annum, tenable for three years, has been given by Mrs. F. W. Armytage, the conditions of tenure being that the holder shall be a resident student of Trinity College, Melbourne, and shall have been for at least two years previously a pupil of the Church of England Grammar School, Geelong. A scholarship of the value of 80 guineas per annum is given annually by the Head Master for the benefit of the sons of clergymen of the Church of England; two open scholarships of the value of 40 guineas are awarded annually by the Head Master; these three scholarships are open to boys under 14 years of age, and are tenable for four years. The Clark Scholarship, a non-resident scholarship, covering the cost of tuition at the school is also offered under similar conditions.——[5] In connection with the Wesley College the objects are—(1) To impart a sound general education; (2) to prepare pupils for matriculation, (pass and honors), and the first year course in arts, law, engineering, or medicine at the University; (3) to provide special training for business or agricultural pursuits. Eight scholarships are offered for competition—the "Walter Powell" of £20 a year for two years, tenable at the University; the "Draper" of £25, tenable for one year at the college; four scholarships of the value of 16 guineas for boys at the college; and two entrance scholarships, also of 16 guineas each.——[6] St. Francis Xavier's College was opened during the year 1878, and many of the scholars were transferred to it from St. Patrick's, of which it is a branch.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

1867.—At the invitation of the Bishop (Dr. Shiel) Father Hinteroecker went to Adelaide, where his piety, frank address and eloquence won him much esteem and affection. The Bishop took him as his companion in episcopal visitations, and when he was leaving for Rome in April, he requested that the Father should be left in Adelaide, where he was doing great good by missions and retreats. We may remark here that, a year later (May, 1868), the Adelaide clergy manifested in a striking manner, the esteem with which they regarded Father Hinteroecker; for, when Superiors called him to Europe, the order was revoked in compliance with a formal petition from the clergy of the diocese.

On the 12th of April four Jesuit Fathers arrived in Melbourne after a voyage of 114 days from Europe. They were Father Isaac Moore and Father Joseph Mulhall from the Irish Province, and Father Anthony Strele and Father Matthias Hager. The two last mentioned belonged to the Austrian Province and were destined for Sevenhill, which they reached two days later. Father Hager took charge of the few aborigines who lived near the College and at Bungaree Station; but the blacks could not be induced to work and they soon dispersed. Father Strele became Prefect General of the College, and, like all the Fathers, helped in the missionary work. Before departing for Rome Dr. Shiel visited Sevenhill and administered Confirmation.

April 5th witnessed the laying of the foundation-stone of St. Stephen's Church, Saddleworth. In July Brother James Matuszewski showed signs of mental derangement. Leaving the College suddenly, he had wandered a considerable distance from home before he was found and brought back. After mature consideration and proper medical examination the Superior sent him to the Adelaide Lunatic Asylum, and subsequently to Parkside, where he died in February, 1871. R. I. P.

Father Polk gave the Adelaide clergy retreat this year (1867).

VICTORIA.

As the old church of St. James, Richmond, Melbourne, possessed many drawbacks, particularly as regards situation, an excellent site on Richmond Hill and in the centre of the parish was purchased for a church and a residence. The Most Rev. Dr. Polding, Archbishop of

Sydney, laid the foundation-stone of the new church of St. Ignatius on the 4th of August (1867). The Bishop of Melbourne, the Right Rev. Dr. Goold, was in Europe during the last half of 1867.

Father Dalton and Father McKiniry resided at Richmond. Father Nolan, who lived in St. Patrick's College, undertook to provide a suitable church for Hawthorn. Early in 1867, Mr. Michael Lynch, of Grace Park, Hawthorn, made a generous donation of an eligible site (worth £800) at the junction of Glenferrie and Burwood Roads. Material contributions towards the erection of the building poured in, and on the 8th of December the foundation stone was laid by the Very Rev. Dean Fitzpatrick, V. G.

The St. Patrick's College Speech Day this year merits special mention. H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who at this time was visiting Australia, consented to preside at a united Speech Day of the Melbourne Public Schools, namely, the Scotch College, the Church of England Grammar School, Wesley College, and St. Patrick's College. On December 21st a crowded and fashionable audience filled the New Exhibition Building. As soon as the Royal visitor appeared, the scholars broke into ringing cheers. The Prince occupied the chair, and Father Lentaigne with the other Principals sat behind him. After the singing of the National Anthem, the proceedings followed the order of the printed programme, a copy of which is here given:—

RECITATION.

COUNSEL { *"Ode to H. R. H. the Duke of Edinburgh."* } Original.

RECITATION.

COOPER - *"The Boatmen of the Downs."* - Cook.

SONG.

KING *"The flag that braved a thousand years."* Nelson.

SCENE FROM KING JOHN.—Shakespeare.

Hubert - - - - - - THOMSON.
Prince Arthur - - - DALRYMPLE.
First Executioner - - TURNBULL.
Second Executioner - HUGHES.

RECITATION.

KEOGH - - *"Sapphic Ode."* - - Original.

PIANOFORTE.

VAUGHAN, EVANS - "*Grand Duo.*" - Herz and Labarre.

DIALOGUE.

The "Tent Scene" from Julius Cæsar.—Shakespeare.

Brutus - - - - - - - - LITTLE.
Cassius - - - - - - - PARNHAM.

RECITATION.

SMITH - "*Camp Scene at Agincourt from Henry V.*" - Shakespeare.

RECITATION.

WRIGHT - "*Clarence's Dream.*" - Shakespeare.

RECITATION.

HART - "*Welcome, Prince Alfred.*" - Original.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

SONG.

"*Rule Britannia.*"

The first item on the programme, an English Ode, written by Father William Kelly, S. J., was admirably recited by Counsel, of St. Patrick's College. The public journals commented favorably on the literary merits of the composition. Other recitations, with songs and music, followed, among them being an original Latin Sapphic Ode composed by Father Lentaigne and repeated by Keogh, of St. Patrick's. Although the exhibition building was rather large for the boys' weak voices, the recitations and songs were fairly well heard. The Duke handed the prizes to the successful competitors, and after that ceremony he made a brief speech, in which he expressed the pleasure felt by him in presiding at the Speech Day. He asked the Principals to give the scholars a week's additional holidays. This request, which was at once granted, called

forth a burst of enthusiastic cheers. The summer holidays, instead of concluding on the 27th of January, were prolonged to the 3rd of February.

1868.—A bazaar held in Sevenhill during March to provide funds for the enlargement of the College, brought in £500. While the work of building the additions went on, the investing of three novices with the habit, which took place on the 19th of March, afforded a happy augury of the future. The novices were Thomas Carroll, John Francis O'Brien, and Philip Callary. Father Strele was their Novice Master.

The Sevenhill Fathers held this year a public religious celebration of the Beatification of the Japanese Martyrs.

A triduum of devotion, appointed by the Vicar-General for the Holy Father and the necessities of the Church, especially in Italy, Russia and Poland, enkindled the fervour of the faithful throughout the diocese.

Father Polk, who celebrated in November the first Mass said in Manoora (in a barn belonging to Mr. Michael Buckley), had pastoral charge of that place and of Saddleworth.

Father Tappeiner acted as Director during the retreat of the Adelaide priests in 1868.

A secular priest, the Rev. Julian E. Tenison Woods, who resided in Penola at the south-east of the diocese, committed a school which he had opened there to the charge of some ladies whom he trained to live under a rule, and this humble beginning resulted in the establishment of the "Sisters of St. Joseph," a religious congregation devoted to the education of poor children, that has done incalculable good in many parts of Australia. At Dr. Shiel's request those Sisters established a school in St. Francis Xavier's Hall, Adelaide, in July, 1867. The Bishop, also, formed a Council of priests and laymen to supervise the Catholic schools. Father Woods cooperated energetically in all the works carried on by our Fathers, especially in spreading devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; and when the Apostleship of Prayer was inaugurated in November, 1867, he accepted the position of Diocesan Director. At this time, too, a Catholic Orphange, a Female Refuge and other charitable institutions sprang into being. When Dr. Shiel returned from Europe in December, 1868, he brought with him five priests and seven Dominican

Nuns. The latter opened a boarding school and a High School for girls at West Terrace, Adelaide. At the end of 1868 the diocese possessed twenty-five secular priests, seven Fathers of the Society, seven Domincan Nuns, and forty Sisters of St Joseph.

In 1868, to increase the income of Sevenhill, land rented from the Government was stocked with cattle and sheep; but the enterprise, instead of bettering the financial position, proved in a short time a failure, and the debts of the house increased.

Victoria.

In March, 1868, Father Lentaigne was recalled to Ireland by his Superiors, as he was suffering in health. The years which he had spent in Melbourne were characterized by hard and zealous labor in the cause of education and in the discharge of missionary duties. The Melbourne clergy testified to the very fruitful apostolate which he exercised among the Catholic patients of the Melbourne Hospital. Before his departure a public farewell dinner was given in his honor. Father Lentaigne was greatly esteemed by all classes, and his departure caused widespread regret. After his return to Ireland he became Rector of Belvidere College, Dublin, in 1872, and subsequently resided at St. Francis Xavier's, Gardiner street, where he died on the 23rd of December, 1884.

Father Joseph Lentaigne was born in Dublin on the 27th of July, 1805, and entered the Society in 1843. Father General chose him as first Provincial of Ireland (8th of September, 1860-63); and two years afterwards appointed him (he was at the time Rector and Master of Novices in Milltown Park) Superior of the Melbourne Mission (1865). R. I. P.

In March (1868) the foundations of the new church at Richmond were completed; and in the following July the architect began the body of the building which he expected to finish in two years.

In January, 1869, Dr. Shiel resolved to commit to the care of our Fathers the suburban district of Norwood on the condition that the Society should open a College in Adelaide or its neighborhood. Both the clergy and the laity were much pleased at the idea, and the Vicar General, Father Smyth, and Father Julian Woods worked energetically to bring the project to a successful issue.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN SICILY.

Letter of the Father Provincial of Sicily to Father General.[1]

MESSINA, Jan. 27th, 1909.

YOUR PATERNITY,

P. C.

I am writing from the place of the calamity, in order to give you some new details that may interest you. But it is impossible to tell the anguish that is oppressing my heart, after the five days that we have been working among the ruins to bring out from them our dead Fathers and pupils.

For many reasons, I have considered it my duty to perform this painful office myself; and it is needless to explain further to Your Paternity; but there is a special reason, and this is the dreadful panic caused by the numerous earthquakes that are following one another, the horror felt at the sight of mutulated corpses, and the unbearable stench. Of this it will be enough to say that yesterday it caused a workman to fall senseless on the pavement of the second floor, and as the other workmen refused to take out the corpse from the place in which it lay, I was obliged to carry it myself on a board, that it might afterwards be put in the coffin. Our Lord is right not to suspend His divine chastisement, because, though it is hard to believe, some of the survivors, miraculously escaped or rescued, are still cursing horribly the good God. On the 22nd, 23rd and 24th we had seven dreadful earthquakes, and one of them, by its length and violence, caused heavy damage, destroyed several houses and some of the walls of our College, and split the partition wall, near which I was, in the cottage of our gardner. Yesterday we had three of them; to-day, up to six o'clock, the hour at which I am writing, four, and the most violent of these, at eight and ten in the morning.

Owing to Father Rector's being so well known and the esteem in which he is held, we have obtained from the Prefect and from General Mazza, fifteen soldiers for two days; I have added to them a certain number of workmen, but notwithstanding their heroism, up till now we

[1] These letters addressed to Father General are published here with his permission.

have got out but few of our dead, because some of them are under the ruins of two or three floors. It is no less difficult to get at the bodies that are still in the upper parts of the houses, for the walls may fall down any moment. It is impossible to make use of dynamite to bring the walls down, as it might be dangerous for the houses that are near. Until now we have got out, in all, sixteen corpses, and for each of them I have made a coffin and a grave, with their respective names, so that the families may have the consolation of taking away the bodies, whenever they wish, as some of them have already done. The only means we have to-day to identify the bodies, is the number that we find on the shirts and trousers. Yesterday we tried to get out Father Caruso. I went up myself with the Rector and eight workmen; we succeeded in reaching him; but in the place where he lies the pavement has fallen off, the wall is split, and the beams that are on the head and the body are too heavy and too entangled in the ruins to be moved, so, with tears in our eyes, we were obliged to give up the pious work. The weather has been quite beautiful, so I have been able to save in these eight days four wagon loads of things belonging to us as well as to the pupils, which I have sent to Acireale. I have still a great quantity of them, i. e., benches, tables, kneeling-stools; but I have not thought fit to forward them: I shall keep them in a one-story house, that is still up, because the expense of transportation would be far greater than the value of the articles. All the rest is lost, and crushed into splinters. But I am glad to have been able to comfort our dear Fathers and Scholastics, because almost all their writings have been found among the ruins.

Yesterday, I came here to pass the night in the house of his Grace, the Archbishop, in order to begin early in the morning, to rescue with the workmen the goods of the Residence. This work was commenced last week, but could not be brought to an end, because, while it was proceeding, a terrible earthquake supervened, and the soldiers who were on guard were the first to fly away, followed by the workmen, who left me alone in a room on the second floor. Luckily, Father Giacalone, a man of great courage and charity, came to my aid. To-day I have attended to the removal of the library, the beds, except three that are under the ruins, the linen, the kitchen-goods, and even the little collection of archives.

We have found Father Alessi. I cannot tell your Paternity what a heart-rending sight it was. He was suspended, caught between the beams fallen from the roof, the head overwhelmed with stones and flints, and the body hanging, and covered by a large folding screen. Through Father Mistretta, I have asked and obtained from General Mazza permission to take out the body to-morrow. The Rector has procured a coffin from Gazzi, and has had it sent here to the Residence. To-morrow, please God, I shall perform this pious duty, and I shall take the body with me to Gazzi, where he was the First Rector of that College. When I have taken out all the bodies, I shall take care that an appropriate grave and a little chapel be built in memory of these dear martyrs.

On the 25th, I went to Acireale, and to my great pleasure, found that dear Mr. Re was still improving. The physician told me, that if the illness were not so insidious, he could pronounce the patient out of danger. To-day Mons. Scarcella, a friend of ours who escaped from Messina, has come from Acireale and informed me that the improvement in Mr. Re is continuing.

The money of the Residence has all been stolen together with other things; but nothing is missing of the rich silver-plate of the church, which we kept in our house, but in a secret place. To-day I have consigned it to the Archbishop, deputed by the government to take charge of all the things of value. The Demanio has the notes for these and ours are amongst them.

It has been impossible to obtain permission to dig out from under the church Brother Brindisi, who found his death there, because the barracks with its officers and soldiers fell over on the Church, and we cannot proceed with this work till the soldiers come to look for their dead. We do not know precisely where the Brother's body is. The Church was entirely destroyed, and nobody could escape. He was a holy brother, very fond of Our Lady; she called him to her.

Fathers Mistretta and Catania are staying here with the Archbishop and are acting like apostles. Perhaps Your Paternity may have read the praises which the Envoy of the Holy Father has bestowed upon Father Mistretta in his printed report; many newspapers are writing of him.

I have recently let our Garden at Gazzi to our tenants and have received by anticipation almost the whole amount of the rent money. So our properties will be

cared for by persons who have always shown themselves faithful and affectionate; and we shall pay nothing to have them cultivated and watched. I have let the garden for a year only, as we do not know what may happen, and the prices are getting higher.

Your Paternity will forgive me, if I remain here some days longer, in order to settle up our affairs as well as possible. Perhaps I am taking too great a liberty, because I have other duties, but I have thought it right to do so, for the good of the Province, as these are very important affairs, and I have no one of whom I can freely dispose; moreover, I have judged it would not have been quite kind and charitable to send here the poor survivors.

I pray you to bless me, whether it be Our Lord's holy will that my life be spared, or that He ask the sacrifice of it, which would expiate some of my grievous sins, as I should die practising charity towards the dead, and in the service of Our dear Mother the Society.

Your Paternity's humble servant in Christ,

F. NALBONE, S. J.

Letter of the Father Provincial of Sicily to Father General.

MESSINA, Jan. 28th, 1909.

YOUR PATERNITY,

P. C.

You will forgive me if I write again; but after a day full of painful emotions Your Paternity will like to know, and it will relieve my heart to tell, that a short while ago, at four in the afternoon, we brought out of the ruins the body of Father Joseph Alessi. The work, which seemed easy enough, was instead very difficult, and seven hours were necessary to finish the painful task, because the dear Father was entangled between four large beams, and covered by rubbish of every kind. During the first hour of our efforts, a poor workman fell down among the ruins, but, thanks to his Guardian Angel, he was not severely hurt. At eleven, a part of the pavement on which there were six workmen, sank down; one of the men fell with it; but God helped us, because, after the first accident, we had provided against new misfortunes, by tying the men by the waist. In order to avoid any responsibility I addressed a protest to the military authority, saying that I could not ensure

the safety of the workmen; therefore I asked for, and at length obtained, some carabineers, under whose responsibility the men were to proceed. Their life is very much to us, because the workmen are also our brothers. I was obliged to be satisfied with increasing the number of workers. These attended to removing all the debris that was dangerous, until we succeeded in getting out the body of Father Alessi. When all was removed, the body glided gently to the lower floor, whence, through a window, it was lowered with every care and put into the coffin. A month having already elapsed, we expected to find a shapeless heap of corrupted flesh and bones: but it was not so: the body was untouched; one hand was resting on the breast, the face was calm and quiet; there was only a wound on the head. No bad odor came from the body; the limbs were flexible, as if our dear Father Alessi had died only some hours before. I will not conceal from Your Paternity that I burst into tears, because I loved him so much! I had been his minister at Gazzi during his Rectorship; he was always so good to me, for the soul as well as for the body, and we had always been edified by his many virtues. We met with many difficulties in conveying him to the car, because for at least a quarter of a mile we had to carry the body on our shoulders among the ruins. The crushed beams, the telegraph wires fallen on the ground, rendered the passage very dangerous. But, with God's help, we arrived at the car, we stretched the body reverently on it, and carried it to Gazzi, where we will bury it to-morrow morning.

I hope that, pleasing God, to-morrow will be the last day of our work in the Residence, and we pray the weather may be finer than to-day, as after a week of sunshine, we had to work under an unintermitting rain. Notwithstanding all this, Your Paternity may be easy on my account, for I am very well, though I have eaten only a little bread and cheese, which were given me by the charity of others. How good is Our Lord, who gives us strength according to the need. Even the poor Carabineers gave me some bread to-day, and in such a quantity, that I have been able to send a part of it this evening to Gazzi, to Rev. Father Rector and the Brother. We are expecting some victuals by to-morrow evening.

To-day there were some underground sounds, but no earthquake, except one this morning at three o'clock. The imagination of the poor survivors was expecting

some dreadful upheaval, it being just a month to-day since the terrible disaster, but nothing has happened.

I commend myself to your prayers, and I ask for your fatherly blessing on us.

Your Paternity's humble servant in Christ,

F. NALBONE, S. J.

Letter of the Father Provincial of Sicily to the Father Assistant of Italy.[1]

MESSINA, Jan. 29th, 1909, (evening).

REVEREND FATHER ASSISTANT IN CHRIST,
P. C.

I thank Your Reverence for your last revered letter, and I take the liberty to send you some other details. The day before yesterday and yesterday evening, I sent news to Our most Reverend Father, and to-day I write a few lines to Your Reverence.

We have had to-day four earthquakes, one while I was celebrating Holy Mass, another, rather long and violent, while I was making my thanksgiving during the Mass of Father Mistretta, and two others, less violent, from 7.30 to 8.15. The other night we had a greater reason to feel afraid, for a furious earthquake made us stagger, and the beams of the room in which I had taken shelter to lie down, creaked ominously.

His Excellency, with sixteen companions, spends the night in the garden, where he has built a hut; but Father Mistretta and I remain in two rooms as yet sound, because the cold and the damp would be most pernicious to us both. For twenty-two days he has been sleeping in an arm-chair, and I lie down on a carpet, where sleep comes regularly to me after the fatigue of the day. The nervous excitement, produced by the earthquakes, keeps us warm, even without a stove, and maintains our strength in full vigor.

Early this morning, I presented myself as usual to the military authority, to get the carabineers, in order to complete the removal of the objects saved at the Residence. I showed the license of the Prefect and of General Mazza, which had served me for twelve days, and this is the answer I got from an artillery Captain: "This paper is

[1] These letters to the Father Assistant of Italy are published here with his permission.

not valid any more. I am sorry to refuse you the guards; to get them, you must produce a printed paper, not a written one." I explained all my reasons; I spoke with calm; I confuted one by one his objections; he only answered me: "You are very clever, you are quite right, but I can do nothing." I protested forcibly (for in these times, he who speaks loudest, gets right on his side) and rather loudly, I cried out that thieves could freely do what they wished, while the owners were forbidden to get at their goods. I said that it was a shame; that we were tired of all these orders and counter-orders, and I concluded: "Well, I will go without soldiers; you may send your soldiers to shoot me in my house; but I will have your soldiers shot by yourself, because, from this very moment, I notify you that your soldiers have robbed my house, and that I have caught them in the act." By means of this bold speech, I obtained what had not been accorded to my reasons. The very possibility of a denunciation, which he knew would prove true, rendered the good captain more indulgent, and the poor fellow showed himself very kind. But the will of God was not with us, for it began to pour and all the things would have been spoiled. Our Lord had punished me for my anger, though it was only put on.

In order not to lose the day, I brought the workmen to Gazzi, and we have succeeded in digging out many things. At five in the afternoon, we got out the body of the child Giuseppe Ciccolo, whose family all perished on the fatal day. The little child was completely buried among the ruins, which in a large quantity were heaped on his body; the head was leaning downwards, one of the legs was broken; he had become like a plaster statue, and no bad odor came from the white little body. I stretched him in the coffin, I blessed him, and commended myself to his prayers. As it had grown late, I came back to town, for after sunset it is forbidden to enter Messina, because of the state of siege.

These are the news of the day. I forgot to say, that to-day, after such a long time, we have had some warm food, and this has procured us a Sardanapalian meal.

On Sunday I shall go to Acireale, to get the correspondence that must be lying there for some days. I have written to Father General that I have thought right *in Domino* to remain here some days longer, because, besides the many reasons there are for the Provincial to prefer this work for himself, there is that of the Province's interest, which seems to me more im-

portant than the usual affairs. I hope that Our Father will not disapprove of this.

I commend myself to your prayers, I kiss the hand of Our Father, and remain

Your Reverence's humble servant in Christ,

F. NALBONE, S. J.

Letter of the boys surviving from our College of Messina to their benefactors, the boys of our College at Turin.

From the College of Agostino Pennisi.[1]

ACIREALE, Jan. 18th, 1909.

GENEROUS BROTHERS OF THE

SOCIAL INSTITUTE OF TURIN:

It is the cordial and unanimous voice of your brothers of the College of Cassibile which is raised in grateful thanks for the warmth of your charity towards us. In the profound sorrow we are suffering, in the terror which still overmasters us, how sweet to our hearts is the sound of your Christian words of comfort, transmitted to us by Father Rector!

We wept on learning that you had Mass said for the souls of our Superiors, our companions, and above all for our parents. Now many of us poor Sicilians and Calabrians have been left lonely orphans!

Oh brothers, let us press you to our hearts, calling you brothers. Many of us have none to call by that name here below. They have perished together with the rest of our families. But if God has tried us so sorely, He has also abundantly shown us his mercy. We have seen and felt all the heroism and delicacy of the love of our Superiors.

At the first terrific shock, which almost entirely overthrew the whole college, the Fathers and Lay Brothers, though bleeding from various wounds, flung themselves into the midst of the mass of ruins, fearless of the imminent danger of death, to save us. In the darkness, and the suffocating dust, in spite of the expected earthquake shocks, they devoted themselves to the work of

[1] The College of *Agostino Pennisi* at Acireale is the Jesuit College in which, after the earthquake, the survivors from our college (called *Cassibile*) at Messina were gathered. Thirty-three of the boys of the Cassibile perished: the College was completely wrecked, leaving, as Father Provincial wrote to Father General, "nothing but its debts."

rescuing us and their fellow priests. Some mounted upon the ruins, as far as the third floor, tied us one by one in sheets and slipped us down from the balconies. One Father, unearthed from the ruins, forgot his wounds and ran to put ladders up to the windows from which some boys were crying out for help. A third, with superhuman strength, held up a ceiling which had partly fallen, until five boys had passed under unharmed; but he could do no more and fell headlong down a dark staircase. A fourth Father, though one of the most delicate in the college, saved ten, and, when he could find no others, fell exhausted on the ground dead. Father Rector, extricating himself from the ruins of his own room, descended by the balcony, helped by two fathers, and by the light of a candle, ran wherever he heard a cry, a moan, or a sob. If there are so many survivors of the College Cassibile, it is entirely owing to the Fathers, whose example encouraged many of us bigger boys, who were unhurt, to feel in that moment, how sweet it is to risk one's own life for the safety of our companions. Indelibly engraved in our hearts are the names of the boys, Pennisi Lella, Occhipinti, Zagarella, who emulated the zeal of the Fathers. The first youth, an office holder in the Sodality, after saving seven companions, being himself in grave danger while trying to save the eighth, cried to Father Rector to give him absolution. He then went to a falling wall, and dragged his companion from it. Just as he was a few steps from it, down came the whole side of the room.

And now we are welcomed in this College of the Society, with the most delicate love and kindness. We are provided with all the necessaries, for we arrived half naked, and although many of us orphans have been asked for by honorable families, Father Provincial and the other Superiors have always resolutely refused to let us go, saying: "The Lord has given them to us, no one shall touch them. We shall keep them as a precious treasure, as our most dear sons, till they have finished their education. If need be, we shall beg from door to door, that they may never want anything." A few days ago, Father Provincial read us a most tender letter from Father General, showing his fatherly heart in our regard. He concludes this letter saying: "Yes, Father, keep these orphans as your own; do for them all that their own parents would have done, had they lived. God will provide means to educate them, till their complete formation." What shall we say to you of the royal

heart of our holy Father Pius X? The commission he sent into Sicily came to see us, bringing us the Apostolic Benediction, and the condolences of the Sovereign Pontiff. They kissed us while we wept with emotion and blessed the common Father of us all, who had deigned to remember the lonely orphans.

Dear Brothers, the College of Cassibile is entirely destroyed, but, let us say it, the college still lives in our hearts. It was not a college only, it was a family. We seemed to be children of the same mother, superiors and boys had but one heart; our parents were more than satisfied, our mothers were sometimes almost jealous, when they saw us returning so happily to the college, even after the long autumn holidays. The special joy of our hearts was the Sodality of Our Lady, the centre of our fervor, the arena of our youthful energies, the impulse spurring us to our duty. The bitterest reproof that could possibly be addressed to us was: "You do not do honor to your Sodalist's medal." The worst punishment was: "You are suspended from serving Mass in your turn." The most efficacious appeal was always to the honor of our Sodality. Before going home on the 26th of December, 1908, our Father Director gathered us together in the chapel, giving us his orders in these few words: "Show yourselves at home true sons of the Sodality; Our Lady wishes it. On the evening of the 27th, return every one of you to the college, duty requires this of you." Thanks be to God. We did our duty, even to death, of which we were ignorant. And this is the thought that comforts us for the fate of our dead companions—pure, beautiful souls that they were. We remember them alert, joyous, playing in the courts, in the gymnasium at ball, fencing, in the military exercises, learning to shoot, bicycling, learning to ride, but we also remember them modest, fervent in the dear chapel, many of them receiving Holy Communion daily. We remember them in class striving in the emulation of places, that they might rejoice their parents on Sunday by the medal round their necks. For the honor of Our Blessed Lady I must not fail to let you know that most of the Sodalists are safe. One of us—by name Marchese, a boy of ten—said to us afterward: "Just see how Our Lady loves me! At the first shock of the earthquake my Sodalist's ribbon left the wall and fell of itself round my neck. I called upon Our Lady and—I do not know how—I found myself safe in the entrance." Our dear statue also remained intact.

Our sweet Mother whom we so dearly love! Thou, oh Mother, will remain with thy surviving children. We begged this of our Superiors and they have promised to let us have Thee. A few days hence we shall hail Thee as the guardian of our safety.

Forgive us if we have written at too great length about ourselves. We feel the need of pouring out our hearts to you, who have shown us how much you love us, by your prayers, your Masses for our dead, and your most generous alms. We wished to spare you that, though we are orphans, and many of us bereft of all things, there remains in our hearts gratitude to God, to our Superiors, our companions, and to all our benefactors. We wish also to say to you that we bless our parents, who gave us this profoundly Catholic education. It is our only consolation in their loss and in the loss of our native lands of Sicily and Calabria. We also beg of you in your hours of prayer to go on imploring eternal rest for our dead, and comfort for us survivors.

With the greatest affection we embrace you.

Ever yours,

THE ASSISTANT OF THE SODALITY OF OUR LADY.

(For the survivors of the Collegio Cassibile.)

Letter written by the Father Provincial of Sicily to the Director of a paper.

COLLEGE OF AGOSTINI PENNISI,

ACIREALE, Jan. 21st, 1909.

DEAR REV. FATHER DIRECTOR:

I am following up my telegram of thanks, and I beg you to forgive my long delay in sending you this letter. All day long I am busy attending to our dear wounded, some of whom are still struggling between life and death.

In my name and that of the Fathers, and of the innocent orphans surviving, of the Cassibile College, I renew from my heart our thanks to you for the generous offering of a thousand francs, and also for the noble and tender sentiments which accompanied your gift. We were deeply touched, and at once our poor boys wrote a long letter, full of particulars, and overflowing with gratitude and affection, to their brothers of the Social Institute of Turin.

It is my sweet duty to make known to your Reverence, that to the honor of our boys, we have registered in our annals, and even more in our hearts, the names of several of them which have been adorned with the crown of heroism, above their years. Having escaped miraculously from the catastrophe; and been placed in safety by the Fathers, some of whom scaled the highest ruins of the college, carrying the little ones down on their backs, sliding others down from the balconies or windows by means of sheets—these brave youths emulated the courage and self sacrifice of their superiors. They threw themselves into the midst of the ruins, disinterring Fathers and companions; they made a great breach in a crumbling wall which blocked the way for some of the poor wounded, they carried mattresses upon which to lay the wounded; they went in every direction wherever there were voices, or groups, lending help to all. A brigadier of the Royal Carabineers, who had most kindly hastened to help us, was quite surprised at such heroism. He asked the names of some of the Fathers and of some of these little heroes, in order to note them. But every moment lost would have cost a new victim, therefore no one could spare time for laying up this earthly and passing glory. One only ambition animated these boys—namely to save their companions. One of them, a boy of thirteen belonging to one of the noblest families of Messina saved eight of his companions. Though wounded himself, he went down into the town to see what had become of his own people. He found them all safe, with the exception of one of his sisters. He said nothing of the catastrophe at the college, for fear he might be prevented from returning to it, and after two hours he came back to his post, eager to go on helping. He is called Ceccino Pennisi Lella. To this glorious name I may add those of Zargarella, G. da Villa, San Giovanni Calabea, Carrozza of Catania, Occhipinti of Messina. This last is the son of the College Doctor. Having placed his family in safety, he ran with his father to our assistance. Both father and son will be ever gratefully remembered by us, for at the peril of their own lives they strove to save as many as they possibly could.

To the earthquake succeeded hunger. Many survivors had taken refuge in our garden; all were seeking food. But how could we give any thing? all had perished.

Leave was given to take all the fruit and vegetables of the garden, and to cut down as many trees as were needed to make fires. Finally, we could, at great risk, penetrate into the store room, and Father Rector distributed all there was to the starving people. Many families still spend the night in our gardens, where we have rigged up some tents, and arranged a light roof.

The blasphemous and mendacious insult about the absence of the clergy, has filled even our enemies with indignation. I could show you telegrams and letters of most heartfelt thanks sent to us by survivors, taken by our own Fathers from the ruins. Indeed one of our own Fathers, an old man of seventy-five, saved twelve people. A lay brother after having saved many spent eight hours in extracting a couple from the ruins, seriously wounding his hands, the only implement he had to work with. But these seek not the praise of men, but only the approbation of their own conscience in the simple doing of their duty. These Fathers are still at their post and there they will remain as long as there are miseries to succor, and souls to comfort. If we had not taken upon ourselves the charge of feeding them, especially during the first two weeks, they would have been forced to leave the place, or to have left their lives in it.

I conclude this letter, the token of my everlasting gratitude, begging you to recommend our dear survivors of the Cassibile College to Our Lord. Excuse this untidy writing, I can hardly steady my pen, still less my poor brain.

Yours with profound respect,

F. NALBONE.

FLOOD AND GOSPEL IN THE JAMAICA HILLS

ST. GEORGE'S MISSION, AVOCAT.

Feast of the EPIPHANY, 1909.

I am writing in a small Gospel-shanty which serves as quarters for the missionary during a stay here for a week or ten days every month. Fin McCool—I don't vouch for the spelling of his name—would have some difficulty in adapting his giant proportions to this rustic parsonage in the Portland hills, and a stretch on his part would mean, very likely, a knock on the head from

the saddle lying in wait for him across the beam above, and a catastrophe to the confessional on one side as well as to the prophet's table with its few dishes on the other. As for the bed, which fills one end of this glorified dry-goods box, Fin would certainly have to give it up, unless a hole poked in the side of the building should enable him to add to his couch an outside extension. And yet, in spite of my own not insignificant bulk, I'm working away in these surroundings, peacefully and contentedly, with envy for no one, scarce heeding the further item, that all the while, almost at my elbow, a hill carpenter is cobbling noisily at a receptacle for my books. As if to enliven matters, at this very moment the rain starts driving in and narrows still more the available space; windows, that is, glass windows, there are none, and the rough shutters offer their slats as so many invitations to Jupiter Pluvius to look in on us. I say *us* in the sense of three human individuals, for Tom, the horse-boy, has run in for shelter and thus adds Rory O'Moore's good luck of an odd number. I know, too, that rats are somewhere about, for there's a half-gnawed tallow candle right before me,—a *signum ex quo*—so that between humans and inhumans,—for there must be scorpions too, and—but no! I won't say anything about fleas, as prospective Jamaica missionaries might be deterred at the prospect—between one thing and another, it isn't hard for the moment to imagine that it's Noah's populated ark I am inhabiting, and that the flood-gates of heaven are having the time of their lives outside. The illusion, if illusion it is, is favored by the sudden cessation of the floods and the nearness, as the clouds drift away, of at least three Ararats.

"Montes in circuitu ejus." Banga Ridge, Belcarris, Mahoe and Silver Hill guard the deep river valley to the East and North, and Mount Pleasant, and Lovely Grove Summit to the West and South. Our Mission is perched nearly half way up the steep slope of Lovely Grove, just where a graceful iron bridge spans the wild mountain torrent of the Shantamee and in sight almost of its junction with the Buff Bay River. The Shantamee Falls just above the bridge, are, to my mind, the most picturesque object in this part of the Island. To-day with the rains of a month to swell their volume, they are grander than ever. For one who has never been in the Tropics, it would be well nigh impossible to realize what here and now I am realizing—what with oft-

repeated experience never tires, but grows more and more on me—the magnificence of this concert of air and water rendering vocal every nook and corner, every dale and upland of what even without it had been to the eye a paradise of gorgeous vegetation.

At just this point of my ecstasy, there is an interruption and Jane of Avocat appears with a complaint against Tom,—my Tom—who meantime has vanished. In her hand she holds two small pieces of half-masticated sugar-cane, the remnants of her property she tells me; the rest of it, I am informed, Tom has already started on its forbidden mission of assimilation to his own dusky being. Investigation on my part follows, Tom is summoned for trial, and asserts that although in reality he has eaten some of Jane's sugar cane, it was given to him by a third party whom he had supposed to be the real owner, and that, consequently, he was in good faith. This is Tom's assertion—no one can disprove it—and my decision is "Not guilty; but don't do it again," while Jane of Avocat, having no higher court here to appeal to, informs heaven that Tom and Truthfulness have not even a chance acquaintance with each other. It is only three months ago since Jane resigned her position of cook to the priest during his stay in the Mission; for over ten years she had managed to keep her temper, like the water in her pots, at the even boiling point, but finally the expected happened and there was an exhibition of superheated steam—Tom was the great occasion of it—and since then she boils only for her husband. Her successor is peaceful and withal capable, and so I'm satisfied; but I doubt if Jane is.

The journey up from Buff Bay, eight miles, to-day was a little more difficult than usual. The road ascends all the way, following the windings of the Buff Bay River, and the rainy season—the most severe we have had in a long time—has more land-slides to its credit than even the usual one. The road must have been altogether impassible two or three days ago. However I got through without having had to repeat the experience of the day before. On my way then to Buff Bay from Port Antonio, six or eight miles from the latter place, I had come on a gang of thirty men laboring for the third day at the removal of a monstrous land-slide from the road. A stretch of greasy, sticky clay, forty feet across and eight or ten feet thick was before me, and to get through it driving with a horse and buggy was clearly an impossibility. After some

parleying with the gang, my horse had been taken from the shafts by one of the number and taken across somehow, while the rest lifted the buggy bodily, and with a mighty effort managed also to carry it over. In my gratitude at not having to turn back, I did not begrudge the rather liberal treat which I had promised the men. If I had not acted generously with them, I might be left in the lurch next time, and there is no telling in these rainy months when that next time may not become present.

MISSION OF THE RESSURRECTION, MAY RIVER.

January, 15th.

I had a double rainbow to cheer me yesterday at the continuance of the hygrometric state in its ultra-soaked condition. Under the circumstances, the double assurance from heaven that there was not to be another deluge was decidedly opportune. The fordings of the Dry River—there are four of them to be crossed on the up-journey—were full and furious, but with assistance, I managed to conquer them. Still it was a fervent prayer to my guardian angel, which went up, especially at the last and worst fording,—that at Juno Pen—when, in the midst of the rushing stream, my steed hesitated for a moment, as if he debated whether or not he could continue the liquid tug-of-war to which he was being driven, and his master behind, with feet on the dash-board, saw the water rising the while to within an inch of where he sat. "Lash him, Tom" was the command which followed the prayer—and followed quickly too—and with a mighty start and a mighty pull, guided by a half-naked negro at his head, old Nox had us safe on the further shore. When it was all over, and I thought of the risk I had run of having my horse done to death in the rapids lower down, to say nothing of myself and Tom, I came to the conclusion that if medals were ever bestowed for folly, mine should certainly be a gold one, and the size of a buggy wheel.

And now to the accompaniment of a steady rain, with an occasional look for inspiration through the opening in the side of the shanty at the grave-yard outside, let me attempt a retrospect of the experiences of the week.

Last Sunday was to have been First Communion Sunday at Avocat, but only the eight children living within a couple of miles of the mission church were

able to be present. However weather could not dampen the fervor of those who did attend, and Our Lord must have repaid them with rich blessings, to judge from the happiness shown in their bright eyes and cheerful faces. There was also a reception of Promoters in the Apostleship of Prayer, fourteen of them, who came forward as their names were called and ranged themselves, just as Levites at ordination, in front of the Sanctuary. As one of the congregation remarked afterwards: "Hi! purty, fe true! You no tink dem look fine wi dem badge and cord, as dem tan (stand) 'afore de Lord!" Our Jamaica promoters, besides the cross, have usually a larger badge of the Sacred Heart than other associates, and a gaudy string or cord is fastened to it, so as to allow them to wear it suspended across from the shoulder. This badge with cord was introduced for them long ago by the English Fathers who preceded us in the missions, and there is no doubt that the eye of the native is captivated by it. One of the promoters told me that a neighbor of his, Reuben by name, on being shown this badge later in the day, exclaimed: "Me will get won (one) 'ting same as dat. Me will wurk and wurk and bymebye me mus (must) hav' it." The point of the story is that Reuben is not an angel, and, for proof of the assertion, both Mr. McLean, the promoter, and myself are doing our best to get him to end his life of sin and marry a certain maid of ebon hue, already sheltered under his roof tree. After a considerable amount of terrorizing, I have finally got his banns posted on the door of the church in the hope that on my next visit, the desired ceremony may come off; however I am not a poet but simply a practical hill-missionary, and if the ceremony be delayed a month or so, it will be only what I expect; but, in the end, with the blessing of the Sacred Heart, we'll lasso him—and her. I called her a maid, but I'm afraid that, in spite of my disclaimer, I really was a poet when I did so; for Reuben is her third choice and his child and hers which was born three weeks ago and baptized by Mrs. McLean just before death took it away, was his first, and her sixth. Perhaps the classification, spinster, which will follow her name on the paper sent to the legal Registrar of Marriages, will after all best suit her case. The evil of these unholy unions is a crying one in Jamaica, and nowhere I believe is it worse than in the districts assigned to me. Reuben has two relatives, David and Adonijah, both of the same surname as himself, who,

for the same reason as himself, spend much of their time dodging me in the bush, and there is no end of others. My hope is that the fourteen promoters will act as a vigilance committee at Avocat and make things uncomfortable for the evil doers, and already signs are not wanting that such will be the case. I met Joseph Lafayette last Monday, one of the newly anointed, prowling about Mango Walk on the search for Catholics, good and bad, in order to gather them into his band. It was cold and drizzly and sloppy, but Joe didn't seem to mind it. "What luck this morning, Joe?" I asked. "Me get tree alreddy, Fadder, and me gwine (going) Mullett Hall way fe buck up (meet) more." I could'nt help thinking of the fellow in Ireland "who came from *Kil*cullen and was going to *Kil*more," and I wondered if he, too, like Joe—dusky Joe—was a distant relation of Marquis de Lafayette.

I wish I could repeat verbatim the exhortation of another Promoter—another Joe—given the other day in my hearing to a friend of his to induce him to abandon a life of open sin. It ended something like this: "You 'member (remember), Lisha, dat Sambo man, Anderson. Him used fe live your side—Lovely Grove way. It long time back now, mus' (must) be, twenty, twenty-five year pass. All time me talk to him, same me talk to you dis mornin'. En one time—de las'—him laf (laugh) careless like, en him say: 'You's krect (correct), Massa Joe, but me no able jes' now fe manage it. Wen me marry, me want fe come out fust (first) rate.' Same as you, Lisha, him was tinkin' (thinking) o' de wine en de cake en de style wat him creave (crave) fe de marryin'. Him nebber tink o' de odder ting wat sure fe come en wat come, de Lord say, like tief (thief) in de night. Him nebber tink o' det (death). You ebber hear dat word: Massa Det no come, Massa Bymbye come? Two week pass from dat time and one morning Joshua Gibb come pon (upon) clothes a' (at) ribber side—dem Anderson' clothes; him drown wen him come fe bade (bathe) en de Shantamee en wen dem look fe he, wa (where) you tink him body foun'? Way in down under de ribber cave, five chain fudder (further) on. Min' (mind) dat now, Lisha, doan (don't) you go foolin' wi' God. Mek (make) you hear what I tell you: Massa Det no come, Massa Bymbye come. Ef you no do now—jes (just) slap now,—wat Fadder ax, 'fore it too late, who gwine gi (going to give) you surfaceticket (certificate) dat dey ain't no

ribba cave fe you? Mebbe you doan hear o' de ribba cave o' hell, wa (where) body en soul, bofe, drown en drown en keep drownin' in fire, forebber en ebber en ebber."

In another one of my missions, which shall be nameless, a promoter, a month ago, was doing his best to induce a young fellow to waive the question of display at his marriage, and, as an encouragement, he appealed to his own experience. For the sake of concealing his identity, we shall give him the general name of Brown. After having described how he himself had also, previous to his marriage, lived in the same objectionable state—how Father Loydi had tricked him, as it were, into good living—and how as much as fourteen pounds had been spent in the wedding festivities, he continued: "En now, Brudder Howard, mek (make) I tell you. sumfin. Ef (If) me had was fe to do de ting again, me no pen (spend) shillin' en poun' fe fillin' people' belly. Dem no tank you de nex' day wen de ting done. Ef Mistress Brown tek off by det (death), me look fe good gal en save me (my) money wen I come fe marry. En, time come, me hab yam fe pot en shirt fe back."

This may be said for a good number of these poor people, that their open violations of the moral law have much in the way of ignorance and circumstances of birth, to lessen, if not do away with a great part of the personal guilt, and past offenses of the kind are often with them a spur to good living, once God's grace has claimed them for trophy. There was much consolation this time for me at Avocat at the sight of the fervor of very many who were not deterred by the most unfavorable weather conditions and the poverty which, with fully half the number, means almost absolute destitution, from presenting their respects to the God of the altar. There must have been nearly two hundred at Mass, and one hundred and fourteen approached the Holy Table. Some five or six hundred make up the congregation and they live anywhere within a radius from the mission of ten or twelve miles. I added three more to the congregation at the baptismal font. The names may interest the readers of the "Letters," as evidencing the inborn love of sound possessed in common with the rest of his race, by the Jamaica negro—William Theophilus Powell, Ione Verona Desgouttes, and Gladys Agatha Minotte. A wayside baptism at Cotton Tree, some three miles from Buff Bay, as I was making my way down to the coast, was the means of a still further

increase. To this fourth piece of human carbon, I fastened the mellifluous name Hilda Clementina Richards. Before I succeeded in getting a Catholic godparent for the child, a Church of England woman had been proposed as godmother on the plea that "de Church o' England de mos' near de Catolik." Even on my rejection of her, Mrs. Sutherland—for that was her name—did not take offence, but busied herself in getting things ready, as if she had more right than the others to assist in the preparation. Who says that our Jamaica blacks are unintelligent? Here is a case where they have shown themselves capable of appreciating minute shades of theological difference—so minute that an ordinary Catholic has no time to waste on them. The baptism over, the mother of the child asked: "Please, Fadder, fe de ting." "What thing?" I reply. "De ting wat Fadder Ryan always gi de picknie—de meddigh (medal) fe wear 'roun de neck." My predecessor instituted this method of marking off Catholic "picknies" and I have had willy nilly to fall into line. It is sometimes a troublesome and expensive thing to succeed a holy man, even when, as in this case, you may have sowed the seeds of that holiness yourself as his angel on the first retreat of the novitiate. I wonder if Father Ryan still keeps up in Charles County the praiseworthy custom of thus consecrating darkness and humanity to the Immaculate Conception.

At this point my retrospect must come to an end for the present—a tardy end, however, it seems to me—and the sick calls and poverty of the Avocat district, as noted on my last trip, must here be left unrecorded. Tom—my Tom—puts his head through the doorway of the shanty, and volunteers the information that he has not been able to get to the Enfield post office with my letters. The rivers are down, and down with a vengeance; even the runlets at either side, the Benmont or May River, and the Hope Hill River, deserve to-day, at least, the dignity of their names, and have become impassible torrents. The river of yesterday's experience—the one with a Dry name and an exceedingly wet and full reality—might as well be a thousand miles away, as far as any present possibility of even reaching it is concerned. It's a question of rivers to-day, not of one river only, and I tremble to think of the possibilities in the line of swimming which may at any moment present themselves in the shape of an urgent sick call from some

one or other in a congregation of seven hundred. Meantime I'll break off and say my office as a preparation.

January 17th.

The night prayers, said each night of the priest's stay at the mission, have just been concluded, and perhaps a description of a typical Sunday and the work connected with it in these hill missions may not be out of order. The rain ceased some time before daybreak this morning, and, as if special arrangements had been made with the sky on account of our church services, the day remained fair until 4 P. M. As it was, the rain caught some of the congregation before they could return to their huts along the steep mountain paths. A number had come from five to eight miles down from Come See and Back River and up from Mount Joseph, Evandale, Timsbury and the nearer Enfield. Two hundred was a good showing after the week's Noachian deluge; and there were even a couple of babies to enliven the assembly and punctuate the preacher's eloquence with tears and cries.

From seven to ten A. M. confessions were heard, with an interruption at a quarter past eight to give Holy Communion to those upon whom the long fast entailed by Communion at the Mass would have been too trying, and who were thus enabled to partake before Mass of the lunch they had brought with them. There were sixty-four communions to-day—not bad for the weather conditions now prevailing—and there will in all probability be at least as many more before I leave for Port Antonio on Thursday. The Mass was a High Mass, sung without organ by the congregation and priest. Good Father Spillman who for many years before his death was in charge of Holy Trinity choir in Kingston, was responsible for the adaptation to our country missions of the approved High Mass music, but both here and at Avocat, it was one of our zealous English Fathers, Father Beauclerk, since Superior for some years of the Demarara Mission, who undertook the task of training the uncultured negro to carry out by anticipation the instructions of the present Pope. The effect with us can hardly be called musical—until one gets used to it—but it certainly is devotional once the realization has become habitual that there is nothing to fear—that the sound waves beating so furiously on the tortured tympanum do not come from human volcanoes imported all the way from Africa, but have their source in an

earnest desire on the part of the dusky child of dusky nature to make worship vocal. Arthur Elmire leads the "symphonia discors" at the church of the Resurrection, and is not bothered to any extent by the occasional loss of a note. He does not stop to pick it up; if he did, the voices of those who follow would trample on him and it before he had succeeded; so he wisely pushes on and keeps ahead at all costs and everybody is satisfied because everybody sings and there is no exacting director to exclude the least of them.

To-day, the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, offers of itself the subject of the sermon, and all listen with attention. Some even hang their heads in guilty fashion when reference is made to the foul songs which of late have become common in the district, and promoters look important when they are called upon to co-operate in the extirpation of this unclean nuisance.

Mass over, the priest says with the communicants, and with most of the others who also remain, the prayers after Holy Communion. This is one of the ways of ensuring that thanksgiving after Communion be made. The Jamaica native has a preference for public prayer and needs no force to be present at it. But the likelihood of fifteen minutes becoming five, if he is left to measure the length of his own thanksgiving, is near enough to a certainty in most cases to amount to a sure prophecy.

Then follows an interruption of an hour or two. The people gather in groups outside and exchange the news of their different localities. The church committee, especially, who are the advisers of the priest in the matter of finances, are easily picked out as they move here and there, conscious of their importance. One of them has a large board on which he marks down the monthly dues which a certain number pay him and which he also checks off on the cards which they present him for the purpose. The sum total of the monthly dues received to-day was eleven shillings and three pence, and the Mass collection was ten shillings eight pence three farthings—in all five dollars and forty-two cents to help support priest and horse and poor in the locality, keep buggy and harness and church and two schools in repair, and, just now, build buggy-house and room for priest. Evidently not much to spare on frills!

Meantime the priest has taken his coffee and the meeting of the church committee is in order. The distribution of prizes to the Sunday School follows and

then the Sacred Heart service, instruction by the Father and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. A new Promoter of the Apostleship of Prayer receives her diploma publicly; there is another enrollment of associates; sick calls are brought in to be attended to in the next few days; consultations with the priest are held on various matters; an adult candidate for admission into the church is delayed a month for further instruction; and two catechumens are baptized, a father of a family and his sixteen year old boy. It is twenty minutes past four when this last function is concluded, and the clouds sprinkle me on the way to my quarters. And once there, I seize my office book and finish up at 5.15 P. M. with Liza, the cook, at the "door-mout," tray on head, exclaiming: "Lawk! Fadder mus' hungry dis long time."

MT. JOSEPH MISSION,

January 18th.

There was a very perceptible shock of earthquake this morning at May River as we were finishing up the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception during the meeting of the Children of Mary. Some of the children were frightened a little but as the shock passed in a couple of seconds, and things went on as if earthquakes were an every day occurrence, the fright did not amount to much. The present church at that mission has only just been restored, the great earthquake of two years ago having destroyed the old church completely. Even yet much remains to be done in order to complete the restoration, but the four walls and roof—there is little else—afford shelter of some sort, in spite of the fact that forty-eight panes of glass have still to be put in that the rain may be kept out—in spite, too, of the other fact that the interior boarding is far from completed. We are not far in these missions from one of the two epicenters of the earthquake of January 14th, 1907. Avocat mission, eight or ten miles away, was also wrecked, as far as buildings are concerned, in the same catastrophe —and although the church there has since been put together again, funds so far have not allowed the same with regard to the school-house.

As was to be expected, there was "vis multa pluvii"—a power of rain—this morning at May River, but the number of communions swelled those of yesterday to ninety-five.

I took advantage of a small break in the clouds about 9 A. M. to jump into the saddle and make a start for Mt. Joseph mission, five miles away, and reached there in due course without getting wet to the skin, thanks to a rather serviceable rain-coat. Mass is said in this mission as a rule on the Tuesday morning which follows the third Sunday of the month. It is an isolated spot in the most romantic part of the mountains. There is some fording to do on the way, but it is not difficult to one on horseback and the more dangerous Dry River has not to be crossed. The last couple of miles of the upward journey is a narrow bridle path which winds in and out along the edge of abysmal depths of glorious tropical foliage. To-day I counted two dozen land-slips, big and little, which had come down upon or alongside the thin streak of slippery road. On the bank to my right, brushing me sometimes as I sat in the saddle, were plants which in colder regions are never seen out of a hot-house. The wax plant was especially conspicuous and the hybiscus, or, as it is more commonly known by the native, the shoe-black, because its leaves applied to shoe-leather and rubbed into it, are a very respectable rival to Bixby's polish. Ferns, too, in never ending variety were there, gold and silver fern, the star fern, maiden's hair, the tall tree-fern and others. From the school-house, where I am writing this moment, I can look across a valley, a mile wide at this level, to Mount Pleasant Gap, and the steep incline on either side is crowded right down to the narrow river which separates the mountain bases, with mango and cocoanut and bread-fruit and akee and fustic and trumpet tree and countless varieties of tropic bush. A little to the right of Mount Pleasant Gap, on a portion of Lovely Grove Slope, called Two Pan, the land has slid down a hundred feet and more and the dark red soil of the path left behind stands out clear in the green of its surroundings. At a turn of the road, a little below the mission, there is, along the horizon, thirteen miles away, a band of glancing light where the Carribean Sea almost stretches over the low-lying town of Annotto Bay in an effort to reach the hills, which to right and left, with lessening elevations, have accompanied the turbulent river to within a stone's throw of the bourne of its long wandering. Cloud effects, too, are here in abundance. When I rode up, Mount Joseph itself was in the clouds. A little while after, these had drifted from it, while, across the Valley, Belcarris, Mount Pleasant and Lovely

Grove, with jets of cloud lower down streaming up to join the heavy masses overhead, made me wonder if the Psalmist had not had some such view in mind when he spoke of the mountains smoking at the presence of the Lord. And now, the night is coming on and in the dusk there are two cloud-armies preparing to combine forces from Belcarris and Lovely Grove, and sweep irresistably across to where this cloudy old missioner is working off his prosings on the readers of the "Woodstock Letters"—that is, if they have'nt skipped them.

A long consultation this evening with Henry Fraser, the principal Mount Joseph promoter, on two subjects, —chickens and church progress. The chickens, he is to look after for me, that I may be sure of something besides slabs of yam for my provender when I am in this part of the mission. The church progress he is to co-operate with me in trying to bring about, especially through the breaking up of sinful unions. One such group, he tells me, is to see me to-morrow, and give me their banns for marriage; another is on the way, and I promise the nuptial ring in order to expedite matters, and so on the story goes, so that if Mount Joseph isn't cleansed of backsliding Catholics and bad living before the year is done, it won't be Henry Fraser's fault. For my part I had no thought when I entered the Society that I would ever be called upon to give a ring for better or worse to a lady, and yet I find that it is not one lady, but scores of them, and, more than that, not one of them is the color of undriven snow, and, strangest thing of all, I'm still a Jesuit priest and not a negro bigamist.

MISSION OF THE RESURRECTION, MAY RIVER,

January 19th.

The fireflies had a fine time of it last night in my quarters at Mount Joseph. These quarters are an addition to the narrow schoolroom of the mission—a room ten by twelve, bare of furniture except a small deal table, a confessional, and a canvas cot, the unplastered walls being made of the cedar wood of the locality and the floor of bullet wood and all dry *secundum quid*, that is, last night it was so, until I stretched my waterproof coat across the windowless opening to the North-West through which the sociable rain was driving right in without leave or license, and thus increased by a small fraction the *quid* of dryness which follows the *secundum*. But above under the shingles what a constellation of fireflies, once the candle was extinguished and my pil-

lowed head turned heavenward! The pinnywally, or as it is sometimes called for short, the pinny, with two phosphorescent eyes, each a tenth of an inch in diameter, and each glaring out as if it belonged to a United States coast light, is something you must get used to before you can sleep in its neighborhood. And when you get a couple of dozen pinnys and a like number of their single lighted cousins—the winkies, playing hide and go-seek here there and everywhere, back and forth a few feet above your head, as will be my experience in the Hotel Vendome mission-hut of May River in about an hour and a half, there will be sufficient explanation for dreaming of drunken stars and crazy serpentine comets "that dart through the void," nor will there be any need to invoke that other explanation—the usual one in colder and non-Jamaica latitudes, and which, moreover, as often as not, supposes the adjective Jamaican as a prefix of a certain spirituous compound called rum. One has necessarily to live on terms of familiarity here with all sorts of representatives of the insect creation. The ant, for example, has a very persistent way of forcing his acquaintance on you. To-night, and almost every night in the rainy season, my floor will be the scene of a duck-ant reception and never a leave is asked of me. Moreover should the duck-ants happen to catch a sight of my bare-foot on that same floor, they'll look upon it, no doubt, as an intruder, and treat it accordingly. How these three quarters of an inch of sting and redness treat those whom they consider intruders may be gathered from this—that they have in their off moments eaten their way through the posts which support one side of the May River school-house and I have had to make arrangements during this visit to the mission to set up a new meal for them in the same place in the line of posts. Last time at Avocat, I opened the little press where I store my eatables and found that a colony of duck-ants had been before me. They drew the line on tin, however, and my corn-beef escaped, but they sampled a part of the label on which "Libby, McNeil and Libby, Chicago" was written, as if to let me know that it was only because they had plenty of easier work on hand just then, that they deferred their attack on metal fortresses from Chicago.

But I have wandered somewhat from Mount Joseph in more senses than one. There could hardly have been a more disagreeable morning on the hills than that which was mine to-day, cold, drizzly—65 degrees

Fahrenheit is cold to us—while the slippy sloppy red clay of the mountain paths together with an occasional heavy downpour from the indefatigable clouds made a combination which only the earnestness of these poor negro Catholics could overcome. In favorable circumstances, I would have had twenty-five communions, as it was, fifteen approached the Holy Table, two of them for the first time, adults whom I had received into the Church a month or two ago. Here again the surpassing value of the machinery, if we may use the term, of the Apostleship of Prayer, was brought out clearly. Jane Edwards, one of the promoters, had taken charge of these two converts from the beginning—had, in fact, brought them herself to the priest. She had even this morning placed two candles for them on the rough shelf in the schoolroom on which the stone of the portable altar rested, and just as I concluded the third "Domine non sum dignus," a black hand—it was Jane's —was thrust behind me and right over the outspread corporal to where the two candles were waiting. These she took and lighted, while I waited, consecrated host in hand, and then, Adelaide and Matilda, her charges, had their first reception with the God of the Eucharist. I've been wondering if I might not one day suppose an epicheia and without authorization from Bishop Collins or Pius X, ordain Jane Edwards to the priesthood under the title of Mount Joseph; Henry Fraser certainly would do as an altar-boy. It would without doubt be a great day for promoters and promoterdom in Jamaica.

There have been plenty more mission occurrences to fill up what has been a busy day, but unless I desist, it may appear that I have more leisure for writing than is consistent with assertion of much labor. For this reason I break off for the present, and prepare for dreams of pinny-wallies and katabous and winkies and stars, and never-ending rain.

January 20th.

There has been no let-up to-day in Gospel work. Immediately after Mass there was a sick call in the neighborhood of the Mission. A young man whose face is being eaten up by the most loathsome of cancers, received Holy Communion in a dirty, grimy mud-hut, the odor of which, in consequence of his sickness, was simply unbearable. He has no means of support whatever, except what charity has to offer him and his one wish is to end his days in the parish alms-house. As he told me,

and truthfully: "Me stomach sore fe hunger." Of course in this case material and spiritual assistance had to go hand in hand, and, as the alms-house is perhaps the best place for him, I promised also my intercession with the Inspector of Poor that his wish might be brought about. Then back to the mission in the driving rain, where Nox already saddled awaited me, and together we forded and climbed for an hour until at May Hill two more objects of zeal were reached—a couple who through the ministrations of the priest were then and there in holy marriage to end their years of sinful living. The man was first received by me in the Church and the woman made the first confession of her life, and then the half-finished dwelling witnessed a sight that angels must have loved to gaze at and therein rejoice with double joy at two sinners doing penance. I was back to the Mission by 11.30 A. M. and once more my poor old boots, filled with corn to expedite the drying of them, had to be handed over to Mrs. Schaafe, the lady cook of the missionary establishment. Who can tell what might have happened to those same boots as an article of diet,—leathur burgoo, like Paddy's leather breeches—had they not been required by 2.30 o'clock to give standing to their priestly owner at a second marriage, this time in the church, but one similar to the former in this—that it was the ending of an illicit union. The groom, a widower, had up to a couple of years ago, when his first wife had died, been rather prominent in the mission congregation and he now returns to conscience and prominence. The dusky lady, his second choice, and twenty-five years his junior, made her confession for the first time, and will no doubt, from this out, settle down to good Catholic living.

An urgent sick call followed upon this marriage, and it was far from easy. A month ago little Gertrude Nairne received her first Communion, and received it like a little angel, albeit a dark angel, but a good one. Monday I was told that she was sick with fever, and yesterday again a message reached me from her parents, but each time it was added that she was getting better and as the road to where she lived could hardly be worse, and it was rainy weather in the bargain, I was considerately informed that it would be all right in case I omitted the call this month. Under the stress of storm conditions, and multiplied calls elsewhere, I had really determined that I was authorized in deferring my visit to the child until next month, when Marcus, the

father, appeared on the scene to-day at midday with the latest bulletin. Gertrude had had a relapse, and was really in a bad way; death in the near future appeared not improbable for her. Of course I went at once, although Marcus had asked me half apologetically, if it would not be right to let his child die without the priest, as after all she could hardly have any great sins on her conscience, aud it was hard to call upon a goat, let alone a priest, to climb in such weather up the clayey steep which led to his dwelling. As if to approve of my answer and resolution, the clouds forgot for a couple of hours what previously had seemed their evident intention of drowning this part of the world, and only when I returned to the Mission was their grim occupation resumed. In all, this sick call meant about six miles of travel, most of it in the saddle, but at least half-a-mile of it an almost vertical climb on foot of about three or four hundred feet over a thread of a path where crumbling shale and the stickiness of the mud presented varying possibilities of quick and undignified descent. At the very top, just above Evandale, Marcus with his family dwells in sociable nearness to the stars. Gertrude had her wish gratified, for it was she especially who had besought her parents to obtain for her the consolation of the Sacraments. In all likelihood she will recover, but there was danger enough to administer Extreme Unction, and, in any event, the little trouble taken to reach her and the fatigue attendant on it were well repaid by the sight of the fervent faith of this poor Jamaica family. Seven children with father and mother were sheltered in the two rooms of this small thatched hut; the walls of wattled bamboo were smeared with mud, and newspaper pictures were fastened here and there inside, but above the rough bed a crucifix and rosary pointed out the hope of the poor.

As I conclude this half sketch of the doings of the day, a sense of privilege pervades my being. It is not every one who is chosen to co-operate as we Jesuits are, so thoroughly and so heartily with His mission Who says of Himself that He came to preach the Gospel to the poor.

ST. ANTHONY'S MISSION, PORT ANTONIO,

January 22nd.

Under ordinary circumstances, I should to-day be working my way back along the coast to this mission of St. Anthony at Port Antonio, but the continued rains in

the May River district had so swollen the fordings of the Dry River that I was unable to get my buggy through. So, jumping in my saddle yesterday morning about eight o'clock at the Mission of the Resurrection, I started amidst the weeping of a long inconsolable sky for a ride of ten or eleven miles down to Annotto Bay. The crossing of the river at Juno Pen was the only one which caused me anxiety, but, with assistance, I got my steed over the narrow and rapid current, at the cost, however, of a good wetting. Nox was barely able to get his footing here under the weight of his rider. Had the tugging of a drifting buggy been added to his other troubles, he would almost certainly have made a new arrival yesterday amongst the equine shades, and my brethren of the Society might have been called upon to offer up their suffrages—not for Nox—but for the incumbent of these missions. Bedraggled and hungry I rode into Annotto Bay between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning and through the kind offices of a Mr. Goubault, a Catholic storekeeper of the town, and with a liberal external application of rum to my feet, and a not illiberal internal application of brandy to my stomach, I began to find out again that life was worth living. The good effect was strengthened by a tin of salmon and a bottle of beer which, rather out of the ordinary run of Jamaica mountain-cheer, my generous host and parishoner had placed before me. It isn't everywhere that one can have rum, brandy, beer, and salmon-steak put at his disposal, all in the space of one short hour, and with due apologies for this reference to the flesh-pots or rather the fish-pots of Jamaica, I present the fact as an inducement, conspicuous by its rarity, for those who contemplate missionary work in the Tropics.

Annotto Bay is a railway station, about an hour and a half ride from Port Antonio, and I filled in the interval of waiting for the train by the recitation of the divine office and the contemplation of the to me unwonted sight—these few weeks gone—the conjunction of cloudless sky and rainless sea. It was no little consolation, also, to be able there by the shore of the "loud-sounding," far-stretching Carribean, to bestow the laver of regeneration on two dusky mites of humanity—Jasper Constantine Giscome and Amy Rebecca Monroe. Before my departure, the boy Tom turned up from May River and to his care I committed the horse with instructions to return to May River for the buggy and fol-

low me, around the road to Port Antonio as soon as the fordings should allow.

I had intended to speak of the galling poverty which exists only too truly in the midst of the lavish wealth of nature all through these hill missions of Jamaica. Port Antonio, too, the center of attraction just now for winter tourists from the United States, would deserve a more extended notice than our already overgrown letter could with any sense of propriety, allow. Perhaps, later, when the readers of the "Woodstock Letters" shall have had time to recover from the present effusion, their indulgence may be once more called upon and we may fill in what is needed to complete the picture of missionary life in the two Jamaica parishes of Portland and St. Mary. Roughly speaking there are fifteen hundred Catholics who look to the writer for their spiritual ministrations, and, thanks to the grace of the Sacred Heart, nowhere bestowed with more liberality than in the Mission of Jamaica, the number is ever on the increase. The prayers of our Fathers and Brothers are solicited for the continuance of the divine blessing.

And right here must come to an end our rambling description of flood and Gospel in the Jamaica hills.

THE BURNING OF SPRING HILL COLLEGE.

SPRING HILL COLLEGE,
MOBILE, Feb. 4th, 1909.

REV. DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

As you have expressed a desire for some account of our recent fire at Spring Hill College, I send you this narrative of the facts, which may prove of some interest to the readers of the Letters.

The fire broke out in the building containing the college chapel on the morning of January 18th, a little after 6.30, while the boys were attending Mass. Rev. Father Rector, who was celebrating the Mass, had reached the Gospel when the alarm was given that the building was on fire near the entrance. One of the Fathers while making his thanksgiving observed a smell of smoke in the air as if clothing or rags were burning, and opened the chapel door to investigate. The heavy cloud of smoke that rolled in upon him rendered any cry of fire unnecessary. He simply told the boys to

leave the chapel. There was a momentary rush and confusion but it was quickly stayed by the seniors, who occupied the rear pews. Some of these remained quietly standing in their places, and by their example and cool, determined manner, quelled the commotion, and directed the crowd to the side entrance on the gallery. In less than a minute one hundred and fifty boys and some externs were safe outside the building. The Blessed Sacrament was taken by Rev. Father Rector from the tabernacle and this ciborium and the vestments he wore were the only portion of our church paraphernalia that was saved. The last to leave the building were two Fathers who were saying mass in chapels off the sacristy in the rear of the building. On the first alarm their servers had gone away, and they did not know of any proximate danger to themselves till they came out into the sanctuary and found the chapel deserted and the tabernacle open, and then it was too late to return for anything as they had to make their way out through stifling smoke.

The building where the fire started was a two story frame structure 120 feet in length, erected twenty-five years ago, the upper floor serving for a chapel and the lower for an exhibition hall. The main building of the college runs east and west and the chapel extended south from the east end at a distance of thirty feet. A gallery resting on iron pillars connected the chapel with the second story of the college, but the ordinary entrance was by a double stairway from the lower floor. Up these stairs the boys and their prefects had passed only a few minutes before the fire was discovered, and no one then observed any indication of such a speedy conflagration, yet it was in the enclosed space under these same stairs that the fire originated.

The instant the chapel was cleared the fight against the blaze commenced, and it was a vigorous but ineffectual struggle. Just then moments were precious, and it took some little time to get water, and when the water and Babcock extinguishers arrived, they were powerless. The pine boards of the building were only too well adapted to catch and spread the blaze, and unfortunately the brisk breeze of the morning was entirely in favor of the flames. The fire broke through the window at the north-east corner, the very point from which the wind was then blowing. Almost instantaneously the whole front was blazing fiercely, and in less than ten minutes after the first burst of flame the entire

structure from front to rear was a roaring fire. Meantime, owing to the intense heat, all efforts to cut down the gallery between the chapel and the college had to be abandoned. The destruction of the gallery could not in any case have helped in the least, for already the flames, mounting high and carried by the wind, had caught the windows and shutters of the attic and third story, thus rendering the large tanks of water under the roof of the college at that end entirely useless. A further discouraging circumstance was discovered just then, when an effort was made to call up the fire department of Mobile over the 'phone. Our telephone would not work, a trick which telephones sometimes play when their service is most needed. As quickly as possible a call was sent from a neighbor's house but the answer was not very favorable. Spring Hill is outside the city limits, and who could authorize the fire department to give this extraordinary assistance was a question that could not be settled at once, and while the officials debated the college burned. The call was sent at 6.45 and at 10.30 when the fire had done its worst and all danger was over an engine arrived. The firemen rested their horses and went home again. We had a good supply of water but no pressure, as the city reservoir with which we are connected, is near us on the hill and almost on a level with the college. We needed a pumping engine but were not destined to get one.

All efforts were now turned to saving as much as possible of the contents of the building from destruction. The east wing had on the third floor two dormitories accomodating in all seventy five boys, and most of their effects in these apartments were saved by throwing them through the windows. The second floor was more difficult to manage. Next to the burning end of the building was the clothes room, and in the short time that could be used all the clothing within reach was thrown down and borne away in confused bundles to a distance. Very slight loss was sustained here. The house library occupied the rest of the floor in this wing and the work of saving the books was already progressing with vigor—indeed with much more vigor than wisdom. The first rescuers in this department were our brawny colored brigade from the kitchen, and they hurled everything, bundles of pamphlets and magazines and huge tomes of the Fathers and Theolog-

ians pell mell, like so many blocks of fire-wood through the windows. They had no reverence for Suarez or Lugo or Petavius or even for the legal lore of the mighty Schmalzgrueber. All books looked alike to them. An orderly band of boys, each taking a bundle of books in his arms and carrying them to a place of safety, gave better results. Most of those that had been hurled to the ground by our dusky preservers of literature were ruined by falling debris and later by water. But strive as we could only a small fraction of the books were saved, and these were damaged by having sets broken and binding torn. On the ground floor the desks and books of ninety boys in the junior study hall were nearly all rescued. Very little was saved from the four class rooms. Further efforts in this section of the house were soon abandoned owing to the progress of the flames along the roof towards the fire-wall. The danger was too great and the salvage party were sent to clear the professors rooms in the centre of the building.

The main building, 300 feet long, was divided into three equal portions by two solid firewalls. These division walls were always an inconvenience and often denounced, as they cut off all interior connection between the three sections, galleries on the south side furnishing the only means of communication. One of these inconvenient and despised walls, separating the east wing from the centre, was now our only hope of saving the whole college from destruction. If the flames crossed this barrier and reached the dome and cupola nothing could stay their further progress and the whole place would inevitably be reduced to ashes, for all the other buildings joined the west wing either on the north or west. Experienced people among the spectators declared their opinion that the wall would not hold, but as it was the only defence we had a determined effort was made to preserve it. The college boys formed a bucket brigade, and long and arduously did they labor under most trying circumstances, and their energy never flagged till success was achieved. The floor was torn up on the inside of the firewall and a careful watch was maintained in the attic and in each story to prevent the blaze from communicating along the beams, and a wetting down process was continued steadily. A Father and a Scholastic aided by members of the bucket brigade mounted to the ridge of the roof and in spite of smoke and flying cinders long maintained

their position, pouring water on the steaming firewall. Galleries were removed and shutters torn away to keep the flames from crossing on the outside. The roof of the college was of heavy materials and well constructed and it was feared that in falling it might drag a portion of the protecting wall along with it, or give the flames additional power. The roof fell all at once and the wall remained intact, and from that moment the danger began to diminish. As each floor fell in turn there was necessarily a new risk, but each crash passed off without mishap and at 10 A. M. it was possible with ordinary water pressure to use the hose effectively on the burning debris.

By this time the whole central portion of the house and some of the west wing had been cleared of their effects, and the grounds for a hundred yards north and south were strewn with household goods of every description. A crowd of sight-seers had all morning been arriving from the town and surrounding country. Parents and relatives of the boys were out in number and they all got busy fighting the fire or putting order in the scattered goods that had been saved, while on the outskirts hung a dark cloud of our colored sympathizers casting appreciative glances now on the fire and now on the heaps of wearables so temptingly displayed. Among the objects thus scattered over the sandy ground were the contents of our science room. Though not very perfect, the equipment had so far proved equal to our needs but it has not been improved by the rough and ready handling it received in the removal from the house.

The afternoon was as busy and bustling a time as the morning had been, and before darkness had set in everything had been restored to the undamaged portion of the building, new quarters had been improvised for the homeless Junior division with a plentiful supply of beds and covering, and a restful night ended a strenuous day of work and excitement. Two days were given to rearranging matters among the faculty and boys. The aged and infirm members of the community and those not employed in college work were sent to the Novitiate by Rev. Father Provincial. The Fathers and Scholastics, except the officials, were removed from the main building and this space was given over to the boys. The contract for demolishing the ruins was given and work begun on the very evening of the fire, and next day an architect was engaged to prepare plans for re-

storing the building in a more commodious and secure style.

In the calamity, bad as it was, there were many things deserving our thanks to the kind Providence that watched over us. That there was not the slightest personal injury sustained by any one, either from the fire or the exciting work that followed it, and that in our helpless condition the flames should have inflicted only a partial material loss, these are blessings which we duly appreciate. Too much cannot be said of the spirit displayed by our boys in the work they took upon themselves, and the good humor and self-restraint they manifested under the inconveniences that for a time fell to their lot. We have over forty boys from Mobile, and none of them went home even for a night, their parents readily granting that their boys should share with their fellow-students all the difficulties of the situation. No small annoyance however was caused to superiors, and parents living at a distance, by the untruthful press reports which were sent over the country. The first dispatches said that the college was totally destroyed, and this was displayed as a bulletin in several cities. It is easy to imagine the distress of parents at such an announcement. The telegraph wires from Mobile were overworked carrying contradictions of it. The later newspaper accounts did not entirely remove this false impression as they did not travel as fast or as far as the first sensational statement. Still only four boys, all from distant places, were called home in consequence of the alarm, and class work is going on as before, not much affected by our limited space. The first exaggerated report was very persistent in its career. On the Saturday following the fire the "Mobile Register" commented editorially on this. "The story telegraphed from Mobile that Spring Hill College was destroyed by fire goes marching on. The correction of this false and injurious report is apparently so far in the rear that it will never catch up. We request the newspapers that read this to print the correction, saying that but a small part of the college building was burned, and the college session was not interrupted by the loss."

The question may be asked—what was the cause of the fire? We do not know. It is easy enough to form a hypothesis, but it remains merely nebular in the absence of facts. But the imaginative correspondent of the papers, having completely destroyed the college by telegraph, is ready also to supply a cause, and he has

sent it abroad over the land that the blaze was started by a moving-picture machine, a scientific plaything that the college has never possessed and that has not been within our walls even on a visit for over two years past.

The project of rebuilding necessarily occupies the chief attention of superiors at present, in order to provide for present needs and future prospects. To provide space and suitable accomodations for the 220 boys we now have will not be enough in the way of building, and the inconveniences arising from the loss of the chapel with its five altars and all pertaining to them renders necessary the immediate erection of a building of more substantial material than the old one. Our first financial resource for this purpose is the sum of thirty six thousand six hundred dollars, which the insurance companies have promptly paid to satisfy our claims. The restoration and development required by our circumstances call for a far larger amount.

Servus in Christo,

P. CRONIN, S. J.

TO DAMASCUS AND BA'ALBEK.

We were six in the party, and from six different countries. There were the professor of history, a Belgian, who speaks Arabic fluently and acted as our guide; an English secular priest of the Diocese of Westminster, Dr. Fortescue, who writes for the Catholic Encyclopædia, and was studying Arabic; a priest of the province of Rome, who had just finished his theology; a priest of the province of Germany, who was working at Syriac and Armenian; and a scholastic of the province of France. All except our guide were students of the University.

The train was scheduled to start for Damascus at 7 A. M. We left Beirut about half past seven. No one expects a train to be on time in the Orient. During our wait at the station, an official demanded our passports, and insisted on his duty to examine our grips. We had protection in our guide, who insisted he was no Englishman and would give no *bakhshish*. The word Englishman means Americans and English, who are easy prey to the rule of *bakhshish*. After some squabble, the official took down our names and nations and the names

of our fathers. I was registered Waler ibn Jehann. We heard no more of our misdemeanor. In this blessed land of Moslem rule, there are two principles that control men and things; these two principles are caprice and *bakhshish*. The officials do as they please, and often the only way to bring them to please to do the right thing is to offer a gift or a bribe, a *bakhshish*.

Not only officials pester us for *bakhshish*. We had to close the windows of our apartment in the faces of Mussulman women, who persisted in their begging. These poor creatures wear a black veil on which are painted Arabic lines that make up a hideous appearance. Some rid themselves of beggars by calling them Jews. *Ia hudiak*! "You Jew!" is an insult that makes the Mussulman skulk away like a whipped cur.

We moved slowly along the sea-shore to the little stream, Naher Beirut, passed the gardens of Rustem Pasha, and began our steep climb up one of the mountains of the far-famed Lebanon. The Lebanon extends North and South of Beirut. Damascus lies on the other side of the range, about ninety miles south-west of us. On account of the massacre of some 14,000 Christians in 1860, the Governor of the Lebanon is a Christian approved of by the Powers. We passed the present Governor's winter palace at Ba'abdâ.

Our route was winding till we reached the divide. We enjoyed many a beautiful view of St. George's Bay and of Beirut. The scenery was beautiful. The mountain-sides were well cultivated in spite of a stony soil. The Lebanon has given me an insight into the parable of the sower. The stones have been left in some little patches of land; and have been cleared away and piled up between other patches. Sometimes the little walls of stones are only eight or ten feet apart, and that where they are not needed to keep the soil in place. One can readily see how the carelessness of the sower or the heartlessness of the wind might leave some seed upon the stones and other seed upon the stony soil.

As we reached the highest point, almost a mile above sea-level, we skirted the beautiful gorge, Hammâna. Below us lay a vast wealth of verdure and of fruits. The Lebanon presents the two extremes of rich soil and barren wastes. After we passed Hammâna, the wild and rugged scenery began.

We went through the tunnel of Baïdar and began the descent. The train moved at the same slow rate. The

trainmen chatted at each station, and gave the fagged out engine a rest of ten or more minutes.

At last we reached Beq'a, an extended table-land that lies between the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon. The Beq'a is very fertile, but is not so well cultivated as it was in former days. On this splendid plateau, we enjoyed a very good view of Sannîn. This great mountain rises about a mile and an eighth above the sea, and towers over the tops of the other peaks of the Lebanon that we see from Beirut. Sannîn is snow-capped from December to June. The crystals that glisten on the crests of the Lebanon bring to mind the words: "Electa mea candida sicut nix in Libano."

At about noon we had crossed the Beq'a and reached Reyak, a town forty miles from Beirut. Here we had dinner. The wine was of our vintage at Ksara, the cheese was of our making at Tanail; we enjoyed both.

At Reyak, the railroad branches off into two lines; one goes north-east to Ba'albek, the other south-west to Damascus. We took the line to Damascus, and plunged into the Anti-Lebanon. At the divide we were seven-eighths of a mile above sea-level. The mountain scenery is specially grand during the descent. We skirted the gorge Yahfovfé, which is well stocked with oak and plane trees, but is not so fertile as is Hammâna in the Lebanon. After we had left the gorge Yahfovfé, we followed the course of the Baradâ, the famous river that gives to the plain of Damascus a wealth of productivity.

About eighteen miles from Damascus, we passed the ancient Abila. High above us, and dug deep into the rock of the hillsides, were the tombs of centuries gone by. One inscription is of the time of Marcus Aurelius. According to the Koran, Cain killed Abel here; hence the name Abila. On we went through these historic lands, past many a ruin of Greco-Roman times, till we were brought to a halt by a blockade. A freight-train had been derailed in the morning. We were more than three hours waiting for the departure of our relief train. During our delay, the Mussulmans had to pray. The Ramadan, or month of fast and prayer, was on. Each man chose a spot apart from the train, took off his shoes, spread out a handkerchief, squatted thereon, set his face toward Mecca, set his head a-bowing, set his lips and eyes and hands a-praying. The prayers were either two-bow or three-bow prayers. As the day was warm, it must have been rather unpleasant for the poor fellows to bite the dust so often. Comparatively few Moslems

pray openly in Syria; these few keep rigidly to form and custom.

At last we were under way. The scenery was delightful. A full moon shone down with pale yet plenteous light and gave to the cliffs and hollows a beauty such as I had not seen in the States. The calcareous terraces and precipitate walls of stone stood out in clear, grey relief. The chatter of the rushing Baradâ reached us in spite of the din of a rickety train upon a rickety track. The pleasure of our approach to Damascus undid the displeasure of our long delay.

We reached the Fathers at half past eight. It had taken us thirteen hours to go ninety miles. The Fathers had not made ready for us. The letter that told of our coming was not yet arrived, though it had been consigned to the Turkish post four days before our start. The house in which we stopped is said to be built on the property of St. John Damascene. A very trustworthy tradition supports the belief that our chapel of St. John Damascene was part of the Saint's residence, when he lived here as a layman.

What interests one most in Damascus is the Oriental life. The city is so inaccessible as to prevent any headway of Western ideas. Costumes and customs are more Semitic in Damascus than anywhere else. Homes are most Oriental. The inner court, paved with white marble; the large fountain or basin in the center of this court; the marble paved and beautifully frescoed reception rooms, with their enormous basins of ever flowing water, their costly rugs and soft divans; all this marked a civilization not our own.

The city has a population of about 250,000, chiefly Mussulman. To the Arab, Damascus is a sort of foretaste of paradise. The waters of the many branches of the Baradâ, and of other rivers make the surrounding country very fertile. Grapes and apricots, walnuts and almonds, the most varied fruits and nuts abound.

The Scriptural traditions of Damascus are few. The point at which St. Paul was struck blind is said to be three hours away by carriage. We passed through the Eastern gate, *bab-esh-sherki*, by which the great apostle entered the city. A window is pointed out as the one by which he made his escape. The *via recta* is now some six feet or more above its former position. Maybe, when Moslem rule is ended, excavators will find a well paved Roman road below the present unpaved street. There is no tradition about the house in which

St. Paul was found by Ananias, but the latter's house is preserved by the Franciscans. This house is eight or ten feet below the present level of the town, and seems to be authentic.

Of the 250 mosques, only that of the Ommiades is of special interest. This mosque was a splendid basilica in the fifth century. The columns and capitals are said to be those of the ancient church, the ruins of which are evident here and there. In the beginning of the eighth century, a wondrous mosque was built on the site of the christian basilica. This mosque has been twice destroyed by fire and twice restored. The prayer-niches, wherof there are four (one for each of the great Mussulman sects), are marvelous in their workmanship. The arched canopy of each niche is in the stalactite style, which is distinctive of Arabic architecture. Below this mass of pendant marble carvings is the most exquisite and delicate mosaic of various marbles interlaced with gold and silver threads, and inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

The Mussulmans think they have in this mosque the head of St. John the Baptist, which was kept in the ancient basilica; and they have a devotion to St. John.

The only Catholic church of any beauty is that of the Greeks. Among the Greeks of Syria, women go to confession and receive communion in a special room behind the altar. I have seen no images in their churches; even the Crucifix is replaced by a painting. The exclusion of carvings, of the Hail Mary, Rosary, Devotion to the Sacred Heart, scapulars &c., shows that the Greeks are even now shy of the Latins. Another surprising fact is that the ritual of the Greek Catholics of Syria is almost entirely in Arabic. When I saw the Arabic Missal, I asked our guide, a young man who knew no Greek: "Why is not your Mass in Greek?" He answered laconically: "Because the people would fall asleep." Some priests introduce a few Greek prayers into the Mass to insist on their rite. At the Eastern Gate, we met a funeral cortège of Greek Catholics. There were no carriages in line. A squad of officials led; and was followed by about fifteen priests, each of whom receives a *mejidië*, about a dollar. One priest chanted, in a high, shrill, nasal tone, an exceedingly doleful dirge made up of few intervals and those mostly minor. The coffin was borne by four men. The mourners walked behind the bier. The whole cortège brought clearly to mind the scene of the cortège of

Naim. The sun was just about to sink below the horizon; so we did not join the march. A very distinctive feature of Oriental life is the *Suq*. A *Suq* is a business street, narrow and generally covered. Europeans call such streets bazars. The nearest approach in the States to the bazars of the Orient is a closely packed market-building with twenty times the amount of refuse and filth that usually lies about the stalls. The business of the Orient is in very primitive condition. Everything is made by hand. One may stand by and watch while the rough piece of oak is hacked at and sawed into form, inlaid with beautiful mother-of-pearl bits of mahogany, pumiced and burnished, oiled and polished, furnished with straps and toe-piece, and turned into a wooden shoe. One little stall represents a family's manufactory, wholesale and retail department, and everything else mentionable and unmentionable. Every boy has his task. Little fellows of six or seven years are part of the family bread winning machine. Until recently the stalls on the butchers' *Suq* served for slaughter house and beef trust; now only the dressed beef is kept on the *Suq*. There is no room for our beef trust here. Turkish law allows only the Moslem to slaughter, and he sells only to Moslem retailers.

On the bakers' *Suq*, I saw an instance of what is called Moslem charity. A follower of Mahomet was serving out a basketful of bread to the dogs. The dogs of the Orient are vicious looking, and snarl and growl as if they might do one harm; they are harmless and privileged, almost as privileged as cats used to be in Egypt. A pious Mussulman, when sick or anxious to get favor with God, will make a vow to feed the dogs every day for a fixed period. Dogs abound. A Syrian told me that at night Constantinople is "regaled by dog-music."

There are very interesting breads in Damascus. The roll is commonly used, but is not well cooked. A hollow, crescent shaped, thin bread covered with aniseed is much more palatable. The most popular bread, especially in the Lebanon, is *hubz marquq*, which is baked in large flat layers about an eighth of an inch thick. A layer of this sort is folded into four folds and set at the place of each guest; it serves him as plate and napkin, fork and spoon and food. With a bit of this bread he will pick up a piece of meat out of the common dish; on a strip of this bread he will put his meat; with a scoop of this bread he ladles up soup or milk and will

dexterously steer the liquid to his mouth; a slice of this bread he will sop in the sauce that is common for those in his neighborhood. May it not be that with such sort of bread Judas dipped his hand into the dish that was common to our Lord and him?

Each time we traversed a *Suq*, it was most interesting. One has to be wide awake in these overcrowded, narrow thoroughfares. Now and then a caravan of camels stalks noiselessly along, or a herd of donkeys trips by. The packs on these animals protrude on each side; and neither camel nor jackass is a respecter of persons. I was surprised at the number of camels we saw in Damascus. On one occasion, we were passed by a caravan that contained sixty or eighty. There were four successive groups, in one of which I counted thirty camels in line. The first camel is almost always led by a donkey; the remaining camels are made to follow the leader by ropes that stretch from camel to camel. The jackass here is not the degenerate of the pampas of America, he is the brains of the caravan.

The art of making the famous blades is lost to Damascus. Since the beginning of the fifteenth century, when Timour captured the town, Damascus' blades have been a thing of the past.

The Turkish rule has been a very great drawback to civilization. Modern improvements are forcefully kept back. In Beirut, it is a penal offense to use an automobile or electric lights. The Jesuits have their own dynamo, because the University property is under French protection and immune from Turkish oppression. The only machine I saw in Damascus was a sewing machine—a Singer. Everything is hand-made. I was reminded of the crude Egyptian drawings, when I saw grain winnowed and rope manufactured outside the town. Women tossed the grain in air, and the wind wafted the chaff away. Strands of hemp were twisted and tarred by half naked men, whose only instruments were their hands.

From the artistic standpoint, some of this handwork is magnificent. We were more than an hour in the ateliers of Nassan & Co. The proprietors are Christians and were most courteous to us. In this large establishment are manufactured Oriental decorative pieces in metal and wood. The moulding of large bronze vases is simple enough; but endless pains are given to polishing and embossing and engraving these vases; to the inlaying of copper bit by bit; to the interlacing of inlaid

gold and silver threads. In some pieces of wood-work, there are thousands and thousands of little particles that made up the mosaic. The work is done chiefly by Jewish children. The States are a good market for this firm, though the duty is forty per cent ad valorem. Prices at Damascus were very low. For two dollars one might buy a fancy chair that would bring ten dollars in New York. Little bronze plates, on which were carved Arabic mottoes and Oriental scenes, were for sale at twenty cents apiece. The marvel was that no two plates were alike. The skilful sketchers use no stencil, but do original work and seem never to repeat their ideas. The children, who emboss and engrave, merely follow the drawing of the artist.

From Damascus we went back to Reyâk, where we took the north-western rout, along the Beq'a, to Ba'albek. The ride of sixteen miles was slow but pleasant enough. In the distance stood Hermon exulting in the name of the Lord (Ps. 88, 13), and we thought of the "dew of Hermon that flows down even unto Mt. Sion." [Ps. 132, 3].

Ba'albek is the ancient Heliopolis. The Assyrian town was probably dedicated to Ba'al, as its name was Balbiki. The Greeks worshipped Ba'al as Helios, the Romans incorporated Helios into their mythology as Jupiter Heliopolis. The akropolis of Ba'albek is a most stupendous relic of Greco-Roman architecture, and outdoes even the akropolis of Athens by its grandeur and excellent preservation.

Antoninus Pius began the tremendous structure, which was fifty years under way.

In the gigantic walls that gird the akropolis, are the largest masses of rock ever known to have been quarried and set. The walls were made up of three layers. The lowest layer is almost entirely intact, and consists of rocks about thirty one feet long, thirteen feet high and ten feet thick. Of the second layer, only three giant-rocks remain, they are about sixty four feet long, thirteen feet high and ten feet thick. In the quarries outside the town are two such giant-rocks, one not quite quarried, the other quarried and already transported about fifty yards. We marvel now at the power exerted to build with such rocks. To-day Syria has not the means that it once had. When our University was built, every stone had to be transported on the back of a camel. The columns of the Phoenician temple of Bait Meri were incorporated into the building; though

they are only about ten feet high and eighteen inches thick, each column had to be sawed into three or four pieces to be brought hither.

Inside this wonderful wall of Ba'albek are the temple of Bacchus and the splendid temple of Jupiter.

The temple of Bacchus is small, but a treasure—in fact the best preserved temple in Syria.

The temple of Jupiter was collossal and complete. The approach, the propyleum, the outer court, the inner court and the temple proper were in keeping with the grandeur of the massive walls. One realizes fairly well the grandeur of the Roman temple, when one gazes on the remnants of the massive Christian basilica that Theodosius built within the inner court of the great temple of Jupiter.

Outside the akropolis is a temple of Venus. It is of the decadent, later Greco-Roman period of architecture, and has all the meaningless and almost whimsical ornamentation of the barocco style.

This letter would be needlessly tedious were I to go into further detail about the wonders and ruins of Ba'albek.

WALTER DRUM, S. J.

A PAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF THE OLD NOVITIATE AT FREDERICK.

Cœlumque
Aspicit, et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos. *Virg.*

Many of Ours who lived in the old Frederick Novitiate, feel, no doubt, toward it as did the Virgilian hero toward his beloved Argos. If they passed their novitiate, juniorate and perhaps Third Probation there, and thus received their spiritual training in the Society, more precious than anything earthly, why should they not at the last solemn moment remember with kindness the place where they were taught so well to remember eternity and prepare for it? And will they not have even during life the same grateful reminiscent feeling about the old place? True, the new and commodious Novitiate at Poughkeepsie—which must be regarded as a gift of God to the Province—has freed the community

from many of the hardships of Frederick. Still even those hardships will seem to the religious spirit as something to look back on with pleasure, because they were means of trying and enhancing virtue. These considerations have led us to believe that a page from the history of the old place will not be unwelcome in the *Woodstock Letters.*

The first chapel in Frederick was built by Father John Williams, an English Jesuit, in 1763; it was the second story of a two-story brick building—the lower floor being the residence, consisting of three rooms and a passage. The upper and lower floors of this modest building formed part of the novitiate until its demolition.

This chapel was the place of worship for the Catholics of Frederick and vicinity for nearly forty years. About 1792 Rev. John Dubois, a secular priest, began to visit Frederick; this was necessary because the Fathers of the old Society were diminishing in numbers while the Catholics were increasing. He was afterward one of the two founders of Mt. St. Mary's College at Emmitsburg, nineteen miles away; and later he became the third Bishop of New York, the predecessor of Archbishop Hughes. He soon found the existing chapel at Frederick too small for the congregation; but his poor financial resources seemed to forbid the erection of a larger building. With both daring and zeal, however, he began in 1800 a new brick church eighty-two by forty-five feet. This was old St. Ignatius' Church, with its tapering shingled steeple, back of the Novitiate and on the alley, which is remembered by all of Ours who went to Frederick before 1859. Hither the Catholics of the town resorted, to gain the benefits of religion, until the beautiful Church of St. John, across the street, was completed and consecrated in 1837. After that date the old church on the alley was used for the colored people; Sunday school was held there for them on Sunday afternoons, taught by the novices and junior scholastics; and on solemn festivals Mass was said or sung there for their benefit. At length, in 1859, the old church was doomed to undergo a metamorphosis. At the beginning of that year the novices were so numerous, that it was foreseen that in the following September the number of junior scholastics would be about twenty—a number far larger than at any previous time. As the present accommodations were entirely insufficient for that number, the Rector and Master of Novices, Father Paresce, in his fatherly solicitation, set about preparing

a proper abode for his future numerous junior scholastics, and decided to alter hallowed old St. Ignatius' Church into a two-story dwelling. The contract was given out, and for months before September, 1859, there was unusual bustle and excitement on the grounds of the Novitiate, though without any serious harm, we opine, to the recollection of the community. The day was especially eventful on which the quaint old steeple which rose perhaps sixty or seventy feet or more in the air, was made to topple down. Ropes were attached to it, it was pulled by the power of a number of men in the grave-yard behind, was made to rock on its founations and, when its centre of gravity was sufficiently displaced, it fell with a loud crash, and, contrary to calculation, smashed some of the tomb-stones beneath. The roof was either renewed altogether or much altered, the strong walls were allowed to stand, a new flooring with its supports was placed in position to divide the space into two stories, and the long windows of the church by suitable brick-work were made into two rows of smaller ones, one above the other. The second floor, which had a garret above its ceiling, was divided into two rows of neat rooms for the sick or for guests, with a passage between them; there was one room for the pharmacy and office of the infirmarian, and a large room at the end, in the space of the former sanctuary, which might be used for various purposes. The first story, with the substantial board-floor of the church retained, was destined for the new scholasticate. It was divided by a partition of laths and plaster, into two large rooms, each extending the width of the church; the one nearer the corridor of the Novitiate was to be the study-room, and the farther room, accessible through the other, was to be the dormitory.

August was passing, and the matter of prime interest to the scholastics was that their new home should be completed by the first part of September and that they should be safely established in it; and they were not disappointed. On a certain day in early September, at the beginning of the season of such varied coloring and restful influence of nature in that charming valley, they were bidden by Father Rector to enter and take possession. Nearly fifty years have elapsed since then, we have passed into the twentieth century and there has been such an advance in material conveniences that it would not have been believed if then foretold; but this was a great improvement for that time and showed

much enterprise on the part of Father Paresce. In fact the scholastics were so much pleased on being ensconced in their new home that they almost felt as if on the eve of the millenium. Around the large room were arranged neat desks of dark walnut color and varnished, with the names of the scholastics on them on slips of paper, thus assigning his place to each one. On passing into the dormitory, it was found to be supplied with neat and new iron bedsteads of a recent pattern with new mattresses; and around each of them, in a frame-work, were suspended neat curtains, which might be drawn during the day. In the study-room was a novelty, the result of the resourcefulness of Father Rector,—a long double desk extending across the middle of the room, at which the scholastics were to study by night. The object of this was to save unnecessary consumption of gas by a great number of lights around the room. Along the middle of the desk was an upright wooden partition about ten inches in height, which prevented the scholastics from looking in each other's faces, seated as they were in two rows facing each other; and on the top of this partition were a number of gas-jets, with shades over them, amply sufficient to throw bright light on the books and papers of those studying. In anticipation of the wintry winds which were to blow from the mountains bounding the western horizon, or from whatever direction, there was a large and handsome sheet-iron stove in the room, rising majestically toward the ceiling. It soon received the name of Bellerophon, which clung to it; and in due time it gave out genial and comforting warmth.

Of the junior scholastics who that year were there taught to study the ancient classics and English masterpieces, only three are now in the Society. Father James Doonan of Georgetown, Father Joseph Nori of California and the writer of this; many are dead. But let not this thought dampen the interest of this chronicle, the most interesting part of which perhaps yet remains. Father Villiger, then Provincial, sent two Fathers to teach Latin, Greek and English, and perhaps no better teachers could be found in the Province. One of them was Father Alexander Hitselberger who entered the Society a few years before as a secular priest fifty years of age, was a beautiful preacher and an accomplished English scholar, of exquisite literary taste. There was an hour's class of algebra twice a week taught by Mr.

James Major, an eminent astronomer and mathematician; he was then a novice, past forty-five years of age, having been recently an astronomer in the Government Observatory in Washington, and previously professor of mathematics in the U. S. Navy. The course of studies was judiciously mapped out, and there was serious study and marked improvement during the year. Soon after its beginning it was proposed by some one that the scholastics should give a name to their new home. When the subject had been further mooted, with the proposal that meetings should be held for the purpose, the project gave unusual satisfaction and was approved by Superiors. Father Joseph O'Callaghan, the Minister, a scholarly man, kind and charitable, took special interest in the matter and agreed to preside at the meetings. The following year he was made Rector in Baltimore, and then after three years became Rector and Master of Novices in Frederick. On account of his knowledge of the old-established Philodemic debating society at Georgetown and probably also from having witnessed the debates in Congress, he was a master of parliamentary rules and methods, and he desired that the meetings should be conducted in strict parliamentary form. His motive no doubt was a kindly desire to please the scholastics in an innocent matter and to give them the wholesome recreation from study which these meetings would afford. They took place during the night recreation, which at that time was from eight to nine, the hour before Litanies. There were quite a number of meetings, and they gradually grew more interesting and animated. Young America's characteristic is said to be the power of speech-making, and many of the scholastics were talented and of considerable maturity, accordingly the proceedings manifested considerable ability and dignity. Father O'Callaghan faithfully occupied the chair in his accustomed amiable manner, though his smile could give place to a serious expression when some hotly contested point was to be decided. He settled all disputed points according to justice and equity; and of course the meeting cheerfully acquiesced in his rulings. Indeed, from his conduct as a presiding officer, the youthful debaters would have probably declared him the peer of Vice-President Breckenbridge, who then presided over the United States Senate. There were several

names proposed for the new scholasticate, which the writer cannot recall, as he writes this chronicle entirely from memory, without the aid of any diaries. At length the hour came for the meeting at which the question was to be decided and a name selected which, according to the youthful imaginations of the debaters, was to be imperishable. All were more or less in a state of expectation and excitement, the parties in favor of the various names being each anxious to carry its point, but without the least bitterness of contention. Father O'Callaghan occupied the chair as the very impersonation of rectitude and fair-play, and when the debating spirit seemed to have been entirely satisfied, he called for the vote without any enforced *cloture*. How the voting took place, whether a division was called for or tellers were named, we do not recall, but the result was that the new junior scholasticate was to be named *Saint Chrysostom's*. There was great applause for some time after the announcement; when quiet was restored, a motion was made and carried that the vote should be made unanimous. Then time brief and tasteful speeches were made by the scholastics on the importance of the occasion, expressing sentiments that appealed to the heart, and such quotations as "Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit," from the lips of the youthful speakers, fell on the listening ear. Before the conclusion of the meeting it was resolved that a day should be appointed for celebrating the imposition of the new name; and an orator and two poets were selected from among the scholastics for that occasion. Mr. Daniel Ford, the first poet, was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, and entered the Society at twenty-two years of age, in 1857, after having been some time at our college at Worcester. He was a young man of superior talent, and, when he entered the Society, was of considerable maturity in literary culture and in knowledge of men and books. He had a strong emotional nature and sincere and earnest piety. Before he had been many years in the Society he gave indications of pulmonary consumption and was sent to Santa Clara College, California, for his health. The fell disease, however, could not be stayed, and he died there in October, 1870, at the age of thirty-six, in edifying religious sentiments. The other poet, Father Doonan, still survives at Georgetown College, of which he was Rector

twenty years ago, and where he recently celebrated his golden jubilee of fifty years in the Society.

The two poets seem to have been also prophets, in accordance with the meaning of the Latin *vates*, as they foretold the end of the Novitiate at Frederick and of St. Chrysostom's; but their prophetic vision of the ruins of it and the old church has not been and will not be verified. About fifteen years after the metamorphosis, here narrated, of the church on the alley, a third story much higher than either of the others, was placed on the building, through the exertions of Father Tisdall, Minister of the Novitiate, who had been one of the scholastics there in '59. This was used as a dormitory by novices and scholastics, and was large, airy and healthful. In January, 1903, the community was transferred to the new Novitiate near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., the building at Frederick was sold, and the little Maryland city possesses Ours no more. Within a year or two St. Chrysostom's, with the whole of the Novitiate, was razed to the ground, the bricks being used in erecting houses elsewhere, and the grounds were divided up into building lots for handsome residences, several of which, we believe, have been already erected and are among the most desirable in the city.

Before the departure of the community all the bodies interred in the small grave-yard back of old St. Ignatius' Church, those of Ours and others had been removed to the new Catholic cemetery. Those who lived in the old Novitiate will remember the graves of United States Chief Justice Taney and his mother side by side, with flat tombstones exactly alike. He passed the first twenty years of his legal practice in Frederick, and during that time his mother died in his house and was buried back of the old church. When he left Frederick in 1823 to become in Baltimore the first lawyer of Maryland, he arranged with a particular friend, a much younger man, that wherever he should die, he should be buried at the side of his mother. His biographer says that many years, while he resided at Frederick, he could be seen every morning, in sunshine or in rain, at his religious devotions in old St. Ignatius' Church. He died in Washington in October, 1864, at the age of eighty eight, fifty years after his mother, and his remains were brought to Frederick, the funeral obsequies were held at St. John's Church, the funeral discourse was preached by Father Maguire, S. J., and the great

Jurist was laid to rest at the side of the parent to whom he had so tender an attachment, in the old grave-yard within the grounds of the Novitiate.

JOHN J. RYAN, S. J.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE MISSION AMONG THE CARIBS.

Letter of Father Leonardo Gassó to Father Alós.

PANAMA, November 7th, 1908.

Dear Father Alós,

P. C.

What a time I have to find a chance to write to Your Reverence, and to all those that have in any way assisted me, especially to Father Iñesta, Fathers Capell, Sansa etc. But writing was out of the question. I had scarcely arrived, when I took sick. But all the while I was preparing to go on the mission, with the hope I should get better on the way. I left twenty days after my arrival. On the mission things went well with me. But in a short time, the various kinds of insects, the fevers, and above all the annoying boils that appeared all over my body, made me suffer more for two months than I had ever suffered in my life. I was in such a condition as to be able to rest only on my hands and knees, or on foot. At last as I was unable to stand it longer, I put myself in the hands of a negro, who chanced to pass by the town. The Indians are incapable of surgical operations. I gave him a pair of scissors, and he cut the boils that I could not reach. With all this suffering, the lack of food and of sleep for almost twenty days, I was very much weakened. God brought it to pass that, though I spoke only three times a day to the Indians, teaching them to pray, there were many formal conversions, many became fervent catechumens and were brought to abjure their infidel practices; and they who at first would not give me a home, presented me with a landed estate. All this happened despite the fact that Estanislao, the Carib that I brought with me to Spain, apostatized and spoke to the Indians to incite them against me. He told them that I had many Fathers and Brothers whom I was going to bring to take possession of the Island.

It was because I foresaw that this would happen that I was so anxious no one in our houses should say to him that he wished to go the Indies. Estanislao told the Indians that my intention was to bring whites and negroes to their country to live with them. He could have said nothing worse to excite them against me. I gave him the lie, took him to task for his falsehoods and cast him out. God has punished him, he is going about like a consumptive.

The document of the gift the Catechumens made me runs as follows:

"To the extreme west of the small island of San José de Narganá is the property named 'Cola de la Isla'—(Island's end)—the possession of José Sec. The said José, in the presence of the Governor Carlos Robinsón, and of the Chiefs Oloitilikinia, Alejandro Robinsón, Joaquín Berri, Santiago Olonusalipe, Joaquín Filop, donated to Father Leonardo Gassó the said property for the service of God and of the Holy Church. If the Father dies the island will belong to his successors in the ministry whoever they be. If the Father have no successor, the property will revert to José Sec who was its former owner. If José be dead, the governor Carlos or his successor will take charge of the property, until a priest comes for the service of God and of the Church. The priest will sell the property to no one; it will always be for the use of the Church.

In testimony thereof we sign our names:

Carlos Robinsón, Governor.

Oloitilikinia,
Alejandro Robinsón,
Joaquín Berri,
Santiago Olonusalipe,
Joaquín Filop,
} Chiefs.

I receive this property. Leonardo Gassó.

I donate the property. José Sec.

San José de Narganá, the second of July, the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and eight."

I might remark that it was only after much discussion that they gave me the property to keep some goats that I had brought from Spain, and for other purposes; during these discussions, the majority were opposed to me, until God made them yield. The Indians came to me that day while I was in bed, so I got up only to sign the document.

When I was so far recovered as to be able to lie down some time on one side I set sail for Panama in a cayuco

which was about a yard wide and two and a half yards long. I was stretched on a small plank that was just large enough to hold up my body. The passage was most painful, and the side that was well became sore again. After three days and two nights of sun and rain, I reached Panama and went to bed. After two days the fever left me. I began to write a long diary for Your Reverence and those who had assisted me. After I had written two pages the fever came on anew, despite the cares of Brother Gurruchago who had lately arrived; so I had to stop writing the diary. For about twenty days I kept getting better and getting worse; as it was very hot here, we thought it better to move. We planned a long journey; the brother could come with me as he had learned somewhat the trade of a goldsmith, an indispensable condition for his admission among these Indians, as the Cacique had said. This trade and the title, my brother, which they took for my brother in the flesh, gave him the right of entrance, not however without considerable opposition.

The first village for which we set out is called Santa Isabel a town of Indians that is situated on the largest bay Your Reverences could imagine—a bay that stretches from Colón to the point of a second bay whose shores are inhabited by a race of pure Indians. Santa Isabel is the last Christian village. It is some eighty or ninety miles from Colón. Along this stretch are eight or nine villages of negroes, and among these negroes those who are to do mission work among the Caribs will have to spend a sort of novitiate. Here they will learn the Carib language and take on the Society's methods of missions among Infidels. They will be trained by means of the books of Fathers Gumilla and Chantre, books that every missioner among the Indians should often read. We are working with great fruit in Santa Isabel; building a church and arranging the town after the fashion of our ancient missions. We have daily Mass at dawn, rosary and Christian doctrine in the evening, in which the entire village takes part. At noon, instruction of the young men in which they all recite together. Next to none, even of the old men, knew how to pray. To-day after three visits that I had made the greater part of the village know even the Litanies and the Missa Cantata. We have brought with us the three goats imported from Spain and four of the wretched breed of the Isthmus; the latter we shall eat, the former will give us milk.

In Spain I was found fault with once for taking goats with me. The faultfinder little understood what it is to be hungry, nor did he understand what it is to take the burden of a country of Infidels upon oneself. One must undertake such work with great desires of bearing poverty, not fanciful but *real*, and all the effects of poverty—hunger, pain, want, humiliation with Christ. At times the reality goes beyond one's fondest hopes. Hence they are much deceived that yearn for foreign missions and want homes, comforts and honors in Spain. Here one lives as best one may. How often, I have heard the Indians say: "You are the devil's own son; begone from this place; you teach the lies of Christ. We don't want you, we can't bear you. We are going to kill you. The Pilapipi (a very cruel witch) spares no one, she will eat you alive. You have come from your home, because you have nothing to eat there. You wish to rob us of all we have and what we most esteem." And now I can scarcely tell you how many of these love me as if I were one of their own family.

Well here in Santa Isabel the negroes have shown me great tenderness. Each one brings his little gift with which we support ourselves comfortably enough for some days. But these little villages cannot supply for a long time food for two mouths much less for three, as some think they can. And it is not easy to bring supplies in proper condition because of the difficulty of the voyage and the quickness with which such things are spoiled in a moist and warm climate.

After a few marriages, baptisms and first Communions, we left Santa Isabel in two cayucos—boats about one yard wide and three yards long. Columbus and even Nicuesa crossed this Caribean Sea in better boats. We made the passage, the brother and I with three negroes in a cayuco; we brought also a goat and two kids in a crate. We went then like sardines in a box, without changing places for a day and a half. In the other cayuco were three negro sailors with four goats and our trunks. Our flotilla passed the country of the more savage Indians during the night; so that they might not see us and upset us into the water as they had threatened to do.

For the present I judge it inconvenient for anyone else to enter now besides the brother (whom they take for my brother by blood) whose work is to teach them free of charge how to make golden nose rings; for they kill or maltreat, until he go away, anyone who tries to

live among them. There are recent and sorrowful examples of this Indian doggedness against admitting a stranger.

Brother Gurruchaga was very much frightened only two weeks ago when some Indians (and in fact Catechumens) had a great set-to in a corner of our house. They tried to kill four negroes, threw them into the sea, jumped on them so as to drown the poor fellows. The crime was that the guilty ones had entered into the sea limits of the others. Who can rid them in a short time of their prejudices? The negroes thought that, since the Fathers had come in, others might freely live among the Indians. Thanks to God, in salt water they escaped with their lives. Even we ourselves ran great danger that day. The negroes had cried for my assistance, but what could I do against so great and powerful passions? Four months ago they burned alive a man in this island. Now see the change that God is working among these barbarians. As Carlos, our God sent Cacique, says the whole village San José de Narganá now loves me as one of their family; one of these men that attempted the murder of the negroes, after the row came to me half drunk and brought me a dish of meat—one might say it was his thanks-offering for the victory. How much there is to be shaved down.

Well we later reached San José de Narganá. A great crowd came down to the shore. I approached them with fear that they would say something about the brother and the goats. At my former visit their superstition caused some to refuse admittance to the brother and all to be against the goats. It is true that in the end Carlos and some of the most representative in the Junta decided to grant my request and donated me the property for the goats that I told you of. And so I landed. First I took out the little kids. They were glad of their freedom and began to frisk about. The sight was most interesting to people to whom it was new. All prejudices were set aside. The brother disembarked and took out the goats. The Cacique, decidedly a protector of our forward movement, began to celebrate the benefits of milk, meat, etc. Full of joy he mounted a goat that was very tame, and made as if he were horse-back riding. So all went well. The people went to bring fodder for the poor little things. Thus far the affair of the goats was a triumph. Two days later the two little kids died.

The two following days we gathered together the Catechumens, to complete the division of the village. I was moved to do so by the good news the Cacique had given me the day of my arrival: "Father," said he, "some of us no longer go to infidel worship." Then to mark out the two camps, and to bring about an understanding between us, he baptised that place of worship with the name "House of Errors," since only errors are taught there; and our place of worship, with the name "House of God." This was a very happy idea. When they wish to say that one is a rebel, they now say he goes to the House of Errors. Every day when a newcomer arrives to enroll himself for instruction, he is set this question: "Will you come every day to the House of God to learn Christian Doctrine?"—"Yes."—"Will you ever again go to the House of Errors?"—"No."—"Will you obey the Father in all that he orders so that you may go to heaven? Will you come to Mass every Sunday?"—"Yes."—"What do you think," say I to Carlos and the other chiefs, "will he be true and firm?" Here they make their objections. They give him a lecture; and if all is right, he is enrolled. If all is not right, he is allowed only to assist.

The promptness of the Catechumens, the fervor with which they learn viva voce is most remarkable. As in the daytime one may not count on all, men as well as women, in the evening we have Christian Doctrine and the rosary of Our Fathers; in place of the mystery, the sign of the cross is made, so that by force of repetition, in song and in prayer, they may all learn *what* is necessary for the day of baptism. At the end of the fourth decade, they rest themselves by singing a fifth decade of Ave Marias. After this, I call the roll as an entre-acte, so that they may not be tired. They like very much to hear their names, to know who has come, who has stayed away, and why. Then we chant the Litanies, which they like very much; they shout with a will. These are followed by the explanation of Christian Doctrine, by question and answer; first the men answer, then the women or the boys, to keep up interest and see who answers best. After this they break in and make whatever remarks occur to them. In this wise we pass two hours and a half every day in a very lively way and with much profit. Among these infidels the only question of importance is that of God; some are for, others are against, and not only among the elders does one note this good will; even the babies of two years scarcely see

me, when they cry out in childish prattle: "Patri, praised be the Holy Sacrament of the Altar." This is the greeting which our Fathers taught the people in all our ancient missions. So soon as ever these little ones have a new dress, or anything else new, either they or their mother for them bring it at once to me so that I may enjoy it just as if I were one of the family.

A short time ago, in the evening, at rosary time, I had a good laugh when some of these little ones saw from the shore that a child of two years was coming by sea. Its little companions at the sight, rushed to the door of the church crying: "Patri, Alejo Tani" "Father, there comes Alejo." What an event? You see, I am a member of the family. That is why Carlos said: "Father, as the Pharisees hated Christ so they of the House of Errors hate you; as the good loved Christ, so we of the House of God love you." Then he spoke of himself and said, "Now I know they are going to kill me. Allright, I shall then go straight to heaven. As you say, God will reward me for all I do for the village."

I baptised Olopidia, who has reached the age of 150 years and is called Paul. What a fine old man he is become, though on my former visit he threatened me with death if his son died! His devotion is such that he comes on week days with the children to Mass, before going to work in the woods. It may be of use to history, so I shall say what he tells me: this Indian remembers the ancient Spaniards; and says that this his tribe once wore the hair long, whereas to-day men and women cut the hair close and wear golden rings in the nose. Much else does he narrate just as the historian Oviedo describes. Moreover since the time of Oviedo, there must have been another mix-up of tribe or tongue. This change I had noted in my grammar, without knowing the proof from this old man; I had only followed the principles of Philology. What great helps for history are Ethnology and Philology! This Indian says that he used to go over the road between Porto Bello and Panama, the very existence of which in ancient times is now matter of dispute in the Congress. Oviedo describes this paved way. See how they have forgotten the deeds of ancient Spain!

What secrets there are in the human heart! Pablo's brother, a man of about 120, told me he was going to be baptized as soon as he saw the pictures of hell, etc. I was sick two days and could not call on him. I learned he was more ill than usual. "Get out of here," said he.

"I don't want to see you. I won't be baptized. I don't believe at all in that Jesus Christ. You are a liar." I tried to calm him; he said: "Who made you think that I am going to be a Christian? You don't know how deep are my beliefs." When he saw that I would not go away, but rather tried to calm him with gentleness, he said: "I told you get out of here. If I do not get up it is because I can't. If you do not go away, I shall have you put out." When I saw him so ill I did not wish to lose my chance. He then shouted to his sons to kill me if I did not go. At once I saw one of them come out of a nearby hut that was used as a kitchen. He had a gun in his hands and stood behind me to load up. I then said to the sick man: "Well! you are so excited now, let us put off our talk for another time, I will come back."

"You needn't come for nothing. You and Christ are liars. I don't believe." So I went out with care. He who would not believe was already judged.

Some three weeks ago Carlos said to me: "Father, to-morrow I am not coming to Christian Doctrine, because I am going to gather together the Catechumens and Infidels to *convert* them. I will tell them not to get drunk; and will order the Infidels, if they must get drunk, not to come and bother you." "Why all this drunkenness?" "Because to-morrow we shall have the hair-clipping of a girl who has reached the proper age; on such occasions there are five days of drunkenness and dancing; meanwhile the old women or clipped-women clip the girl's head. As a matter of fact on the second day five out of our ninety married Catechumens were absent from catechism. Next day there were eleven absent. Some of them were so ashamed of their misdoings, that for several days they dared not come to catechism—until in fact I went out and gathered them in. On the contrary almost all the members of the House of Errors got beastly drunk. Now see the improvement. The dancing was of the most innocent kind; men in a ring with men, women in a ring with women. While some of the drunken Catechumens came to give me the Laudetur and to embrace me, some of the Infidels wished to run me through. But the sober Catechumens rushed to the scene, and said: "You will kill us first, before him who is our father. We are stronger than you, but if you kill us we shall be happy. We shall go to heaven to see God. We shall die for God and for our Father."

Who would say that these Catechumens now yearning for martyrdom were a year ago like beasts of the forest? How powerful is the doctrine of Christ, Immaculata convertens animas; testimonium Domini fidele, sapientiam præstans parvulis. Some of my enemies not being able to take vengeance on me, did so on my poor goat in the pasture by cutting off her teats.

The barbarous Cardies sent me this advice: "Don't come to our country. We will pull out your whiskers, pull off your skin, and throw you into the sea." In all this one must note that some of that tribe have a fear of hell. "Initium sapientiæ timor Domini."

The fourth threat of death, on this my fifth entrance came from the treacherous Smit. He had wheedled away from me a few unmarried Catechumens. I went to his house. I asked him how he dared to teach errors as chief of the House of Errors, and why he said that the Father was wicked and possessed. He answered that he alone taught morality. Said I: "Take care; up to this, all that helped me are blessed by God, and all that hurt me are cursed by God. Remember your Father who set himself strongly against my entrance, and then against the baptism of the children. I told him that for his wickedness he would die an evil death.

He did. These Indians burned him alive. As I said this, he jumped up in a rage grit his teeth and rushed away. His friends among the Indians of the House of Errors, began to crowd in. The more I tried to win them, the less pleased they were. One came at me with a knife which I did not perceive. I began to distract him, to show him pictures of hell, etc. Smit and the crowd then began to be calm. It seems the man with the knife stood ready behind me. By chance I turned my head and saw him in the very act of stabbing. I stood up without attracting attention and face to face to him gave my explanation.

Like the coward that he was, he kept trying to reach my back. I finished my explanation quickly and without harm; although the man with the knife laughed at me and said that I and not they would go to hell. I told them that they go to hell who follow the way to hell—as in the catechism we call the deadly sins; and as they, not I, were on that way, they, not I, would go straight to hell unless they were baptized. Smit promised he would talk no more against me and I left while they pondered over the story about the way to hell.

One of those present that had most mocked me came a few days later to become a Catechumen.

This month the people of the island of the Sagrado Corazón met one day and promised that in a day or two they would begin to build a little church, and the next day they refused to do so. How often when in fever I had to go to them to receive these deceits, with the hope that in the end the Indians would yield. At last they went to Panama to complain against me, and scoundrels that they were, even from Portobello (whence they took the letter of complaint) they bore me in their bark, without saying a word. I asked no questions. I knew all. I went on to Panama and presented myself to the president. I explained all and he told me he would not go back on me but would order whatsoever I said. We shall see what he did.

The Cacique of the future village of St. Ignatius came and told me that he was going to Panama, and on his way back would take me to his village to begin the catechism. "Now that you are going, pass by Santa Isabel on your way back, and bring with you the statue of St. Ignatius." I gave him a letter for it. He went to Panama. The president spoke to them about his wish to progress quickly, and demanded that they build a school. In this way we lost the friendship of the Cacique, who saw in the school a means of bringing into his village people that were not Indians. And so it did not come to pass that the Indian called for the statue, nor on his return pick me up. Now since he is full of fear he will not care to carry out his good resolves. An Indian thinks one way, a white man another; their likes are altogether different.

I saw that neither with the Indians of the Sagrado Corazón mission nor with those of San Ignacio could I accomplish anything; and that I myself was broken down; and the Indians of San José were already gained. So I left Carlos, the Cacique, and charged him to continue the daily recitation of the catechism. In San José there are 224 families. Those under seven years of age, excepting the children of five families that are the devil's own, are already all baptised.

Brother and I departed at 8 o'clock in the evening. We took two Indians and the goat, which we were bringing back to Santa Isabel where the Spanish goat was. The cayuco was so narrow that the little animal came between my legs; and during the night and day gave me a lot of fleas, which I do not know how he got.

Well they kept me company till I reached Panama. The sea was so heavy, and we took in so much water that we could not bale it out with our squash shells. After an hour of travel in a violent whirlwind, we had to return home, so as not to upset on so dark a night. We passed the night from twelve to six each in a chair. After I had said Mass, we three together with a fourth to aid in bailing, started out anew. In these trips, one holds the tiller, which serves as an oar when there is no wind; a second holds a cord fastened to the top of the mast, sets his feet on the edge of the Cayuco, and makes his body a ballast against the weight of the sail, so that the bark may not tip over; a third bails out with a squash shell in place of a pump.

We traveled a day and a night in the position mentioned, and on the morning of the Second day reached Santa Isabel. I left the goat, gave drinking water to the twin kids, and continued my journey. That night I reached Nombre de Dios. Next day at 12 o'clock we reached Portobello. We slept in the cayuco as best we might, as at this hour it was not possible to land. We spent the day there, traveled that night, and reached Colón at dawn.

I expected to end my letter here; but just as I was writing my Cacique Carlos arrived. Said he: "Father, we have triumphed."—"How is that?"—"Well five days after you left the village, there gathered a great assembly of Indians from the lower and upper parts (San José is about the middle of the district); they said they came to destroy your house, and to burn our village, since we had admitted you, and to burn me alive, since, as they say, I am your only helper, and if they kill me you will never return again. I gathered my people together, and even the wicked of our island joined us; they saw that the enemy was going to burn their huts, since all are together, and have roofs of palm branches. We made a bold front, and began to cry them down; saying that if they landed on the island we would kill them without mercy; and we fired shots in the air. The row was so great, that in spite of their numbers, they took fear and said they did not wish to do us any harm, that they were now going away and had only one wish—to destroy your house. We said that house was not yours only but ours and God's; and so we would defend it. As a matter of fact even the women and children showed a bold front, and fought with the women of the five bad families that had joined the enemies from outside. Above

all the Indian police behaved fine, until they drove off the barbarous enemies."

Carlos, accompanied by two police, came to tell me this. I presented him to the governor; to give him courage, I bought him a splendid cane, on which was inlaid a little cross of the League of the Sacred Heart. On the fifth of November we went to the house of the Presidente, where he and his ministers put Carlos 30,000 questions. They learned the capital punishments that the Indians impose; at this and the relation of the various troubles I have had since I began my campaign, the ministers were very much excited. They gave the Indian police guns for defence, and they made Carlos Governor General of all the Indians. After this event at which were present all the boys of those islands that we have here in the schools of the Christian Brothers, we all went to the Lord Bishop; he explained to him whence authority proceeds and what respect is due to it, he then blessed the cane I had bought and presented it to Carlos as a sceptre.

I expect more trouble of a new and more cruel kind. Would I had a brother carpenter who could build sheds of sheets of zinc, in which we might live with some security, and by which in case of necessity we might avoid the first attack. Such a brother is to-day an absolute necessity on this mission. Among the negroes the Fathers can make other arrangements. Here the brothers must all have trades (the more trades they know the more fit they are); they must also be exceedingly humble, mortified, and united with God. The qualities of the Fathers should be proportionately the same. They should prepare themselves well to put up with injuries, pain and hunger in evil days, and to do manual work when necessary. The more one has these qualities the more fit one is for the missions. What St. Ignatius says in the Kingdom of Christ is here literally true.

Since my sicknesses have prevented me from writing to each one of those who gave me assistance, to some of whom I promised to show thanks by letter, I have written with a lead pencil and thus secured two copies—one for Your Reverence to whom I am under so much obligation to write, the other for Father Irigoyen. I hope that this Father will do me the favor of presenting my thanks to those whom I recommend to him, and that Your Reverence will do likewise, either by striking off better copies of this, or by touching this up and using it. I fear that the pencil mark will be blurred on the

voyage. I can write no more. If I do not soon go back to my Indians, I fear that all will go to pieces.

I commend myself to the prayers of Your Reverence.

LEONARDO GASSÓ, S. J.

A PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES.

Though the readers of the Woodstock Letters may have read or heard a great deal about Lourdes, especially in the course of the golden jubilee year that has just passed, yet a detailed account of personal observations, made on the spot by one of their number, and that, too, under circumstances particularly favorable, will, I am assured, not prove uninteresting reading.

After a most tiresome journey of eighteen hours, rendered doubly exhausting by the impossibility of obtaining either food or rest, we reached Lourdes on August 18th, at 7.40 A. M. The train moves into the town along the hillside overlooking the Gave de Pau, and presents a magnificent panorama of mountain scenery and of the shrine with its stately church and other buildings grouped about the beautiful esplanade. On the station platform were rows of invalids on stretchers or in wheel-chairs; they had either just arrived or were about to leave again for home. I saw tears flowing down the cheeks of some of them; they were tears of sorrow indeed, but at the same time betrayed sentiments of that holy resignation which is commonly granted to those who have to leave Lourdes without having obtained the desired answer to their prayers.

We hired a cab to take us to a private house in the Rue des Petits Fosses, where we were to lodge. When we handed over the letter of recommendation which we had received from one of our fathers in Paris, we found the house already over-filled with guests; for it was the week within the octave of the Assumption, at which time the grand national pilgrimages of France and Spain annually bring great multitudes to Lourdes. But the lady of the house at once hurried off to inquire among the neighbors; and thanks to her kind efforts we obtained lodgings in the very house in which, fifty years before, the simple peasant-girl Bernadette Soubirous had lived with her parents, when the Immaculate Virgin favored her with the wonderful apparitions in the now world-famous grotto. The poor room on the ground floor,

that had once harbored this child of grace, is now converted into a sort of chapel; but the place is apparently but little known, or at least does not seem to be visited by many. Our hostess conducted what is known in France as a *pension de famille*, or small private boarding house; yet, as her record-book showed, her boarders were almost exclusively priests or religious. Thus, too, at the time of our visit she had as guests, besides ourselves, two priests, two secularized nuns, one secularized Christian Brother, and one physician, who was a member of the official board of constatation. One of the two priests, a venerable Salesian from Nice, was a very pleasant and genial table companion; the other who came from Poitiers, but did not further disclose his identity, showed a remarkable familiarity with the studies and professors of our Collegium Romanum. The older of the two nuns had been a superioress in Marseilles; she spoke English tolerably well, and at table made it a special point to keep us supplied with water from the miraculous spring. The physician gave us some interesting information in regard to the miracles that had been officially examined each day. Though nominally a Catholic, he spoke of the wonderful cures much after the fashion of an agnostic, declaring them to be wrought by powers as yet quite beyond the reach of science, and still strangely fighting shy of calling them miraculous.

Our first day at Lourdes was spent almost exclusively in resting after the fatigue of the journey. We paid only a short visit to the shrine to get a general idea of the place and to make the necessary arrangements for the triduum of devotion for which we had come.

Lourdes is a small town of about 9000 inhabitants, and is situated among the foothills of the Pyrenees on the right bank of the Gave de Pau. On a steep hill in the center of the town stands a large old castle, which formerly commanded the entrance to the valley and was often besieged in the Middle Ages. The shrine of Our Lady is to the west of the town on the opposite bank of the river, just where the stream makes an abrupt turn in that direction. The distance from our lodging-place to the sanctuary was about three quarters of a mile. The Rue de la Grotte, through which we regularly passed, is lined on both sides with small stores for the sale of religious articles and souvenirs. A number of

them display signs on which the present occupants call attention to their relationship with Bernadette. Thus one read: *Frère de Bernadette*, another *Tante de Bernadette*, and so on. A strangely false report has been circulated, even in some Catholic circles, that Lourdes is being exploited commercially in a manner not very edifying. From what I saw, I should decidedly endorse the repudiation of this charge by the Bishop of Tarbes. The Jews have indeed tried to avail themselves of the opportunity to make money on the crowds that flock to the shrine; but they are not particularly successful. On the contrary, I more than once noticed how vain their efforts are, notably in connection with the large Panorama and Diorama buildings they have erected in the town. One afternoon, when the people were returning from the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament, I watched to see how many would be enticed by these attractions; and of all the vast throng not more than a dozen patronized the Jews. In fact, it was everywhere manifest, that the pilgrims came to Lourdes not for amusement or for shopping, but to satisfy their devotion.

A sort of park, covering about a square mile, is reserved for the shrine. Entering through an avenue shaded by high trees, one soon comes upon a circular court, about one hundred yards in diameter, at the nearer end of which there is a large statue of the Blessed Virgin, known as *La Vierge couronnée*. Along the stream to the right or east extends the esplanade, which consists of two broad, parallel roads, separated and bordered by wooded lawns, and forming a circuit of about a mile in length, at the further end of which is the large cross of the Bretons and a statue of St. Michael.

At the left or western extremity of the circular court, on the solid rock of the hillside, stands the basilica. The whole edifice comprises three superimposed churches, each of which is quite spacious. The lowermost church is placed forward of the basilica, and is known as the *Rosaire* or Church of the Most Holy Rosary. It is a Byzantine structure with a magnificent portal, and built in the form of a rotunda, around whose circumference there are fifteen chapels, each dedicated to a mystery of the Holy Rosary. The interior is richly furnished, the walls being covered with splendid mosaics.

A massive and elegantly graded incline in the form of a horseshoe, as well as more direct stairways, leads up to the basilica, or rather to a sort of viaduct encircling

the dome of the *Rosaire*, and brings one to the crypt or second church, whose interior is comparatively plain, though its walls are lined with small votive tablets of dark red marble with gilt lettering.

The basilica or uppermost church, built in the Gothic style of the thirteenth century, is the largest and richest of the three. Its interior is lavishly adorned with an almost bewildering profusion of banners, lamps, white marble tablets, and countless other votive offerings in the shape of golden hearts, crosses, swords, and other objects. The larger votive tablets in the side chapels are elaborate specimens of relief carving; while the chandeliers, formed of glass pendants, as well as most of the lamps, are very costly. Conspicuous among the banners in the upper part of the nave is a United States flag. It was placed there in 1874 by a delegation of pilgrims from Georgetown College (see Georgetown College Journal for January, 1909).

Fourteen priests, known as *Prêtres de la Garde*, are in charge of these three churches. In a special building to the left they have their residence and office bureaus, where the pilgrims may deposit offerings and make arrangements for votive tablets or Masses, as well as for the exportation of water from the miraculous spring. I was pleased to find no trace of an attempt to extort money from the faithful at Lourdes. I never saw a collection held in the churches, nor any charges demanded even for the not inconsiderable services rendered at the grotto or at the baths or in any other department of the shrine. Everybody is left perfectly free to make an offering or not.

On the right or north side of the church, at the foot of the hill and almost directly below the main altar of the basilica, is the grotto of the apparition, a recess in the solid rock about fifteen feet in depth, width, and height. About ten feet from the ground to the right is the exact spot of the apparition, now marked by the familiar statue of the Immaculate Virgin, as Bernadette described her. In the center there is a low, plain altar at which Masses are said from 6 to 9 A. M. It is here, too, that on February 11th, 1908, by special permission of the Holy See, a solem High Mass was held at six o'clock in the evening, the precise hour at which, fifty years before, Our Lady had first appeared to Bernadette. Beside this altar there is a large stand on which many votive candles of all sizes are continually burning; and in the rear there are a few kneeling benches. Not only

the walls of the grotto itself, but also the adjacent hillside is covered with crutches, braces, and similar appliances that have been placed there by those cured at the shrine. The grotto is fenced off by an iron grating with three gates; at stated times, however, the people are allowed to enter. Filing in at the right, they devoutly kiss the hallowed rock at the foot of the statue and touch it with rosaries and other objects of devotion. Moving on, some kneel for a few moments on the benches in the rear, while the greater number pass out again at the left.

In front of the grotto there is an enclosed space about one hundred feet square. This is ordinarily reserved for the sick who are lined up there on stretchers or wheel-chairs or on benches. When I beheld so many invalids afflicted with all sorts of maladies, some of them being to all appearances more dead than alive, yet all gazing with intense and pathetic ardor at the statue in the grotto, while their lips moved in fervent prayer, I was inspired with faith and devotion, but at the same time could hardly help feeling somewhat ashamed at my own eagerness to obtain a miracle from Our Lady, when so many of my fellow-pilgrims stood in far greater need of one.

To the right of this enclosed space is a pulpit from which, at all hours of the day a priest either delivers short addresses to the multitude crowding around the enclosure, or leads them in their prayers and hymns, in which all join with great fervor. Every now and then some of the sick are borne away to make room for new arrivals. The men who perform these and similar services for the sick are known as *brancardiers*. At first I supposed them to be regular, well-trained hospital attendants; but afterwards learned that they were all noblemen, or at least persons of high social standing, who take turns in serving the sick at Lourdes, especially during the time of the national pilgrimage,—a circumstance that makes their wonderful zeal and kindness all the more edifying.

Directly to the left of the grotto is a small office bureau, and next to it a row of fourteen faucets, at which the pilgrims may draw water from the miraculous spring. Beyond these are the *Piscines* or bath-houses, two for women and one for men, the former being cared for by nuns and the latter by priests. Each of the three bath-houses contains three apartments or alcoves for as many different classes of sick. The more or less

helpless ones are immersed into the water on specially prepared stretchers, while the rest descend by stone steps into a small pool or tub. They first strip to the shirt and are then conducted to the head of the pool by two attendants, who, after placing a sort of apron around the waist of the bather, tell him to make an act of contrition. Then they lead him gently into the water, bidding him to recite with them the prayers that are chiseled in large golden letters on a marble slab at the further end of the pool which he is facing. All but the head is immersed for a few seconds, and then the bather again steps out and is helped to dress. All this is done with the utmost delicacy and gentleness. The water is cold; and although there is no want of cleanliness, the supply being renewed as often as one can reasonably expect, yet one naturally feels repugnance at the idea of bathing in the same water with others affected with all sorts of diseases. Faith and grace, however, easily triumph over nature, and one can safely say, that as a matter of fact no harm results to anyone.

Before the bath-houses there is an enclosure much like the one before the grotto; in it the sick are lined up, awaiting their turn to be admitted to the baths, while various devotional exercises are continually going on under the direction of a priest stationed in the center of the enclosure.

At a short distance from the *Piscines* towards the river is a small office building that plays an important part in the history of the shrine. It is the so-called *Bureau des Constatations Médicales*, where many sick are professionally examined both before and after being cured, in order that no reasonable doubt may be thrown on the facts in question. The examination is made by a board of about twenty distinguished physicians, who are stationed at Lourdes purely in the interests of scientific accuracy, the expenses being paid by a number of leading European journals. Most of these physicians are either unbelievers or at least men who cannot be suspected of credulity in regard to the miraculous. Accordingly, even in the face of the most astounding cures they adhere to their preconceived notions on the impossibility of miracles, and content themselves with the declaration that the cures in question are wrought by powers as yet unknown to science. The amount of documentary evidence accumulated since the establishment of this board is of great value for religion, since it

is unimpeachable on the score of scientific and juridical accuracy.

Winding in a circuitous course of about half a mile around the summit of a high hill at the left or south side of the church is the *Calvaire* or Way of the Cross. At the time of our visit only the first four stations were furnished with groups of statues representing the respective mysteries. Each group consisted of about eight magnificent bronze figures in heroic size. The remaining stations were as yet marked only by large wooden crosses, which will soon be replaced by groups of statues similar to those which already marked the first stations. The Holy See has enriched this *Calvaire* with special indulgences; and large numbers of the faithful avail themselves of these favors at all times of the day and even at night.

Amid these surroundings we passed three most memorable days. At about six o'clock in the morning we started on our first visit to the church, there to receive Holy Communion and to hear or serve one or more Masses. We had to pick our way through the crowded streets; for even at this early hour large numbers were flocking to the shrine or already returning from it. Indeed, the *Rosaire* was crowded all night, the Blessed Sacrament being there continually exposed, while the ardor of the faithful was quickened by an uninterrupted round of short sermons, public prayers and hymns. Masses were said in all three churches at about forty altars from shortly after midnight till 11 A. M.; and daily many thousand pilgrims received Holy Communion. At 10 A. M. there was solemn High Mass in both the *Rosaire* and the basilica. While attending one of these, we had the rare pleasure of hearing an immense gathering of simple faithful from all parts of France sing Dumont's Royal Mass in a manner that would have done honor to any ordinary choir. The spontaneity with which all joined in the singing manifestly supposed years of training along these lines. It was inspiring to hear this grand chorus, especially in the *Credo*; and I felt more convinced than ever, that this sort of congregational singing is one sadly neglected ideal of Catholic church music.

After breakfast we returned to pass some time in prayer before the grotto; and in the course of the morning I also used to bathe in one of the *Piscines*. Having entered the enclosure, I usually had to wait about three quarters of an hour before my turn came. While thus

seated on one of the benches in the midst of the paralytic, lame, or blind, I had leisure to observe their ardent devotion, which was all the more edifying, as it was evidently sincere and, in practically every case, anything but exaggerated or hysterical.

The great event of the afternoon was the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, a most imposing spectacle, a mighty prayer of supplication sent up to the throne of God by a vast multitude, a grand tribute of devotion to Jesus, son of Mary, and thus a signal refutation of the charge made by Protestants, that Catholics forget Jesus in their devotion to Mary. The lively faith and united devotion manifested by all on this occasion could hardly be surpassed; hence, too, it is not surprising that a number of miracles are wrought daily during this exercise.

Long before the appointed hour, which was 4.30 p. m., the people began to assemble in the large court before the *Rosaire*. If one wished to secure a good place, he had to be on hand at least an hour before time; for after that it was hardly possible to push one's way through the throng. A space about 150 feet wide and 500 feet long was reserved in the center for the procession to pass through. This space was lined on all sides by a compact row of invalids on stretchers or in wheel-chairs; while all the remaining room, not only in the court itself, but also on the graded incline and on the stairways leading up to the basilica, and even on the hillside to the left was crowded with people. From thirty to forty thousand persons were assembled here on each day of our triduum, this number being a very moderate estimate, based not on a rough guess, but on fairly close calculation.

While the people were waiting for the procession to pass along the reserved space in the middle, the rosary was said aloud by the whole multitude; after each decade all joined in singing one of the favorite hymns of Lourdes. They were especially three: two in French with Latin refrains, and an *Ave Maris Stella*, with characteristically misplaced word-accents, which, however, seemed to bother the French very little. All were evidently very familiar to the people, and were sung for hours each day.

Meanwhile the procession had begun to advance from the esplanade. It was formed by several thousand men—delegates of Sodalities and other societies—who passed along in a double row at either side of the free space,

All carried lighted candles, while their respective banners were borne along the middle. Behind these laymen followed several hundred priests, religious and secular; and last of all came the Blessed Sacrament, carried in an ostensorium by a bishop under a small canopy and with an escort of several other bishops and prelates.

When about one half of the procession had passed, and the Blessed Sacrament was approaching, the multitude ceased singing and praying aloud, while a priest stepped into the center of the court, and with a loud, passionate voice began to call out beautiful invocations, which the assembled throng would repeat with thunderous acclaim and with ever increasing ardor and insistency. A mighty thrill of devotion passed through one, as each successive invocation, enthusiastically taken up by the multitude, rang out upon the solemn stillness. They were strikingly appropriate and full of unction, being taken almost exclusively from the Gospels. The official list gives twenty four in all, of which twenty one are addressed to Our Lord and three to His Blessed Mother. Those most repeated were: "Hosanna Filio David!" "Thou art my Lord and my God!" "Thou art the Resurrection and the Life!" "Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick!" "Lord cure the sick!" "Grant that they may see!" "Grant that they may walk!" "Grant that they may hear!" "Our Lady of Lourdes, pray for us!" "Mother of the Saviour, pray for us!" "Health of the sick, pray for us!" One can easily imagine what fervent emotions swayed the hearts of the many invalids, who were now to receive a special benediction from their Eucharistic Lord. When the bishop who carried the ostensorium began to bless separately each one of the sick that formed the inner circle, the ardor of devotion still increased, and the multitude began to urge their God and His Blessed Mother to hear their prayers. And they are heard. Every now and then there is a stir in some part of the immense crowd, shouts of joy ring out, and a hopeless invalid rises from his couch, a blind man suddenly sees, a paralytic throws aside his crutches, and the like. Each time a few hundred of those nearest press toward the spot; but a band of *brancardiers* is promptly at hand to encircle the person cured and to conduct him in triumph to the *bureau des constatations*, there to have his cure juridically attested; and within a few seconds quiet is restored and all follow the devotions as before.

The Blessed Sacrament, having passed along the whole circle of the sick, is borne to the broad staircase leading up to the *Rosaire*. Then the *Tantum Ergo* is intoned and Benediction given to the multitude; whereupon the Blessed Sacrament is replaced in the church, and the imposing ceremony is over.

On the second day I was particularly edified at the behavior of the people. It was raining steadily all afternoon; yet not only was the procession held as usual, but equally large numbers were present. At the approach of the Blessed Sacrament even the umbrellas were closed, while all, men and women alike, knelt down on the wet pavement regardless of the rain and of the damage that might result to their clothing.

In the course of our stay at Lourdes fourteen miracles were officially approved by the unanimous verdict of some twenty physicians; but many others took place without being officially examined. I had sufficiently close cognizance of several to make it impossible for me to doubt about their genuineness. One was the cure of a simple peasant who had lost the use of his lower limbs by paralysis, and whom I had daily seen at the grotto and the *Piscines*. On the afternoon of the third day, when I had attended the procession of the Blessed Sacrament as usual and had then gone to the *Piscines* to bathe there for the fourth and last time, I was not a little surprised to see him come rushing into one of the apartments to show himself to the attendants who had regularly assisted him. He had just been suddenly and completely cured while praying before the grotto, and had there hung up his crutches in thanksgiving. He shook hands with me, and exhorted all present to persevere in their confidence. Then he was conducted in triumph to the *bureau des constatations*, while he actually leaped for joy to show how completely he had been cured. Another was the case of a boy of about twelve years, who, according to the testimony of several physicians, had been hopelessly blind since his birth. He had already been brought to Lourdes several times, and at length his perseverance was rewarded. For during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament he suddenly began to see. His cure created a great stir among the crowd; and the surprise with which he gazed about after the miracle plainly showed that the gift of sight was an overwhelming novelty for him. When the people held up various objects before him and asked

him what he saw, he promptly and exultingly gave answer, so that there could be no doubt about his cure.

The manifestations of heroic confidence which one could witness at Lourdes were scarcely less wonderful than the miracles themselves. Some Irish nuns at one of the hospices introduced me to a poor Irish laborer, a paralytic, whose sister had written a book in order to defray the expenses of his journey to Lourdes. I heard the nuns tell him to get up and walk after our Lord, as St. Peter did upon the sea of Galilee; and such was the faith of this man, that he actually tried to carry out their injunction to the letter. I stood right next to him during the procession, and saw him make a supreme effort to rise from his couch, when his Eucharistic Lord had passed him. But God in his Providence did not work the desired miracle, and so the good man and his devoted sister had to comfort themselves as best they could.

There remains but one more function to be described, namely the *Procession aux flambeaux* or torch-light procession, which was held every evening from 8 to 10 P. M. While all the other exercises of the day were calculated mainly to implore the aid of Our Lady and of Her Divine Son, this torch-light procession was rather a triumphal pageant of praise and thanksgiving. About twenty thousand persons daily took part in it, each bearing a lighted taper, protected against the wind by a shield of glass or of paper. The various divisions of pilgrims were grouped about their respective banners; while the whole multitude enthusiastically sang beautiful hymns, as they kept on marching at a rather brisk pace around the entire circuit of the esplanade. It was a gorgeous sight, that was still enhanced by the magnificent illumination of the church. The whole exterior of the vast edifice, from the base of the *Rosaire* to the top of the basilica tower was studded with countless incandescent lights of various colors. Half way up the tower blazed forth a large monogram, formed by the letters N. D. L. (Notre Dame de Lourdes.)

The order that prevailed everywhere at Lourdes, and particularly during the processions, was marvelous, all the more so as it was secured without the aid of a single official; and it clearly showed how much all were in earnest about their pilgrimage. In a vast crowd like this, especially when gathered at night for so joyous a function, one might well expect to see some levity, love-making, effects of drink, or more serious disorders; but

in fact there was not the slightest trace of anything unbecoming. Even smoking was avoided within the precincts of the shrine, though otherwise the cigarette is almost inseparable from the Frenchman.

The three days passed amid such scenes and happenings will remain indelibly fixed in my mind; and they will ever be a fruitful source of pleasant and edifying memories. It did not please God to grant the miracle I had come to implore through Our Lady's intercession. Nevertheless I was filled with new courage and joyful resignation to bear my affliction, as long as it may please God in His infinite Wisdom; for which graces I thank Our Lady of Lourdes with all my heart.

JOHN G. HACKER, S. J.

OPERARIUS INCONFUSIBILIS.

"Timbuctoo" has a comical sort of sound which makes it more effective as a mnemonic. At least it has fixed in my mind the mnemonic *two-Tim-two*, namely II Tim II, "the second epistle of St. Paul to St. Timothy, chapter the second." In this chapter occurs a text which had caught my attention long before I had seen it mentioned somewhere that it was a favorite text of Father Olivaint, the chief of the Jesuit martyrs of the Commune in 1871.

It is the fifteenth verse of the chapter, and it runs thus in Latin: "Sollicite cura te ipsum probabilem exhibere Deo, operarium inconfusibilem, recte tractantem verbum veritatis."

The word that caught my fancy here and carried the rest with it was *inconfusibilis*. This queer adjective is what the old grammarians thought to make plainer by calling it in Greek ἅπαξ λεγόμενον, what the poet William Cowper calls somewhere a *ne plus*, and what Dr. Murray, in the great Historical Dictionary that is gradually getting printed at Oxford, calls a nonce-word, that is, a word found only once in all extant literature. Certainly in the Scripture Concordance there is for *inconfusibilis* only one single reference, that which I have given, the fifteenth verse of the second chapter of the second epistle of St. Paul to St. Timothy. "Carefully study to present thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Could there be a more terse or a more pointed admonition than this for a priest or a religious to take home to himself?

Indeed the text might well have a wider application still, the widest possible application; for all men are or ought to be workers, toilers, laborers, operatives, *operarii* of some sort or other; and each in his special work ought to aim at being *inconfusibilis*, "unconfoundable," confusion-proof, irreproachable, able to face the closest inspection without any fear of being put to the blush. A great deal of the household work of domestic servants, a great deal of the work done by contract at the public expense or by private enterprise, a great deal of the results of human labor of every kind, would be more perfect if every detail of it were sure to be examined at the time and on the spot by some competent and incorruptible overseer. Well, such is precisely the case with regard to all the duties of life in all the various vocations of mankind. *Deus videt.* "God sees." Nothing whatsoever escapes the sight, the inspection, the immediate judgment of God. "What we are in God's sight, *that* we are, and nothing more;" and this word of St. Francis of Assisi holds true not only of the general result and outcome of life and conduct, but of every detail of our daily life. In all our work and in every part and parcel of it are we *operarii inconfusibiles?* Will the minutest examination bring no blush of shame and confusion to our cheek?

For surely the work that is done directly for God ought to be as perfect in its kind as the work that is done immediately for man. The standard of carefulness and diligence that is exacted from the carpenter, the mason, the architect, the lawyer, the physician, is not too high a standard of perfection for the priest and preacher and professor. It is manifest that each of these is bound to strive earnestly, as St. Paul says, "to present himself approved unto God," that is, more literally, worthy of God's approval, *probabilem Deo*, deserving God's approbation, as *operarius inconfusibilis*, a workman who does his work in a thoroughly workmanlike manner—no scamping, no flaw, no fraud, no idling when the eye of the foreman or clerk of works is not upon him.

In one of the reports to the United States Government about the Panama Canal, Chief Engineer Steevens stated that white labor at two dollars and a half a day was in reality far cheaper than what is called Jamaican labor, that is, negroes hired in Jamaica. The negroes' work at its best is only equal to a third of the Northern American's; and, besides, one half of the actual efficiency

is lost, we are told, "owing to the deliberate, unceasing and continuous effort,"—this is the rather tautological language of the official report—"owing to the deliberate, unceasing, and continuous effort to do as little as possible." Mr. Steevens concludes that the eighty cents paid to the lazy negro is in reality equivalent to five dollars for eight hours' work—exorbitant wages for unskilled labor.

"A deliberate and unceasing effort to do as little as possible." It would be shameful if anything resembling such a policy ever at any time was pursued by one of the skilled laborers that the Society of Jesus trains so carefully and at so much cost of time and money to work in the Master's Vineyard. But there might be methods of work, ways of acting, much less atrocious than Jamaican labor, and yet quite bad enough to disentitle a Jesuit to the name and the reward of an *operarius inconfusibilis.*

Operarius. That is the designation placed after a great many names in our domestic catalogues. I remember hearing the remark made that the men after whose names *operarius* stood alone had generally more to do than those with a great many offices tacked on to their names. I don't think this is true. *Scrib. Hist. Dom.* may not involve any very serious responsibility; but it takes plenty of energy, self-denial and perseverance to keep a Sodality in a healthy state; and even *Praef. Biblioth.* means a great deal more of late years than it did "twenty golden years ago" when those syllables followed my own name in the Catalogue.

At any rate, whatever may be printed after our names, we are all of us *operarii*, all laborers, workers. We all have work to do. "Cursed is he who doth the work of God negligently"—or (as another version has it) *fraudulenter*, "fraudulently," "deceitfully." All our work is preeminently the work of God. Our work is to fulfil our vocation as members of the Society of Jesus. Do we not all remember very vividly the lofty ideal we had before our minds, when God's very special grace not only summoned us to enroll ourselves under the standard of our Lord, but gave us the courage and generosity to obey the summons in spite perhaps of many obstacles? I hardly ever meet in the Divine Office (as in the second psalm of the third nocturn of the Common for Apostles) that verse of psalm 96, *Montes sicut cera fluxerunt a facie Domini*, "the mountains have melted away like wax before the face of the Lord," without being re-

minded of a certain letter which I wrote at that crisis of my own story, and in which I applied that text to the melting away of difficulties that had seemed to stand in my path. Have we realized our ideal? Perhaps in later stages of our journey we might take to ourselves the tale that is told of a young man who tore himself away from the world with great generosity, but who afterwards fell off sadly from the perfection of his state. His mother, who had meanwhile died a holy death, appeared to him in a vision and reproached him saying: "Was it for this, my son, that you gave yourself and us so much pain by leaving us and bursting through all earthly ties that were or might have been? Did you give yourself to the religious state in order to be only this, nothing better than this?"

Mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur.

"Change but the name, of thee the tale is told." As we have not named any name at all, we may more easily apply the story to ourselves. But I am going to name some cherished names.

Father Peter Foley was the meekest of men, yet I have known him to wax indignant at the thought of men who expected a good deal of consideration to be shown to themselves as Jesuits, and who were inclined to look down on some other Orders and on the pastoral clergy (as Cardinal Manning wished his secular priests to be called), and all this at the very time that these men themselves were helping (this is Father Foley's exact phrase) "to fritter away the character of the grand old Society," by doing the work entrusted to them lazily and carelessly, much less solidly than they were capable of doing it if they had proper humility and proper conscientiousness, if they were swayed habitually by a self-denying devotion to duty; if they strove honestly, in every class they taught, every sermon they preached, every meditation they made, every room they swept, every fish they fried—if in every piece of work, great or small, that they were given to do, they strove to prove themselves *operarii inconfusibiles* by turning out their work, each in its kind, as well as they could in a thoroughly workmanlike manner, so that they would have no reason to blush for it or be ashamed of it, even if it were examined there and then by competent judges under whose scrutiny no flaw could escape detection.

Father Matthew Saurin (to recall another name from the Auld Lang Syne) used to advise his younger brethren to make a meditation occasionally on all the harm they were doing. Every practical meditation indeed touches on this subject; at least our resolutions ought to be in the direction thereof, seeing how much good we can do, and how we may avoid doing harm.

There are many indeed, thanks be to God, for whom such a meditation was never necessary, and who, if they had made it, might well have taken a note like St. John Berchmans' note of his meditation *De Propriis Peccatis*: "*Magnam passus sum ariditatem.*" His biographers are greatly edified at this as if it showed the absolute dearth of matter, as if he had no sins to bewail. But was there not in him also, as in St. Aloysius, the union of *mira vitæ innocentia pari cum pœnitentia?* Why, then, such aridity?

At any rate that would hardly be the proper note for some of us to take after an honest examination of all our work interior and exterior, our exercises of piety and our exercises of zeal. For the rest of our time, please God, we shall and will—let one use both of these auxiliaries in order to make sure of having the right one—we will and shall, in the various duties of our state, be *operarii inconfusibiles.* This resolution indeed cannot mean very much for old fogeys like me who have contracted that incurable disease which gets its name from a blend of elephantiasis and creeping paralysis and is called creeping septuagintiasis. But stalwart youths of fifty or sixty, with the best of their lives still before them, ought to take the matter to heart and imagine that St. Paul addresses to them the exhortation that he addressed to St. Timothy: "Carefully study to present thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." *Operarius inconfusibilis.*

MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

DOCUMENT

Ad omnes Provinciales de Cultu S. Joannis Nepumuceni.

Cum in postrema sessione Patribus ad Comitia generalia Congregatis inter cætera exponerem, me jam inde, a quo Curam universæ Societatis demandatam accepi, mihi, et illi pro avertendis præcipue deterrimis nec ulla sæpe industria satis depellendis calumniis et obtrectationibus quibus adversarii famam atque existimationem nostram, quæ ad Dei gloriam promovendam adeo necessaria nobis est, impetere undique conantur, Patronum et Advocatum delegisse, mirabilem plane boni nominis protectorem D. Martyrem Joannem Nepumucenum: atque ad obtinendum certius S. Ejusdem Patrocinium, ipsorum quoque piam opem implorarem: in tantum plerisque omnibus consilium isthoc meum placere probarique visum est; ut illud non laudarent modo, sed liberaliter etiam non minus quam pie addicerent, quod postulabam. Observata unanimi adeo omnium consensione approbationeque, facile in eam fiduciam veni, quod tam pium religiossimorum Patrum exemplum, cæteri quoque socii prompte secuturi essent, atque ad promovendum Ordini nostro ejusdem S. patrocinium tanto libentius operam collaturi, quanto magis singulis cordi est, et famæ suæ et communis Ordinis nostri illibatus decor, si præcipue aliud aliquod pietatis ejus illicium atque fomentum accederet. Curavi proinde a SS. Domino Nostro obtinere, ut sacerdotibus nostris Officium, ac Missam die 16 Maji (qua scilicet die gloriosum Martyrium subiit) de eodem dicere, ac celebrare liceat, et tam illi, quam cæteri nostri, qui eadem die S. Communione refecti consuetas preces effuderint, et Deum etiam pro impetranda Ordini nostro ejusdem Sancti protectione atque patrocinio oraverint, plenariam omnium peccatorum indulgentiam consequi valeant. Superest nunc, ut, quod præsentibus enixissime postulo, sollicitudini meæ pro communi bono, ac honore Societatis nostræ suam singuli conjungant, et quam benignum et facilem in preces meas expertus fui Pontificem Max., tam sedulo concessis favoribus ad conciliandum nobis Sancti Martyris Patrocinium utantur. Juvat enim sperare, quod sicut Divina Providentia ad illius cultum per omnes fere terrarum orbis provincias extendendum operam Patrum nostrorum adhibere dignata fuit; ita quoque Intercessore eo uti decreverit ad conferendas singulares in Societatem nostram gratias; quas

inter utinam et illa sit quam obtentu difficilis, tam necessaria nostris omnibus in proximorum obsequio semper occupatis; ut scilicet præclaro S. Martyris exemplo, illa silentio premere et tacere condiscamus, quæ dicenda non sunt, et ea præcipue quæ pro Societatis bono atque honore taceri convenit. Cæterum, ut omnes magna erga hunc Sanctum fiducia ac pietate ferri, magnopere desiderem, nolo tamen per hoc quidquam derogari fiducia, ac veneratione, quam Sanctis nostris ac præprimis SSmo. Fundatori, Parentique nostro præcipuam debemus; quin potius hac occasione ad accumulanda his difficilimis temporibus erga Eumdem religiosi cultus officia, nihilo inferiori titulo omnes exhortor. Curet Ra. Va., ut hæc epistola nostra ad omnium notitiam perveniat, et mei in SS. Sacrificiis diligenter meminerit.

Die 22. Martii 1732.

P. Fr. Retz.

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO OURS

America. A Catholic Review of the Week. The American Press, 32 Washington Sq. W., New York. Yearly, $3.00. Canada, $3.50. Europe $4.00.

When word reached us that Rev. Father General had approved and blessed the project of a Catholic weekly periodical to be published under the auspices of our American provinces there was not a Jesuit who did not feel a thrill of Apostolic zeal for the success of so important an undertaking. Among the wonders of this wonderful continent, by no means the least is the history of Catholicity here this last hundred years. Yet not even the most enthusiastic admirer of the progress of our holy religion would deny the presence in our midst of several woful deficiencies. Foremost perhaps among these in a land where everybody reads and where the thoughts and aspirations of men are in large measure moulded by what they read, was the lack of a vigorous, influential Catholic press. Publications there were in plenty—numerous Catholic weeklies, mainly diocesan records of local news, each contributing its small share to the work of this great modern Apostleship—monthlies too that wielded a certain influence in a certain very limited class of readers. On more than one occasion the "Messenger," a development of the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart," had done yeoman service in the cause of truth, and the latter publication, with its present circulation of more than 100,000, is nobly fulfilling its pious mission.

But there remained a vast and extremely important field not yet entered upon. That field is the great and mysterious borderland lying between Religion and the actualities of daily secular life—a veritable twilight zone for many of our otherwise well informed Catholics and for most of those outside of the fold. Yet it is the very region in whose soil the seeds of error are most easily sown and hardest to detect, whose paths are most intricate and at the same time cannot be avoided. The main purpose of the new review is to point the way to safety in these difficult and dangerous paths. Despite the warm encouragement of members of the hierarchy and clergy and the friendly attitude of many distinguished laymen, the inception of so important a work demanded something of the bold venturesome spirit of the pioneer, and the first number was awaited with eager, almost anxious, expectancy. When "America" appeared on April 17th, all felt that the right note had been sounded, and that impression has been strengthened by each succeeding number.

What a large section of our intelligent people, clergy and laity, stood in need of and looked for was a medium of prompt and authentic information on Catholic matters often rashly and inaccurately dealt with in the non-Catholic press, and an organ which would give expression to authoritative opinion on living issues especially in cases where they touch the interests of religion. The foreign correspondence, editorials, summaries of news, etc., of the numbers thus far issued, all give evidence that the editors and contributors thoroughly appreciate these needs and are well equipped to meet the demand. Dignified and elevated yet not too academic in tone, decisive and fearless in expression, but without the sting of controversial bitterness, painstaking and accurate in detail, "America" will continue, we have every reason to hope, as it has so ably begun, its great mission of enlightment and inspiration.

The Life and Letters of Henry Van Rensselaer, Priest of the Society of Jesus. A biographical sketch of a well-known and much beloved priest, by Edward P. Spillane, S. J. Price $1.00. By mail, 10 cents extra. The America Press, 32 Washington Sq. W., New York. This work has been very extensively and very favorably noticed by Catholic and non-Catholic papers and periodicals. The *New York Herald* gives it an entire column, and calls it "A sincere and modest tribute . . . part of the book, and that not the least interesting, embodies the personal reminiscences of the biographer."

The Pilot of Boston says of the book. "This is the life story of a man who, in the shadows of error, perceived the light and followed its guidance. Its merit, apart from the touching enthusiasm of the life incidents related, consists in the charm of its simple and direct narration.

Father Spillane is fortunate in a subject that inspires all the eloquence of friendship and esteem, and has given us a book that not only enables one to enter into the inner sanctuaries of the Jesuit home, but more than all spreads before our eyes the lessons of a brave, a virtuous and a zealous career."

The book contains a fine photogravure portrait of Father Van Rensselaer and many other handsome illustrations. It is an excellent work to recommend to non-Catholics as well as to Catholics.

La Compagnie de Jesus en Belgique. Aperçu Historique a l'occasion du 75e anniversaire de l'érection de la Province Belge (3 Decembre 1832–3 Decembre 1907). Charles Bulens, Rue Terre-neuve, 75, Bruxelles.

On December 3rd, 1907, the Belgian Fathers celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of the erection of their Province. As a memorial of this celebration there was published in excellent style and with beautiful illustrations an historical

retrospect of 215 pages with the title given above. The author of the work is Father Alfred Poncelet. It is divided into two parts; the first gives a compendious history of the old Society in the Netherlands, ending with the supression; the second treats of the reestablished Society in Belgium and the erection of the Belgian Province. This is a brief account of the houses and colleges, and the links of the old and new Society, including a notice of the Bollandists. The whole history is brought down to date in the sketch given of the foreign missions dependent on the Belgian Province. The statistics of these missions are most interesting and encouraging.

The Boy Savers' Guide, by Rev. George E. Quin, S. J. Benziger Bros., $1.35 net. This book of nearly four hundred pages is as the author tells in his introduction, a revised and completed edition of his well known "Boy-Savers' Guide," published some years ago. It gives us great pleasure to review "The Boy Savers' Guide," though to do justice to the author and the treatment of his timely subject, we should be obliged to reprint each chapter whole and entire. One evening over a year ago when Father Quin's 400 boys were gathered about the church and school on 84th street, and the happy shouts of the lads reached the ears of Ours in recreation, the venerable Spiritual Father in his own enthusiastic tone exclaimed: "Oh, if our Province only had six Quins!" and immediately he began to assign an important six-fold status to the author of the book in hand. Ours by carefully putting into practice the principles of "The Boy-Savers Guide" can cause the author to be multiplied not merely six times but sixty times six, so that we shall find on all sides zealous, generous, tactful directors of boys' sodalities.

For many years Father Quin devoted himself to boy saving; his great successes in Troy and New York City have made him the great authority on boys' sodalities, and the future generations of zealous workers in this field are fortunate in possessing in permanent form the main principle that guided Father Quin in his great work.

The introduction lays great stress on the importance of the subject; the maxim being: "Take care of the boys and the girls will take care of themselves." Reflecting confessors will prove to themselves the truth of the statement. The author tells us we hear much of the "young men" question, not so much of the "boy" question—of the boy in that period "when he is enduring his last pair of short pants." The table of contents is very complete, covering ten pages which give an outline of each chapter. The book reads delightfully from cover to cover; all through we notice the modesty, generosity and humor of the author, his wonderful insight into human nature and boyish frailty, his

tact in handling a crisis, and above all his unparalleled skill in making religious duties a pleasure for the young.

We can only notice a few of the important chapters. In Chapter II claim is made that only ordinary qualifications are needed—that the directors are not born, but self-made. The essentials of the director are: Intelligence, zeal, some disciplinary skill and a readiness for expedients congenial to his charges. Chapter III answers the objections of the timid and short-sighted director. Chapter IV notices certain cautions, and in the following chapters we have various ways of making the sodality attractive, putting our juveniles in the public eye; newspaper notices of athletic feats, show windows displaying the new diploma and badge, or the prizes won on this or that occasion—torchlight parades, etc. In Chapter VIII, while not discouraging a sodality baseball team, Father Quin sees more utility in the track and the field sports, where many can join in the triumph, and not merely nine of the numerous aspirants are allowed to win the laurels; besides in baseball there is usually endless clamor for new members of dazzling skill who are expected to be allowed right of way on all occasions—circumstances not in keeping with the end in view. Father Quin advocates lay officials to preside over the actual contests, though the director should always be present and show himself deeply interested and ready for consultation with the managers on all important points. Chapter XV is all important as it deals with the "Economic side of the financial question;" in Chapter XX the educational and disciplinary side is treated. In Chapter XXI total abstinence for boys under twenty-one years of age is treated in a masterly way. The religious meeting receives much attention and we wish it were possible to go into detail in regard to the numerous hints given by the zealous author—the many ways of making the gathering in church cheerful and the instructions attractive, beside the manner of keeping up the attendance, and the skilful direction of the *Sodality's Communion Sunday*. In the appendix there is a *First Communion Chat* which will be a Godsend to some perplexed directors.

We hereby recommend this book to the prefects and assistant prefects in our colleges, for on them no less than on sodality directors is incumbent the task of forming the hearts and minds of boys in their teens. They will find many an expedient and many an answer to doubts on the question of the hour, to deal most profitably with our boys.

The Sodalist's Imitation of Christ, by the Venerable Thomas Hemerken à Kempis. An English Translation, reproducing the rhythm of the Original. Revised, corrected and edited by Father Elder Mullan, S. J. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York. Pages 568.

Father Mullan is fast becoming an apostle of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, and is adding book after book to the literature of the subject. Those who have had the care of sodalities have welcomed his "Book of the Children of Mary" as the best manual, and have found in his "Hints and Helps" valuable instruction for those in charge. Many thousands of Sodalists are reading his booklets on Frequent Communion, and his last contribution, a translation of Father Opitz's, "Under the Banner of Mary" has only lately been put on the market. It is with pleasant surprise, therefore, that we have received another proof of Father Mullan's devotion to Our Lady, viz: "The Sodalist's Imitation of Christ."

The purpose of this book is to provide Sodalists with matter for the Second Manner of Prayer, as explained in the "Book of the Children of Mary," and it is this purpose which justifies the departure from the traditional translation with which we are all familiar, and explains the strange—at least so it seems at first sight—arrangement of the verses.

The translation is a revised and corrected reprint of an anonymous English translation which reproduces to a remarkable degree the rhythm and spirit of the original, and has an unction, all its own. The one danger of such a translation would lie in its deviation from the original Latin, but this has been done away with by repeated painstaking reference to and comparison with the best Latin text.

Father Mullan instructs his Sodalists that they are to dwell on each thought separately, trying to sound the depth of its spiritual meaning; to facilitate their sounding he has printed each thought by itself as a separate line; thus bringing out at a single glance the subject of each reflection. This arrangement of thoughts and divisions of thoughts, together with the very distinct rhythm gives to the work something of the character of a poem, and yet the lines, though they have all the charm and devotion of poetic prose, are not in meter and so are saved from the stiffness of verse. The language is marked by extreme simplicity, and the strong, homely expressions, found in our emotional poetry, are of constant recurrence while the occasional lapses into archaic phrases only serve to heighten the charm.

It is impossible to hurry over the pages, for the language, rythm and arrangement all tend to make one linger and dwell on the thought, and thus reading naturally develops into meditation, such as St. Ignatius called the Second Manner of Prayer. The transposition of what we have been used to call the Fourth Book to the third place in the series, has been done in deference to the wishes of Thomas à Kempis himself, who in his manuscript places the chapters on Holy Communion before those on Interior Consolation.

The book is a companion volume to the "Book of the Children of Mary," and is similar to it in form, size, binding

and general details, and in spite of its nearly six hundred pages is remarkably light and small.

We strongly recommend it to the readers of the *Woodstock Letters*. Its attractive get-up makes it very suitable for a premium to be given at the close of schools. One of our most successful Prefects of Studies made it a practice to give a copy of the Imitation when he gave two books as a prize. The "Sodalist's Imitation of Christ" would be just the edition to select, were so zealous a practice to be imitated.

De Congregationibus Marianis Documenta et Leges, edidit Franciscus Beringer, S. J., S. Congregationis Indulg. Consultor. Pages, 215. Graticiæ et Viennæ. Sumptus fecit Styria.

One of the very last works which Father Beringer accomplished before closing his laborious and fruitful life was to edit an authentic collection of the documents and laws which concern the Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin Mary, beginning with the Bull of Pope Gregory XIII in 1584, which gave the Prima-Primaria official sanction, and ending with the Rescript of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, dated June 17, 1908.

The book is divided into three parts: the first gives a brief conspectus of the statutes and decrees both of Popes and Generals of the Society that deal directly with the Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin; the second gives a brief conspectus of the decrees which regard confraternities in general, but have a bearing on Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin; and the third part gives, almost in their entirety, the documents cited in the first and second parts.

The book is interesting and useful not only for its historical data, but also because it is the authoritative pronouncement on points which may easily be subjects of doubts in the minds of directors. We believe that Father Eder Mullan is soon to bring out an English work of this valuable subject.

The Son of Siro, by Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J. Benziger Brothers, New York.

"The Son of Siro" is the title of an interesting novel by the Rev. J. E. Copus of Marquette University, who has added this novel to a list of high class books from his pen. The story is written around the life of Jesus Christ on earth, and the "Son of Siro" was Lazarus, whom Christ raised from the dead.

Most of the characters in the book are those with which Bible students are familiar. Some of the most charming scenes in the story are placed in the home of Lazarus and his sisters, Mary and Martha. Father Copus coincides in the legend that this Mary and Mary Magdalene were identical, and his delineation of the character is quite fascinating.

Christ disputing with the learned men in the temple when he was a boy; the marriage in Cana of Galilee; the supper in

Bethany; the raising of Lazarus from the dead; the scenes preceding and surrounding the crucifixion, and Christ's appearance after his resurrection are all interwoven in the story, and their treatment is such as not to offend even those who hold the sacred narrative in the highest reverence.

Intimate glimpses of oriental life and of the customs that prevailed in Jerusalem, 1900 years ago, make an adequate setting for the narrative. Siro's bazaar, for instance, the scene in which the story opens, with its wealth of expensive merchandise in tapestries, gold and ivory and rare perfumes and ointments, is described with a keen imagery that fixes the place in the imagination of the reader. This bazaar is the scene where Lazarus, the young son, is first introduced, and into which eventually comes Barrabas, the robber, on a robbing expedition. Merely as a historical novel the book has a distinct value. The scriptural narrative is closely adhered to, and even the text is repeated at frequent intervals. The author discloses an intimate familiarity with the customs that prevailed in Palestine in those days, and a keen understanding of and sympathy with, the problems that confronted the Jews, at the time when they were expecting the Messias. Jewish family life in its ideal settings, is depicted, the family life of Siro's home in Bethany being drawn in a charming way.

Lacking the almost inevitable love story, the novel is fascinating from beginning to end, and holds the attention throughout. Interest is focused on the life of Christ, and upon the scenes which led up to his death.

Arthurus Vermeersch, S. J. De Religiosis et Missionariis Supplementa et Monumenta Periodica. 4us Tomus. n. 4. (Bruges, Beyaert; Ratisbon, Pustot; Paris, Lethielleux).

The last number of this valuable periodical came out on the 15th of March of the current year 1909. The first part "Monumenta" contains the latest decrees of the Roman Congregations, about thirty in number, some of which are supplied with explanatory notes very useful for the correct understanding of their contents. In the second part, "Supplementa" the author discusses several practical questions, such as for instance: "Of the property owned by a religious of simple vows, what must be classed among *ecclesiastical* property;" "How far is a religious of simple vows affected by the enactment, that forbids him to dispose of his revenues in such a way that his capital will be increased thereby."

Our Missionaries all the world over will take interest in the thoroughly edited *Anthropos.* This Journal of Anthropology, Ethnography and Linguistics is published by the Fathers of St. Gabriel, near Mödling (a suburb of Vienna); and prints articles in German, French or English, as the writers desire. *Anthropos* is in high esteem among scien-

tists of Austria. Even infidel and strongly anticlerical professors cite the review. The editors will gladly receive contributions to the sciences of Ethnography, Anthropology and Linguistics from our Missionaries; and have expressed a great desire for anything scientific concerning the American Indians. The honorarium paid by *Anthropos* is fairly good.

OBITUARY

Mr. Paul G. Pollard, S. J.

At St. Louis, on Thursday, November 12th, the Supreme Master of life and death, took unto Himself, the soul of Mr. Paul G. Pollard.

He was born in Milwaukee, Wis., May 14th, 1880. At a tender age he was deprived of the ennobling influence of a truly Catholic mother. Nevertheless in the spirit of faith, his father assumed the double parental task, and nobly did he succeed. The lessons of manly religious piety, which the father inculcated, took deep root in the heart and soul of his responsive children. Sorrow and misfortune served afterwards, but to nurture the good seed that had been sown. As a student in the parochial schools and later on in Marquette College, Mr. Pollard was a rare example of that great combination which we all admire, but do not so often see, a leader of boys in frank, sincere piety. Many of his youthful associates were led to join the College Sodality of Our Blessed Lady by the example and occasional well-timed words of exhortation from that friend of everyone, Paul Pollard. The Prefect of Studies held him up to others as a living model, well worthy of imitation.

In June, 1902, he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Marquette College, being medal man and valedictorian of the class. That same summer, August 7th, he entered the Society of Jesus at Florissant, Mo., and two years later, on the feast of the Assumption, August 15th, he pronounced his first vows.

During his religious life Mr. Pollard was never a well man. True, he was only confined to bed a comparatively short time; once during his Juniorate with a severe attack of malaria fever, and again during his final illness. Nevertheless, and though only a few were aware of it, Mr. Pollard was always unwell. So much so in fact that his superior once said jokingly to him: "You seem to get everything that comes along." But he bore all his afflictions in silent resignation before his God. He was confirming himself all along in this virtue, which impressed so forcibly all who came in contact with him during his last illness of eight weeks' severe duration. No wonder, though, for we find this explanation for his heroic conduct in the following passage from one of his writings:

"Great grief summons into being all the manliness that is in us; it makes us forget the trifles that formerly made us less manly and clothes us with a dignity that hitherto lay

dormant within us. Sorrow makes the creature Christ-like, because to suffer is to become ever more and more like Him, Who was the 'Man of Sorrows.' By stripping a man of his pride and vanity sorrow leaves him true and simple, and truth and simplicity are synonymous with nobility."

The illness which caused Mr. Pollard's death was a tumor of the stomach. Early last June he experienced severe cramps. The doctors advised an operation, but it was thought better for the patient to be allowed to recuperate after his year of study before submitting to an operation. From that time up to his death he was scarcely ever free from pain. At times it became excruciating, yet little or no relief could be afforded the sufferer. All this he bore in meek resignation to God's will, in reparation, as he expressed it, for his sins. On September 17th he was taken to the hospital, where he underwent four operations, the last without an anesthetic. Here he won the admiration and praise of doctors and nurses, Catholic and Protestant alike; who declared that they had seldom seen such suffering borne with such patience and grit. Mr. Pollard received the last Sacraments immediately after his first operation, nearly eight weeks before he died.

He lingered on all this while, upheld by his marvelous will power. Even in his death agony he summoned up all his vitality to cheer his father, who was at his bedside. Fortified by all the rights of holy Mother Church, chastened by the hand of God, and fully resigned to His adorable will. Mr. Pollard gave forth his soul unto its Creator at half-past three, Thursday afternoon, November 12.

The funeral obsequies were held in St. Francis Xavier's Church. The body was buried at Florissant. R. I. P.—*The Church Progress, St. Louis, November 19th, 1908.*

Brother Edward O'Brien.

Brother Edward O'Brien was born in Ireland, February 6th, 1845, of good Catholic parents, who planted in his soul, the seeds of a strong and deep-rooted faith, a virtue which stamped all the actions of his life. His recollections of his boyhood were all of a religious character, and he loved to recall the pious processions and the many church services which he attended in his early life. He frequently made mention that at a celebrated mission in his parish he went to confession to the great Dominican, Father Tom Burke. In his young manhood he left the shores of Ireland in order to better himself in the world's goods, and came to the United States, settling down chiefly in Patterson, New Jersey, under the watchful eye of Dean McNulty, who showed towards him the love of a father. He succeeded very well in everything he put his hands to; but God was

calling him to a higher life, and his thoughts ran in the direction of the order of St. Francis of Assisi.

Opening his mind to Dean McNulty, his Franciscan scheme received short shrift, and he was told to go to the Rector of St. Peters' College, Jersey City. Entering the college, he met Father Fulton, who was then Provincial, and upon his making known the object of his visit, and telling his name, Edward O'Brien, Father Fulton gave him a most warm welcome and made him listen to a long history of the O'Briens. Father Fulton's mother was an O'Brien.

In a few days Brother O'Brien entered the novitate at Frederick, July 28th, 1887. From the start he was like the old man's staff in the hands of Superiors. Nothing could ruffle the cheerfulness of his soul. Though praying constantly, yet all his faculties were fixed upon the work in hand. To those who knew him well, it was clear his own will was subjected to the Will of God. No command ever came amiss to him, and at all times he was ready to oblige those who called for his services.

In the spring of 1895, Bishop Gordon called at Frederick, and it was decided that Brother O'Brien should accompany him to Jamaica. No brother in the Society could have been more devoted to Bishop Gordon, nor could any one have shown more tact in his dealings with him. For nearly fourteen years the whole care of the temporalities was in the hands of Brother O'Brien, and during that time he won for himself the love and respect of all the Fathers. Frequently he sat up late to receive Bishop Gordon or the Fathers of the Mission, who were called out on ministerial work. No skilled nurse could have been more attentive to the sick or more motherly in kindness than our good Brother. His Celtic wit was ever ready and rarely was he at a loss for an answer, no matter at what a disadvantage he was taken. For a good part of a year he was ailing, and when no longer able to do his ordinary work, he gave himself unreservedly to prayer.

In vacation time he was anointed by Rev. Father Superior, and it was evident to all that the summons was not far distant. He lingered on, each month growing weaker till on the 6th of December, 1908, at a quarter to ten, his soul appeared before the Master, whom he had served long and well. We all feel in Jamaica that we have an advocate and protector in Brother O'Brien. R. I. P.

VARIA

AUSTRIA. *Innsbruck.*—The community at Innsbruck is this year probably the most cosmopolitan in the Society. There are representatives here of twenty-four different countries and states, as follows: United States of America, Austria, Hungary, Croatia, Tirol, Ireland, Bohemia, Moravia, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Portugal, Spain, Holland, Alsace, England, Ecquador, Mexico, Belgium, Krain, Vorarlberg, Baden, Bavaria, Silesia. These Fathers and Scholastics belong to twelve different provinces, viz: Maryland-New York, Missouri, England, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Mexico, Castile, Toledo, Portugal.

The new order of studies for Ours in theology and philosophy, drawn up for the provinces of Germany and Austria-Hungary, and which carries out the desires of the last general congregation, had to be subjected to a few changes to suit the special circumstances of the Austria-Hungarian province, but the changes are not substantial.

The extraordinary growth of the Convictus in Innsbruck during the last few years, which necessitated nearly fifty of the convictors living in three houses hired in the neighborhood, has determined superiors to erect a second convictus. For this purpose negotiations have been opened for the purchase of a desirable plot of ground about ten minutes walk from the present house, situated very beautifully close to the Inn river. The erection of this building would relieve congestion also in the community, where nearly all the scholastics of the first three years are living two in a room, and would provide also for the carrying out of the plan of bringing the philosophers here from Pressburg in the near future.

The convictors number this year 260, of whom 31 are priests. Of these 230 are of the secular clergy from 79 dioceses, and 30 of the regular clergy from 15 monasteries or provinces. With the 111 theologians not in the Convictus, the number attending the lectures of the theological faculty is 371. Of these 15 are of the Ruthenian rite, 58 are of the Society. In addition to the nationalities mentioned above as being represented in the community, there are representatives in the Convictus from Roumania, Turkey and Russia, the last-named country sending 31 students.

The annual retreat began as usual on January 1st and ended January 10th. Father Noldin conducted the retreat, which was very successful. Nearly thirty guests made the exercises with the convictors. At the end of the retreat, seven convictors applied for admission into the Society.

Two University courses began in the theological faculty this year. Father Koch lectured once a week on Sociology from the theoretical standpoint, and gave one hour a week of practical exercises in which convictors often took part. This course is of great importance to young priests in Germany, Austria, Hungary and elsewhere in Europe, where the movement towards social reform is so strong, and where Socialism is so active and so anti-religious. Father Koch has been studying the subject for four years at Berlin and elsewhere and is the author of several works of a sociological kind. The second new course is one on the history of dogma, one hour a week by Father Bruders, who has just completed four years study of this subject in Munich, and is the author of a book on the constitution of the early church.

Late publications of interest by the Fathers of this faculty are:

Twelfth Edition of Father Hurter's "Compendium theologiæ dogmaticæ (43000-48000)."

Fourth Edition of Father Jungman's "Theory of Sacred Eloquence ("Theorie der geistlichen Beredsamkeit.") published by P. Gatterer in one volume.

Seventh edition (of 5000 copies) of Father Noldin's Moral Theology. Noldin has just been introduced into St. John's Seminary, Brighton.

The Roman Missal has been translated by two of the theologians and will be published for the laity by the publishing house "Styria" in an edition of over 100,000 copies.

A Scholastic in Court.—"Sankt Bonifatius" is a Catholic monthly, an apologetic and religious paper, published for the members of the Bonifatius-Verein from the Benedictine Abbey, Emaus, in Prague. It is distributed under episcopal sanction in the churches and has a circulation of over a million. It has accomplished an enormous amount of good among the people, as an antidote for the poison which the flood of anti-religious and anti-christian publications is ever seeking to spread. The distribution in our Church in Innsbruck has been in charge of one of the scholastics, who directed five or six boys in the work. On the evening of December 6th of last year, a detective appeared at the church and declared the paper confiscated, as the distribution was unlawful under the Press Law, which forbids the indiscriminate distribution of printed matter. This sudden zeal on the part of the Innsbruck city council was suspicious. They had displayed no such zeal in carrying out the confiscation of Wahrmund's brochure the previous year. But the thing was different now; the "Bonifatiusblatt" was making it hot for the Socialists and Liberals, and the Innsbruck city council is, with sadness be it announced, both Socialist and Liberal. The paper has been distributed all over the empire right under the eyes of the civil authorities. There is nothing in the law forbidding such a means of religious in-

struction being employed in the churches, if the bishops give leave. The scholastic in question had nevertheless to appear in court to answer to the charge; and he was fined ten crowns, in default of which he would have to spend twenty-four hours in prison. A zealous Catholic woman at once wrote offering to pay the fine, saying she would deem it a privilege to thus take even a small part in the war against unbelief. The case has been appealed, and meanwhile the distribution is going on as ever.

Moravia. A new Gymnasium and Convictus in Velehrad.—Since 1890 our Fathers have had a novitiate for Bohemian novices in Velehrad, Moravia. It has long been their wish to open somewhere in Bohemia a gymnasium in addition to that in Mariaschein, which shall be Bohemian in character; Mariaschein is a German-Bohemian school. Their efforts have at last been crowned with success, and in September of this year the new school will open its classes. The realization of this project is due in great part to an association of the secular clergy who joyfully welcomed the project from the beginning, and who have given substantial material aid towards its fulfilment. Not the least consoling feature is that thus an institution designed to spread the faith and further the interests of culture in Bohemia will be founded at the grave of St. Methodius, the great apostle of the Slavic people. That the school was needed is seen by the fact that the applications for admission, in March of this year, far exceeded the accomodation. There are yet many difficulties in the way. A new building suitably designed is a necessity; also professors enough from the Society who have fulfilled the state requirements. The gymnasium will open as a private gymnasium, and when it is ready to qualify as a state-recognized public gymnasium, it is hoped that those of Ours who are preparing for the state-examinations in Innsbruck and Prague will have received from the State the rights to teach. Until the gymnasium is recognized as "public," certain examinations must be taken in some gymnasium that is "public," if they are to be of any use for future admission to the universities. Let us hope and pray that the blessing of the Most High will rest on this most important venture.

BELGIUM. *René Bazin and Workingmen's Retreat in Belgium.*—Readers of René Bazin's novel, "The Coming Harvest" (Scribner's), were without doubt surprised at the outcome of the plot. To bring a militant socialist, who had passed through all the degrees of illusion and disillusion, to find a remedy for his unhappiness and discontent in the religious quiet of a retreat was certainly a variant of the ordinary ending of novels. It was thus that *Gilbert Cloquet* was converted, and the purpose of the novelist has since been declared to have been to make known the Jesuit Houses of

Retreat, and thus raise up others elsewhere to spread the immense good they have been doing for many years in Belgium. The power for good, Bazin has described so vividly, had merited a very eulogistic letter of Pius X, who wrote in 1904 to R. P. Criquelon, Superior of Xhovémont, that in his great work of restoring all things in Christ he trusted greatly to the Exercises of St. Ignatius made by workingmen and their employers.—*America, May 8th, 1909.*

BUFFALO. *St. Ann's Golden Jubilee.*—August 23rd, 24th, 25th, 1908, was celebrated the golden jubilee of St. Ann's Church. The first church on the present site was started on March 15th, 1858, by Rev. Father Vetter, S. J. Rev. Lucas Caveng, a native of France, was rector of St. Michael's at the time and he laid the cornerstone. On August 25th, 1878, the foundation of the present church was begun, but the building was not completed until May 16th, 1886, when it was dedicated free from debt.

Elaborate preparations were made for the jubilee. Business houses and homes on Broadway from Jefferson street to Fillmore avenue, and all intersecting streets, were covered with decorations.

On Sunday a procession of the Knights of St. John, the male societies of the church, and little boys and girls attired in white escorted Bishop Colton to the parish house before the mass. Rt. Rev. Bishop Koudelka, Auxiliary Bishop of Cleveland, delivered a very eloquent sermon, paying a glowing tribute to the zealous workers who had helped to build up the parish to its present great proportions.

In the afternoon pontifical vespers were sung, Bishop Koudelka of Cleveland officiating. In the evening a sacred concert was given on the lawn back of the church.

Monday and Tuesday nights there were entertainments in St. Ann's park in honor of the anniversary. Tableaux were presented by little children, depicting the progress of the church, from its beginning fifty years ago to the present time, followed by a grand reunion of the older church members.

St. Ann's parochial school has an attendance of 1900, and St. Joachim's, the annex on Mill street, has 120, while fully 200 additional Catholic children are registered on the rolls of the public and high schools. In membership and size of building it exceeds that of any parochial school in the diocese, and numerically is one of the largest German Catholic parish schools in the United States.

CALIFORNIA-ROCKY MOUNTAIN MISSION. *Portland, Oregon. The First Mission ever given at the Oregon Penitentiary.*—At the request of Rev. Father Moore, of Salem, the Jesuit missionaries, Fathers Chiappa and O'Reilly, conducted a week's mission for the convicts of the state penitentiary, Salem, Oregon.

The mission opened Sunday, February 21st, at the morning Mass. The principal sermon was delivered each evening at 6 o'clock in the chapel. The sermon was preceded by appropriate music from the penitentiary orchestra. During this the large levers that adjust the prison cells were unlocked, and by an automatic contrivance the heavy doors of 450 iron cages swung open. All the prisoners, with the exception of the condemned men, filed out under guard to hear the word of God.

It was a sad but none the less consoling sight to see 420 able-bodied men emerge from their gloom and attend a Catholic mission for the first time in the history of the Salem penitentiary. It was indeed remarkable to note each evening the eagerness with which those poor fellows waited for the signal that announced the arrival of the missionaries, and to observe their earnest attention one would be compelled to admit that he never witnessed a more attentive and more orderly set of men.

The officers of the prison, especially the superintendent and warden, were most obliging, and did all in their power to further the progress of the good work. They gave orders that the missionaries could visit the prison at any time, and enter all the cells, even those of the condemned. Father Chiappa and Father O'Reilly availed themselves of the kind privilege by going personally to each convict, meanwhile taking the census of those who professed the Catholic faith. During the mission 426 convicts were registered in the official record, and out of that number 55 claimed to be Catholics; and of these 55, more than half are the offspring of mixed marriages.

It is also well to note that in many instances the convicts change their names before donning the prison garb, and strange to say, these men have a mania for taking Irish names. Father O'Reilly, a native of Ireland, asked several of these men what part of Ireland they came from, and to his surprise he learned that all with but one exception hailed from some part of the continent of Europe, Canada or Mexico.

The mission closed Sunday, February 28th, with the papal blessing. Many of the prisoners told the officers that the mission was too short, and they sincerely hoped the good Fathers would again return to conduct another mission.

Archbishop Christie Welcomes Sons of St. Ignatius to the Archdiocese.—St. Ignatius' School and Chapel was dedicated Sunday, September 20th, 1908, by Most Rev. A. Christie, assisted by visiting and local clergy. Archbishop Christie, on behalf of the people of Portland and the archdiocese of Oregon City, welcomed the loyal sons of St. Ignatius to their new field of endeavor, congratulated Father Dillon upon the splendid work that he and his associates had

already accomplished, and bespoke for them the continued support and help of the congregation.

The location of St. Ignatius' School is most sightly. It overlooks the entire city and can be seen from all points. The building is three stories high, with class rooms and assembly halls on the lower floors, and chapel on the third. Adjoining the school is the rectory, nearing completion, which will also be headquarters for Rev. Geo. de La Motte, superior of the California and Rocky Mountain mission.

Father Chiappa and the Ministerial Association.—Recently in Salem, Ore., Father Chiappa, S. J., read a paper before the Ministerial Association convening in that city. His subject was "The Authority of the Catholic Church: Its Origin, Nature and Extent." A discussion followed in which nearly all the ministers present took part. After the discussion Father Chiappa was permitted to answer the objections. Throughout a most friendly spirit prevailed, and though dissenting, his audience fully appreciated the paper. It was the first appearance of a Catholic priest before the association in that city.

Santa Clara College. New College Weekly.—The Santa Clara College "Press," a four-page weekly published in the interests of the student body of the College, has just appeared in its first publication for the new semester. The paper is as full of interesting news as an egg is of meat, and has a snap and go about it that is as delightful and refreshing as some of the clever ten-cent weeklies of the big Eastern cities.

CANADA. *Work for the Beatification of the Early American Martyrs.*—There was read on Sunday, February 14th, 1909, in all the churches and chapels of the archdiocese of Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa and Ontario, a pastoral from the metropolitan of each archdiocese commanding all who have any writings of Fathers de Brebeuf, G. Lalemant, Jogues, Daniel, Garnier, Charbonel, priests of the Society of Jesus, and of Rene Goupil and Jean de la Lande to transmit them to the chancellor.

Archbishop Bruchesi in his pastoral gives great praise to these early missionaries and martyrs who sowed in their blood the Christian faith among the Indian tribes of Canada. He hopes that before long Rome will raise them to the honors of the altar, for their deeds and death add glory and nobility to the pioneer days of the Church in Canada.

Memorial Church of the Jesuit Martyrs—Over two hundred years ago Penetanguishene and the surrounding country formed the country of the Hurons, evangelized by the Jesuits, especially from 1634 to 1650, who converted nearly the whole nation. But the nation having been dispersed and destroyed, the country remained uninhabited till the first quarter of this century.

It was in 1884 that Father Laboureau first proposed to erect at Penetanguishene, a Memorial Church as a fitting monument to the first martyrs of the Huron Mission, the Jesuit Fathers De Brebeuf, Lalemant and their companions. The corner stone was laid by Archbishop Lynch on the 6th of September, 1886. Until 1902, the Congregation had to be satisfied to use the basement. Finally in December of the above year, the Memorial Church was opened for the congregation and blessed by the Most Rev. D. O'Connor, Archbishop of Toronto, in presence of the Bishops of London and Peterboro.

The church in honor of the Martyred Jesuits, Jean de Brebeuf and Gabriel Lalemant, remains a lasting monument to the energy and zeal of their worthy successor, Father Laboureau, in the cause of religion and the extension of the glory of God and his saints.

CEYLON.—The arrival of the "Letters" reminded me that it was high time to send you my yearly little budget of news. As usual, I shall begin by an extract from our latest Ecclesiastical Returns (1907-08).

BAPTISMS OF ADULTS.

1. Protestants	14
2. Heathens	378

BAPTISMS OF CHILDREN.

1. Of Catholic parents	351
2. Of non-Catholic parents	182
Total	925

Confessions, 27,956; Communions, 48,002; Confirmations, 325; Extreme Unctíon, 107; Marriages, 1) solemnized, 62; 2) validated, 45; Number of Catholics, 10,160; Schools, 39, with 2,140 boys and 1,009 girls.

Although the previous year was a record for the number of baptisms, last year showed an advance of 213, due to 200 baptisms more of adult heathens, a large percentage of whom were hospital patients who died soon after being made children of God and members of the Church.

I am sorry I have to mention that Father J. M. Schaefer, who has done such splendid work at Hiniduma for the last five years, had to take a much needed rest since the beginning of September. However, there is considerable improvement in his state of health and his devoted parishoners hope to welcome again their pastor about Christmas.

No new stations have been opened this year. At Matara Convent, where the nuns took up work in the beginning of May, a very good start has been made.

The Bishop is now building a convent near the northern boundary of the Galle Diocese.

It happens sometimes that missionaries are blamed for the small number of conversions they have to record. Of course,

when one is seated in his arm chair in a cosy study, he finds it easy enough to bring the whole world under the sweet yoke of the Cross. But, when one goes into the open to meet the devil or human nature, not seldom difficulties arise which did not occur to the mind when one was enthusiastically dreaming at home. For instance, here in Ceylon, where nine tenths of the Sinhalese are still Buddhists, our work is much hampered by certain associations or samagamas, as they call them. These are to be found in very many places and their president is generally the police-vidane of the village. Here are some of the rules which are being published everywhere in the villages. The "Catholic Messenger" published them in its issue of last November

1°. The association is made to destroy the nefarious influence of the Roman Catholic Religion.

2°. Roman Catholics may become Buddhists, but no Buddhist may become a Catholic. If any one do so, he shall be expelled from the community, regarded as an enemy and deprived of all help from the Buddhist community. Whosoever shall have any intercourse with him shall be heavily fined by the President of the Samagama. Neither fire nor water shall be given him.

3°. If a Buddhist marry his son or daughter with a Catholic, according to the Catholic Rite, his whole family shall be expelled from the association. Nobody shall be allowed to go to his marriage. Even in the case of a burial, nobody can associate with them. They must be considered as enemies to society. Nobody can help them for any reason whatever, even to thatch the roofs of their houses, for they are accursed forever.

The missionaries know that these rules are not a vain threatening and whenever a Buddhist has the courage of despising them we consider it a special grace of God, for which our humble and earnest thanks are due. May all your readers by their prayers and holy sacrifices move God to grant such a grace often during 1909, is my most hearty wish.—*From a Letter of J. Cooreman, S. J.*

China. *Shanghai.*—I send you a short account of the campaign just ended. You will find that our gain, a little more than ten thousand, while being consoling, hardly surpassed that of last year, although we enjoyed peace almost everywhere, and the work went on earnestly. The increase is more in the Catechumens, who have passed from 95,000 to 107,600, a nice promise for the next harvest. That we cannot admit more is, of course, due to the necessity of requiring of a people born and bred in hereditary paganism, a sufficient instruction, but above all a pledge of perseverance that may be relied upon. Hence the long and repeated trials.

Did you notice, dear Father, that I have discontinued to send you our *Nouvelles de Chine?* It was for fear of your

finding no interest in them. The fact is that the *Nouvelles* come out twice a month in two different editions, a larger one containing all important information and intended for the mission *only*, and a smaller one, of one sheet, destined for transmission outside, carefully purged, indeed, of all real news, and therefore, as insignificant in general as it is safe. All this is owing to the sad condition of affairs in France, where the least indiscretion might be turned against Ours, as has been the case already more than once.

A brief sketch of the mission of Yentou and the two large districts of Sin-tehesn-fou may interest your readers. They form the northern part of our vast mission.

Some twenty years ago, there was not a single Christian there. And how sad was the social state of those populations, remote as they were from big towns and public protection! Gangs of lawless, half-savage ruffians had gathered from the surrounding provinces in several quarters of the land, to escape punisment or simply to spare themselves the trouble of a regular life, and then they lived by plunder and pillage, which they freely practised with force of arms. To face the common danger, the more peaceful people, who worked and toiled, became natural allies of their immediate neighbors, all ready to help each other in case of attack.

Such, then, was the condition of things, when a young and undaunted pioneer, Father Leopold Gain, following a call of God, volunteered, nay entreated to be allowed to try for the conversion of that inhospitable and forsaken country. He bravely struggled and suffered for two long years before being able to get admittance and settle among the people. Having once obtained this first and difficult point, he opened a school with a dispensary. It was not long before people came, and children, and other visitors, among whom he soon found excellent followers.

So was established a first centre of Catechumens, then another, and so on. Most happy, but overtasked with the work, Father Gain cried for help. But few cooperators could be sent. They so eagerly followed his footsteps that before long they had flocks of new and fervent Christians with many more Catechumens than they could take care of. The people were aroused and moved to embrace Christianity. You may now preceive what has followed. The same Father sees to-day around him fourteen Jesuits, three secular priests, a Church of twenty-three thousand Christians with thirty-four thousand Catechumens. This is certainly the most promising field in the whole mission of Kiang-nan.—*From a Letter of Father C. Frin, S. J.*

CUBA. *Cienfuegos.*—Father Sarasola has established a meteorological observatory in connection with Our College of Nuestra Señora de Montserrat, in Cienfuegos.

Havana.—The golden jubilee of the Belen Observatory is about to be celebrated with enthusiasm. The business men of Havana and shipping houses of Cuba are preparing a purse of $20,000 as a token of recognition of the great services done them by the Observatory.

Santiago de Cuba.—Ours have here opened a new residence. The Archbishop has given the church and rectory to the Society.

Sagna.—The Fathers have built a church and opened a small college here.

President Gomez of Cuba is an old boy of the Jesuit College Sancti Spiritus,—now Belen.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY. *The Hospital. The Lisner Memorial.*—There was a brilliant gathering of church, society, college, and professional people of Washington to participate in the joint dedicatory ceremonies of the Lisner Memorial building, which is an annex to the main building, and the nurses' home.

The exercises were held in the amphitheatre of the Lisner Memorial. There were present the officials of the university, the hospital, members of the medical and surgical faculty, and a large number of society and church women.

The Rev. Joseph Himmel, S. J., president of the university, opened the exercises with a review of the hospital's founding and the work it had done. He showed that from an insignificant beginning ten years ago, the hospital had, through the liberality of friends of all faiths, built up and equipped a hospital of the first order. He pointed out the large amount of work it has accomplished for the destitute sick, and said that through the generosity of Mr. Lisner the institution was better prepared than ever to minister to the demands that may be made upon it in the future.

The Lisner Memorial is a substantial red pressed-brick structure, connected with the original hospital building. The building fronts about sixty feet on N street, by thirty feet deep, and has a basement and four stories. In the basement are located the kitchens, serving, and storage rooms of the culinary department, as well as the dining rooms for the sisters and nurses.

On the first floor are located a large ward for colored women, a laboratory, and an emergency ward. The second floor is set aside for the medical and surgical wards for white women. On the third floor are located two operating rooms, while the top floor is given over to medical and surgical wards, one large, for whites, and a smaller one, for colored patients,

The building cost $25,000. It was a gift from Mr. and Mrs. A. Lisner, as a memorial to their parents.

GERMANY. *The Inventor of the Airship.*—On this question Father Wilhelm, S. J., has published three essays in the

"Vaterland," in which he proves that this honor belongs to the Jesuit Father, Francis Lana of Brescia (1636-1687.) Owing to the publication of a dissertation on airships by a certain professor Lohmeyer in 1679 the daily papers of Cologne endeavored to ascribe the invention to him. Father Wilhelm's proofs, however, remain irrefutable and leave no doubt as to whom the honor of being the inventor of airships is due. The great number of physical works treating of airships refer continually to Lana and not to Lohmeyer. Besides a comparison of both Lana's manuscript and Lohmeyer's in which the invention is treated, clearly reveals who the prime mover was in the field of aeronautics. Father Lana expounds his theory in the sixth chapter of a small work titled: "Prodromo overo Saggio di alcune inventioni nuove" (Short tracts on some new inventions) while Lohmeyer treats the question in a dissertation titled: "De artificio navigandi per aërem." Now Father Lana's chapter on balloons and Lohmeyer's dissertation agree both in plan and development. In many passages of both the words are verbatim the same, so that one would imagine to have before him both the original copy and the translation. This agreement could not have come about by chance. The one made use of the other. That Father Lana did not copy from Lohmeyer is evident from the fact that Father Lana's work appeared in 1670, in which he declared the invention of the airship the fruit of long research. Father Lohmeyer's scientific paper was published in 1679. Father Lana therefore was the first to start the aeronautic movement and on that account is rightly styled the inventor of the airship.

IRELAND. *Dublin. Death of a Famous Irish Jesuit.*— At the great age of eighty-five there passed away lately, at Milltown Park, Dublin, a famous Jesuit preacher and missioner, Rev. William Kelly. He was one of the three brothers who were distinguished members of the Society of Jesus. Father William, the eldest of the three, studied for some years in Maynooth college, and later on joined his two younger brothers in the Society of Jesus. He was afterwards sent to Australia as the pioneer of Jesuit missions in that country. In a few years he occupied there a position of great prominence as a preacher. He returned to Ireland some twenty years ago, and his later years were passed at Milltown Park as professor of ecclesiastical history and Hebrew. He had a wonderful fund of learned lore and a fine taste in literature, and he was as familiar with Homer, Pindar and Dante as with Sir Walter Scott. He was well versed in eastern languages, and was an authority among the Persian scholars of the day. Joined to these gifts were a sweet simplicity and humility of character which endeared him to every one with whom he came in contact.

ITALY. *Some more Details about the Earthquake.*[1]

February 6, 1909.

YOUR PATERNITY,

P. C.

As I wrote to Your Paternity from Acireale, I went by the early train on Tuesday to the College of Gazzi, bringing with me some skilful workmen, and without delay, we set to work. Till this evening we have disinterred the bodies of nine, and of these, eight certainly had not been conscious of dying, for we found them in the posture of sleep; only one of them had half risen from bed, and with his hand was protecting himself against the splinters, but was wounded on the head. We have found to-day a little child's brain, scattered upon a stone. Till yesterday, the workmen refused absolutely to touch the bodies, so that I have fulfilled this office myself, and I bless Our Lord, that if I have not been able to save any lives, I can, at least, save the bodies. But to-day the workmen have taken upon themselves this pious task. How good is Our Lord! He has even granted us pretty fine weather, and a respite from the earthquakes, at least, from the most violent. Besides, my cold does not trouble me during the day, and but little in the night.

Yesterday I had an ovation in the street! You see, I mention everything to Your Paternity, even at the risk of appearing conceited! I was returning on foot to Messina; a poor man was dragging along a loaded cart, and could not get it out of the mud. Carriages and cars full of people, had found their passage intercepted by the cart, yet no one stirred to help the poor fellow, and everybody was laughing at his useless efforts. That cynicism stung my heart; in the name of God I took my post behind the wheels, got them out of the mud, and the difficulty was overcome.

Gentlemen and workmen applauded me, but the applause was most painful to my heart, after the cruel indifference they had shown, and I could not refrain from addressing them with these words: "O my brothers, how can you expect that God will spare us the scourge, when we laugh at our working brothers, when they need our help?" The gentlemen who were in the carriages, alighted and thanked me for the lesson, the workmen put off their hats and greeted me; as for me, I pursued my way, weeping on the thoughtlessness of those wretches and praying for them.

O Your Paternity, how can I tell the anguish I feel in these days, seeing the heartlessness of many, who go on their way, not only after the frivolities of this life, but whilst the lives of our brethren are in danger, and worse still, fling themselves like jackals on the corpses, in order to rob them. Till last evening, the carabineers ar-

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[1] Published here with Father General's leave.

rested four others of these criminals. "Parce, Domine, populo tuo."

To-day I have sent to Catania the excellent Father Rector, Rubino, that he may rest a little. Poor Father! how he devotes himself for his dead children! I stay here with a heroic coadjutor brother. The letters which the Father Rector gets from the pupils' parents are a panegyric of him and of the College. How touched they have been by the disinterment of their children! But amongst the parents of thirty-three, only three have come to disinter their sons! We have done all the remaining work. Yesterday one of them came with some workmen, and I added to them four soldiers and two of our workmen; but when they had found the little body, no one would lay it in the coffin, because it was putrefied, and I assumed this task. But these children do not move one to fear or loathing; one feels innocence breathing around them; their souls are certainly in Heaven.

I have had another comfort, that is to say, I have been able to rescue to-day the writings of two Fathers, the last that were still under the ruins; so the Fathers will be spared the hard task of beginning their work again. How happy one is to be able to comfort a brother!

As Your Paternity will see, the history of these three days is not very eventful and interesting, but it is so sweet, in the night, to write to one's own Father and relate the impressions of the day.

Give us your blessing, dear Father General, and believe me, in union of SS. SS.

Your Paternity's most humble servant in Xto,

FRANCESCO DE P. NALBONE, S. J.

Naples. Death of Father Januarius M. Degni.—Father Degni, who died piously in the Lord in the Novitiate, Villa Mellecrinis, Naples, January 31st, 1909, was well known to many of Ours throughout the United States and Canada, who made their studies at Woodstock. In 1872 he was in his fourth year of theology there. In 1873 and 1874 he taught philosophy in Holy Cross College, Worcester; after his tertianship in Frederick, Md., 1875, Father Degni came to Woodstock, where he taught Physics and Chemistry, or Physics and Mechanics until the close of the scholastic year 1888.

Of his subsequent career, Father Antonio de Francesco, Rector of the Novitiate in Naples, writes as follows:

Returning from Woodstock in 1889 he taught mathematics to the philosophers, who were at that time living in the Novitiate, and at the same time he was their Superior. On June 20th, of the same year, he was made Rector of the College Pontano alla Conocchia, which he governed for nine years. Under his direction the college made many improvements. His government was such that the family spirit flourished among Ours; he took special care of the young

teachers and of the students as regards their spiritual welfare. In the duties of the ministry he labored earnestly, giving special care and attention to the English colony residing in Naples; and at the same time he received many a convert into the Church. Among these converts worthy of mention was an Englishman, who for twenty years had been a magistrate in the Indies. This convert was so grateful that for several years he used to return to Naples to celebrate the anniversary of his baptism, leaving with the Father, several times, $200 as a stipend for mass.

In 1899, he was Prefect of the Gesu Nuovo, and in 1900 he taught Moral Theology at Possillipo with great satisfaction to the students. To their regret in this same year Father Degni left for Lecce to become Rector there. The great difficulties of that Rectorship and the poor financial conditions of the college compelled him to make many a great sacrifice. Although this was very hard for him, while his many friends and the good which he had been doing at Naples called him to return, he generously sacrificed all for the greater welfare of the college in our province. But soon a slight stroke of apoplexy caused his recall to Naples by the order of Father Provincial, Father Marra. In 1901, he was made Rector of the Collegio Pontano in Via Atri, where he worked, as was his custom, with such energy that the students increased to 600. In 1903 he was superior of our Neapolitan residence and prefect of our great church—the Gesu Nuovo, where he displayed great zeal and activity and made many converts. He continued to hold at this time the honorable office of Consultor of the Work of the Propagation of the Faith. In 1906, however, being violently attacked by progressive paralysis, he was allowed to retain the office of Prefect of the church, but had to give up his other duties and burdens. It was edifying to see the holy old man dragging himself from the residence nearby to the Gesu in order to hear the confessions of his numberless penitents, who in great part belonged to the Neapolitan aristocracy.

In 1907 his health continued to fail more and more and in consequence we find him once more at Conocchia as confessor of Ours and of the students. His affliction finally became so great that he was unable to move about, and in the month of May in the same year he came to the Novitiate here where he remained until death called him to his reward, January 31st, 1909.

He always gave signs of great meekness and of intense piety, being always obedient to the Brothers, who with great charity, love and affection assisted him unto the end. To satisfy the great desire he had to say Mass we obtained for him a Pontifical dispensation to celebrate Mass while seated, assisted by another Father. This continued until a few months before his death, when finally he was compelled to

rest satisfied with being carried to the chapel to hear Mass and to receive Holy Communion. His death, although not unexpected, caused much grief among Ours and among his many friends. May his dear soul rest in peace is the fervent prayer of us all.

JAMAICA. The city is picking up a bit since the earthquake; new and much finer buildings are being erected. Our church is being re-built on a piece of land next to Winchester Park. It will be ready for November. Next week will see our new residence started at Winchester Park and it is to be finished with the church. Then, at last, we shall have church, residence and college all together, and not scattered as they are at present. The debt on the new church is great and the money is coming in very slowly. But the Bishop is very sanguine. We have one hundred boys in the college, and each new term sees an increase. Most of them are fine boys too; about thirty are Protestants, and about a dozen are Jews. There are four Fathers teaching seven classes. The boys give little trouble as regards discipline. They study well and are as bright as any boys I ever taught in the States. I have in my class half a dozen exceedingly talented boys. I should like to see some of them go to our colleges in the States to finish up, but, alas, money is the great draw-back. Our best boys in talent are, as a rule, white, although one black boy is as talented as any we have. I feel sorry at times that they are black, for, their color handicaps them in getting an education and good positions even here. The Salesians are going to leave the Island for good next month and Father McDermott is to replace them at Montego Bay. That used to be Father Rapp's mission. Father Howle's mission to men was a great success. One of the Fathers had a newspaper controversy on his hands lately owing to a sermon he preached on the name Catholic. The parsons attacked him from all sides, but they caused him little worry as they were ignorant colored preachers.

JAPAN. *The New Mission. Extracts from the Letters of Father Rockliff, S. J. Tokyo, September 16th, 1908.*—It is with great gratitude that I can attest to the interest in our undertaking manifested in many parts of the Society. Thus a fairly large box of books arrived a week ago from Father Sykes and contained many valuable publications of the Truth Society. They will be of great use to us in Japan. The Polish province is showing special interest, as I am about to write with gratitude to Father Cedoschowsky. Canisius College and Father Van-Rossum have each sent a fine box of books, and twenty-one boxes came through the great kindness of Father Meyer from Prairie. Thus we are rapidly gathering the nucleus of a little library. We have the complete collection of the Fathers by Migne, of the

Councils by Mansi (except vol. 36), a fair collection of the older standard authors on dogmatic theology and on philosophy, some good books on physics and chemistry, the "Stimmen," the "Theologische Zeitschrift" and a good part of the "Civilta" and a little history. This kindness has turned me into a professional beggar, and I am writing many letters to practise the trade. The good Fathers Substitutes could help very much by keeping the publications of the provinces well informed about Japanese affairs, if their numerous other correspondence will allow them some leisure time for this apostolic work.

Earthquakes are a pretty common occurence. The last one was at 8.05 P. M. yesterday. On the day Messina was destroyed I thought our house was going to crumble to pieces and bury us, so strong was the cracking and groaning of the beams and the shaking of the walls. I was about to creep under my large folding desk as the safest place in the room when the shock subsided, and then I could put on a very brave expression. Another time I was swayed to and fro like a pendulum, in bed, or like a baby in the cradle, and as this pendulum is somewhat heavy, it took some time to come back into equilibrium. Such are some of the amenities of our life, which serve to keep us in good humor. And now when the winter is nearly over, the pleasant season will commence. The plum trees are in blossom. They are one of the sights of Tokyo. Then come in a few weeks the gay cherry blossoms. Both plum and cherry trees are of the wild species and they are kept merely for the beauty of the blossoms. Indeed, the Japanese have a great taste for color, thoroughly oriental in the lower classes and refined in the higher. But there is no rose without its thorns, and the poetical descriptions of Japan have been undoubtedly overdone. Come and enjoy the pricks as well as the fragrance. Keep cool blood when you read the following. Would it not make interesting reading in America, England and Ireland. It comes from a local bigot who is evidently as malinformed as malicous. On further consideration I send you the whole article. It was only Balaam's ass that spoke the truth, instead of braying. It shows what we have to expect. It is only one of the three brayings that Rev. Ebino has let loose in recent weeks, nor is it the loudest.—*From a Letter to Father Elder Mullan, S. J.*

"*A Rising Nation and Catholicism.*[1]—The difficulties arising from the relation between Religion and State in Europe began to be solved with the rise of the Reformation, and seem to be almost entirely solved except for the annoyances of what is called Catholicism. A religion whose centre is beyond the boundaries of a country, and whose foundation is outside of it, is very detrimental to the welfare of that country, and a source of great trouble.

[1] This is the article referred to by Father Rockliff in his letter.

Such has been my constant view; and this opinion of mine only grew stronger when I saw with my own eyes the true state of things on my recent trip. Catholicism and the State! This is the great problem; and Europe is experiencing difficulty in solving it. As you know, Catholicism possesses extraordinary attractions, and from a certain point of view, I am of the opinion, that no other system in the world is so well adapted as Catholicism to give religious satisfaction; it is truly well organized; its buildings, its art, its rites and worship are really elegant and perfect and excel those of the Protestant Church. For this reason it seems to me that there are many in Japan who greatly sympathize with Catholicism from the idea that it will satisfy their religious desires in the highest measure; but, from my point of view there are many contradictions and difficulties between the sacerdotal system and the State, which can never be passed over in silence.

Japan seemed to have already solved this difficulty 300 years ago by the extermination of Catholicism, but as it now freely allows the propagation of the Catholic religion, it is not improbable that Catholicism will spread greatly again in Japan. Though I may seem to detract my neighbor, as I am myself a follower of Jesus, yet I am one who has deeply felt how much the sacerdotal system is poisoning the State and preparing many troubles for it.

France is now preparing to wipe Catholicism out of the State, and seems to have almost succeeded in doing so; with might and main it is trying to lay down clearly the line of demarcation between the sacerdotal system and civil authority.

Italy must, as a State, contend more against Catholicism than it has to struggle for its financial and diplomatic affairs. Italy's condition is very, very strange, because the centre of Catholicism is in Rome, and Rome is likewise the capital of the government, the two are irreconcilable and hence they are in constant open opposition. There are two heads to the same nation. The one is the government, or Emperor (King) the other Religion or the Pope. The King and the Pope can never be reconciled, and being in the same land are always colliding. The Pope's power, though weakened is yet great, and totally antagonizes the government in many matters: first of all in regard to national education, and there are many infringements from the papal authorities in the transactions of the State's administrative affairs. In my view Italy as a nation cannot make progress on account of this Catholicism, on account of its obstruction. It is not improbable that sooner or later the Pope's government will be forced, by the action of the Italian government in taking one step further, to retire from Rome and go somewhere else. Without that the rise of Italy will be very difficult. I had intended to pass over to the British prov-

ince of Ireland and see by all means the true state of things among the Irish there; but unfortunately I could not be an eyewitness of them. I could, however, study them. Although Ireland is one of the component parts of the British Empire, it is quite another world, it cannot agree with Scotland, Wales and England, and there is never a time during which some sort of a quarrel is not being enacted. The fundamental source of this is the sacerdotal system of Catholicism. That is the reason why the progress of national education is checked, why the Irish are by far less advanced than the English, Welsh or Scots, and why they are inferior to them. An Anglo-French exhibition was being held in London in which articles were exhibited by England and France. There was likewise a department for Britain, India, Canada, Africa, etc., where the Irish exhibit was placed, which was really poor. How could such things happen in Great Britain? It seemed really poor, so inferior that such an exhibit could not be found even among the foreign colonies. Every article exhibited manifests a character different from that of Englishmen in general. You know their racial differences, but there must be something beyond this difference of race that causes such a striking difference. It is because the sacerdatal system of Catholicism is developed thoroughly even to its utmost limits that the education of the people does not improve, the morals of the people do not progress, manufacture and commerce do not flourish. In the North of Ireland there live the Scots, who are called the Scottish Irish. In that part of the country the state of things is quite different. Commerce is flourishing, liberty prevails, education has advanced, and it is the region where Protestantism is practised. The difficulty about national education arises in that part of the country where the sacerdotal system of Catholicism is acting arrogantly, and Great Britain is most anxious about it.

Now, how is it in the North of Europe? The problem which remains still unsolved in the German Empire is, I think, that of Catholicism, the sacerdotal system. Some years ago a member of the Reichstag from the South insisted in the Reichstag upon the Pope's absolute power; repeating the claims of former days.

As you know, there is no state-religion, in America where everybody is allowed full freedom of action according to his individual tastes, but one of the great problems the spiritual world is concerned with, is the sacerdotal system of Catholicism. As you are aware, America was in former days an "Expansion" of England and was therefore called New-England, and that part of the country was the most important centre of America. No other races had entered but the so-called Anglo-Saxon, which was the predominating power. But America has revolutionized herself entirely of recent years. In what way? The America of to-day is an Expan-

sion of the whole of Europe; there are many immigrants from Italy, and many from the German Empire, and the pure Anglo-Saxons are nearly overwhelmed by their numbers. The Germans alone amount to 15,000,000, and the whole population of New York is 4,000,000, one fourth of which are Jews. The Jews were ostracised in days gone by. But not so now, because there are so many of them in New York. But I do not intend to speak about the Jews, but of those who having been oppressed in England could not gain what they longed for, and therefore emigrated to America, where they are acting presumptuously, and are especially energetic in political affairs. Who are the men who entertain bad feelings towards Japan and are the chief agents in the Japanese exclusion movement? Who are they? Not the Anglo-Saxons, not those who have been reared in New England and who have received a New England education. They are chiefly those who have been reared in Catholic countries. In a wider sense it is not wrong to say that they are Catholics; the Italian, the German, the Irish. At any rate the collusion is taking place in America between the overflow of many European nations and that of England. Therefore America is striving to make an American of every one who emigrates from Europe, a true American citizen, one who fits into the America system of government and is inspired with the American spirit. And what is the principal obstruction? The sacerdotal system of Catholicism. The sacerdotal system at the head of which is the Pope, is the chief obstacle in the way of American national education. That is to say; there is a collision between Vaticanism and Americanism. Which will be the victor, which the defeated? If the former wins, then America will never be the America of former years; it will develop into an America that has lost its principles, while if it be possible to overthrow Vaticanism and to make Americanism victorious America can still stand firm to its principles.

In Japan this dreadful Catholicism enjoys freedom of propagation of the faith as far as possible. Therefore, I think it will certainly spread. But this is the point on which every one who wishes to become a Catholic should ponder very carefully. We must take it to heart for the sake of the State. It may not be injurious to the State if it can be Japanized. At any rate, a religion which has its centre in a foreign land is really troublesome. France is about to finish its work of putting an end to this evil. Japan should never repeat it. In my opinion the matter must be studied beforehand, now at the present time, that is to say, we should, as Japanese, study it deeply, and never let it pass without discussion. I will say a word about the superstition and so-forth of Catholicism. Superstitions! There are many superstitions in Japan, and if a comparison be made from this point of view neither is better or worse than the other;

nor do I think that Japan is good and Catholic countries bad. Fortunately for Japan, it does not possess such a sacerdotal system as that of Catholicism. Although we now and then hear a word about corruption of priests and the like, yet I think it is easier to correct the evil in Japan than in countries where the Catholic system prevails.

On account of the evils of Sacerdotalism those who have not much religious experience are apt to be estranged from religion itself in consequence of their hatred of the sacerdotal system, and the future fear for France and other countries is irreligion which comes as a reaction. The great cause of the tendency to irreligion is the sacerdotal system which has been the source of so much annoyance to the people. In order to overcome it, they are forced by circumstances to destroy religion itself, and consequently they grow more lukewarm and then irreligious.

As you are aware the reason why religion was comparatively slighted by the educated in Japan in the era of Meiji is the unfortunate rejection of religion itself owing to the reaction against the evil of Sacerdotalism handed down from the Tokugawa era; religion was likewise rejected on account of the illiteracy of the priests; religion was estranged on account of the misdemeanors of the priests. Truly sad, indeed! On account of this scab the rising generation do not approach religion even to this day, and there are few who respect it.

In England, America and Prussia there is a great current in society, called the religious current; and it is very fortunate that it is so. I have often heard men say, that Christianity is declining; but that is simply a superficial observation from my point of view, that of an eyewitness. How earnestly and widely are the Baptists, Methodists and the Salvation army working! Such zeal cannot be met with in Japan. For instance, meetings were held twice every Sunday, once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon in the church conducted by Mr. Campbell in London. About 3000 attended these meetings every time; the influential educated element, the aged, the young and men in their prime, 3000 in the morning and again 3000 in the afternoon. Such a state of things is almost beyond hope in Japan. I could not restrain my astonishment at the zeal of the people. I attended two or three times, but I was always too late and had to listen, standing near the entrance, as the building was so crowded that not even free standing room was left unoccupied. Once, when the meeting was to open at 7 P. M., I reached it at 6 P. M. sharp, in the intention of being there very early. But even then there was a crowd in the line in front of the church. I took the last place in line and waited. Scarcely had five minutes elapsed and there were dozens of men behind me in line waiting for the doors to open. This happened exactly at 6.30 P. M., and the spacious

hall was at once filled to its full capacity. Such a thing could never happen in Japan, unless a man of great renown comes to speak. Then we likewise see a crowd gathered in front of a hall an hour before time. From the fact that such a large number of men gathered together at the usual hour appointed for religious worship every Sunday I recognized the fervor of their religious belief. That is the reason why I have cited one of many instances.

Still, there is no doubt about the fact that in this in England as in America and Germany the current ideas are more or less in a transition period. But only a superficial observer will affirm that Christianity is declining in Europe. It did not appear so to my partial eyes, because I am a Christian myself. It is indeed wonderful! Would that I could have such an audience in Japan! Would that I had such zealous believers! Hence it may be seen that the spirit of religion in England and America has without doubt a great influence on the most stalwart race that is now expanding and rising. Whilst in Catholic countries States as well as races are losing their vigor, a really living religious spirit is manifest where State and race are on the ascendency.

Shin-Koron, Vol. 24, num. 2.

REV. EBINO."

Tokyo, November 3rd, 1908.—When writing to Japan it is advisable to address "via Siberian Mail," as letters come that way ten or even fourteen days quicker than by Suez. Checks can be made payable by "The Yokohama Specie Bank, Limited," Tokyo, or by "Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation" in both of which we have deposited part of our funds, but the latter bank has no office in Tokyo. Our address is Koishikawa Ku,

Kobinato. Myogadani No. 17, Tokyo.

So much business. Now what is the news?

1. We accepted his Grace's offer of an empty house at the above address and shall pay him a reasonable rent for its use. There will be no further obligation on our part than to pay rent. This house is—a) too small for a permanent residence, as it contains only four decent rooms, but I am turning a few rooms in the attached Japanese house into more or less convenient quarters for our use—b) it is too cold for permanent occupancy, as it is of very light frame construction—c) it is not well situated (at least it seems so) to answer the purpose for which we were sent to Japan. Hence we shall have to seek a permanent home elsewhere and be ready to strike a bargain whenever a convenient site is on the market.

2. The Archbishop received us quite cordially, and all the priests, it seems without exception, welcome our arrival. To-day, the Emperor's birthday, the Archbishop has invited the whole city clergy to meet us at dinner.

3. Five days ago the Archbishop took me to Count Kemura, Secretary for foreign affairs, to whom I presented the letter of Cardinal Merry del Val, and mentioned the object of our coming in a mere general manner. He was very polite, and kindly told me that we could have an interview with him at any time, and that he would gladly introduce us to the Minister of Education when we were ready, and willing to meet him. So far we can and must say: "Deus nobis Japoniæ propitius erat,"

4. Now, what about the prospects of our undertaking? It is too soon to attempt any answer to that question. But there will be no difficulty at all about opening a private institute for lectures on philosophy, ethics, Sociology, University courses in English, French, German Literature, Comparative religious studies, indeed any University branches the Society wishes to take up. But it would be a private Institute, that could not give University degrees. Still, further inquiry might cause me to modify this statement. But I think it will be correct, as the State reserves the right of conferring degrees to its own University, and all professional men who want to practise in Japan, even the best European and American physicians, must pass a State examination before they are allowed to do so, Anyhow, a private Institute would answer our purpose equally well. Students could pay a very modest tuition fee. But many of them find it very difficult to pay the small fees demanded by the State, and work often at night to find the money. It will be a question we shall have to discuss whether we should recommend that no fees be exacted in our projected Institute. Of course there are reasons pro and contra.

5. So much is absolutely certain that our undertaking will be a heavy burden for the Society and will require large sacrifices in money and men.

a) In money. The experience of the missionaries proves it. What they have been able to do in the last forty years in missionary, parochial and literary work has been accomplished almost exclusively through contributions from Europe and America and the private generosity of some of the priests by devoting their own resources to the good work. The Japanese Christians are too poor to give any substantial help. The literary undertakings of the fathers, (viz. a Japanese Magazine and special tracts,) do not pay their way by several thousand yen (1 yen about 2 shillings) every year. Hence any literary work the Society would undertake would need large subsidies in order to exist. There is a) a favorable opening for such work, as the Japanese read considerably; there is b) a necessity for such work to counteract the great literary activity of the different Protestant sects that inculcate the most latitudinarian ideas about Christianity and do not even defend the Divinity of Our Savior, and to counteract a similar but greater activity

on the part of educated Japanese Non-Christians who publish several semi-religious, moral magazines and preach a new Japanese Christianity based on the most advanced German Biblical Criticism that does away with all essentials, and is Christian merely in name. A further reason for taking up such work is the desire of the priests who are occupied with it to come to their assistance, as there are only two or three (perhaps some other occasional writers), who are getting on in age and would like to see their good work taken up by a corporation that does not die. Moreover, the support of the fathers will require at least as much as it does in more expensive countries, as things are dear, but most of all the purchase of the site for the Institute, the erection of the necessary buildings, their maintenance and equipment etc., will constitute the heaviest part of the sacrifice. Of course the first expenditure for site and buildings will be the heaviest of all. But it will be an absolutely necessary expense, even without any attempt on our part to rival or outdo existing educational institutions in the city.

b) In men. Our Institute will have to be equipped with the best men the Society can give and they must be masters of English, for no other language would be understood except Japanese, and we cannot attempt to give instruction in that language without making ourselves ridiculous. Even the priests, who speak the language of the *people* perfectly, often make use of an interpreter for official communications, as the idiom is so very different. The polite idiom would have to be spoken perfectly by any one who wanted to lecture in Japanese in a higher institute of learning, and in order to learn it, one would have to begin early in life. (The question of how and where to train our young aspirants for the Japanese mission will eventually have to be discussed and solved in a satisfactory manner. Literary work can be translated, but one can hardly do effectual missionary and teaching work by means of an interpreter.) Therefore English would have to be the language of instruction, except in courses of German and French literature, which could be given in these languages to a limited number of students. These are the sacrifices of men and money the Society will be obliged to make, if our work is to be in any way a success. And it is high time to undertake it, as the Protestants are doing their very best to start a Protestant University in Tokyo and hope to realize their plan before long, and the Japanese seem to feel the necessity of a higher culture than is offered by Buddhism and the old national religion of Shintoism. They feel the need, but they are rapidly drifting away from and growing antagonistic to a Christianity that is founded on authoritative dogmatic truth. Therefore there is an urgent call for action on our part as we are late, if not too late, to undertake a grand apostolic work, that could have been far easier realized a generation ago.

But all that I have written is for the present quite unofficial. These matters must be discussed after careful study on our part, and though I think these impressions, gathered from reading and conversations, are not far from the truth, they might have to be slightly modified for an official report. Certain is the statement that the Society will have to make a heavy sacrifice in men and money.

6. And how are we, and what are we doing? Fathers Dahlman and Boucher are both very busy with the study of Japanese, and I have all my time taken up with the hundred little cares connected with furnishing our home. How are we? Well in health and in spirits, but suffering not a little from the cold. Tokyo has about the same latitude as St. Louis, and the Island of Crete (or nearly so). At present it is just 13 degrees Celsius, not quite 59 Fahrenheit in my room, in which there is no stove or fireplace. Two days ago the temperature sank to 4 deg. (about 39 Fahrenheit). We have had a great deal of rain, indeed nearly every day, since leaving Hong Kong, so that the humidity makes the cold more penetrating. We shall be glad to get to our new home which has fireplaces or stoves in every room. They are a necessity, especially for those who will have to lead such a sedentary life.—*From a Letter to Father Elder Mullan, S. J.*

Tokyo, February 17th, 1909.—Thanks be to God's gracious help, everything has developed quicker, and without more trouble or merit on our part than could have been expected. We have been received in a very friendly way by the Minister of Education, and know exactly what the government welcomes most of all in regard to our undertaking. Therefore we were able, after about three months' sojourn, to send a fairly clear programme to his Paternity for the proximate and future work of the Society in Japan. Our next step will be to form a juridical Society for educational purposes, authorized by the Minister of Education, in order to hold real estate in Japan; then comes the purchase of property and erection of buildings. Now it is evident that suitable large property in a city of 2,000,000 inhabitants cannot be bought under $150,000, or $200,000, to say the very least, and as much more will be required for building purposes. Consequently your subjects must provide those small sums through fervent prayer to St. Joseph in the first place, and then to St. Francis Xavier and our Japanese Martyrs. It is my confident hope that American Catholic generosity will furnish another Count Creighton to found and endow our Institute, undertaken at the request of His Holiness, a work that may be of the greatest importance to the propagation of the faith in Japan.

If some of our rich Catholics in New York or elsewhere grasped the situation, I am sure they would gladly send a million or two to us in Japan. Everything is at present favorable for the undertaking, and non-Catholics, Angli-

cans, etc. are pouring money into the country to develop their existing institutions. Their powerful influence has been prejudicial to the development of Catholicity during the last forty years, and the Japanese mind is already deeply impregnated with the widest latitudinarian notions of the Christian religion. Kindly help us, no, not us, but the great work undertaken in obedience, by making our needs known and the situation clear wherever you think that a generous Catholic heart can be found to establish the Institute. Small alms will help to cover running expenses later on, but large sums are certainly requisite to begin the work, and whoever gives them will undoubtedly receive the same spiritual favors granted to the founder of Omaha, Count Creighton.

What about ourselves so far away from home, in the land of sunshine? Indeed, there is plenty of it and the rays of the sun are beginning to be quite warm early in February, and it is necessary not to expose oneself too much, as evil consequences may ensue. Still, we have had quite a cold winter. Not as if there had been much snow or frost, though there has been plenty of skating this year, not even very far from Tokyo; but the cold is so penetrating owing to the moisture of the atmosphere. Recently it was said that a Russian returned to his native tropical climate of Siberia, because it was too cold for him in the land of the sun. Day after day, I have sat at my desk writing or studying with chilled hands, in spite of having a gas stove in the room, and with heated bricks under my feet to keep them in any way warm.

We have had some, but not very much, rain during the winter season, and when it rains, it does rain, so that the streets in our vicinty on the hillside over the Valley of Ginger (Myogadani) are paved with liquid, sticky mud. More than once my rubbers have been pulled off my shoes. Another amenity of our life in Japan consists in the frequency of earthquake shocks. The last one was on the day before yesterday, when the whole house shook and vibrated for perhaps twenty seconds. Nevertheless not very many of the 1300 annual earthquakes in Japan are perceptible except to the most delicate instruments.

If I remember, I wrote to Your Reverence about the retreat in St. Joseph's College, Yokohama. Thanks be to God, the result has been fairly lasting, as I am assured by the priest in charge. The non-Catholic boys are more open and friendly towards their superiors, and the strong minority of Catholic boys have learnt to hold up their heads, and are not ashamed of their Catholic faith. This is saying something here in the Far East, especially in Yokohama. The week before Christmas I gave an English Mission in the Church of the Sacred Heart. The audience contained a good sprinkling of non-Catholics, and grew every evening

in numbers from 35 on the first night to about 125 at the end. There was quite a number of confessions, and many went to Communion during midnight mass, at which the church was overcrowded, especially by many non-Catholic curiosity mongers, who evidently came from evening entertainments, as not a few ladies were in evening dress and without headgear in the pews. Anyhow they heard probably more than they relished about the spirit of self- denial, the love of poverty and humilation of the new born King. At the end of the Mission, I had the pleasure of handing over an American doctor, formerly a preacher, to a local priest for further instruction.

It will be consoling to Scholastics to know that the knowledge of languages, especially German, as well as English, will probably open the way for them in Japan. Young men alone will be able to learn the language sufficiently to make good use of it afterwards. It will be consoling to all to ascertain that our appeals for help to found a Library are meeting with a generous response from different provinces. To our shame be it said, that we have hardly any spiritual works beyond Rodriguez, one copy, and Father de Ponte's meditations. This would be the part of the library for which a holy house should provide, by sending several boxes of the best literature, and the newest works on the lives of the Saints and ascetical subjects.

A few days ago the first brick was announced for our building (2000 francs) from the poor Catholics of Poland! Well done! God will reward it to them.—*From a Letter to Father George Pettit, S. J.*

Tokyo, March 11, 1909.—Not to be idle I have adopted the noble profession of begging and am appealing to all parts of the world for financial assistance and for prayer. In regard to the latter point I want an Association of Prayer for the conversion of Japan to be started in the States, something like the Association of Prayer started in England many years ago for the conversion of that country. Surely it has borne and bears abundant fruit. God's grace alone meted out in superabundant measure will be able to bring about a change in the land of the rising sun, a country not at all disposed for the present to bow to the truth. Its leading men have been educated in our European and American universities and have imbibed the spirit of agnosticism and infidelity that prevails with all the common prejudices against the Catholic Church of which they know as much as nothing, and which they decry in their magazines as a rock of superstition and the source of inferiority among Christian nations, and as a dangerous element to civil authority. Their utterances are the shallowest that can be conceived. Still such opinions are universally prevalent. We know their origin. The mass of the people is steeped in materialism and religious superstition, and prone to a low

standard of morality. The latitudinarianism of modern Protestantism with all its negations seems to be the most acceptable form of Christianity to the leading minds, nor is this good enough for the Japanese but it must be nationalized and infused with, or spiritualized by the Japanese genius. The confusion of thought about the most fundamental notions is appalling. But that is the characteristic of our times all over the globe. Our Divine Lord alone could change a Saul into St. Paul; He alone can bring about the conversion of Japan by a similar miracle of grace. That is why I want an Association of Prayer to be founded in the States for that purpose, and I sincerely hope my call will be heard and meet a ready response. Otherwise the conditions for our undertaking are quite favorable and I do not doubt that our Institute will in a very few years number hundreds and hundreds of zealous students, if we get the means to start it properly and able teachers for all its different courses. There will, I think, be an immediate opening for scholastics, especially for those who speak English and German, the two foreign languages most in demand, and they must come soon in order to learn Japanese, whilst the college structures are being erected. It is absolutely necessary that our future teachers speak Japanese, and it is impossible without the miracle of Pentecost to learn the language after a certain age. Even my two companions, who are both well acquainted with Chinese, find it very difficult to acquire this strange tongue, though the written characters are mostly identical with Chinese signs.

Second only to the spiritual alms for which I am begging, and which I am cofident will be abundantly given through the Apostleship of Prayer, the devotion to the Sacred Heart and our numerous sodalities all over the country and elsewhere in the world, I have to beg for financial assistance, and likewise feel confident through the mediation of some generous souls in the Society to find a Founder for the Institute, like Count Creighton was for Omaha. It is evident that suitable property in this enormous city of nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants will cost a very stiff price, just the same as in New York, and then the erection of the necessary buildings will call for a similar amount. Smaller alms will help to keep things running once they have been started, but a very large sum must be ready for the beginning. But I am confident that it will come for a work that is solely undertaken in obedience to His Holiness and for the honor of God. Moreover I am like-wise soliciting alms for a library, an absolute necessity for future successful work on the part of our professors and writers. This request is meeting with a generous response from many sides, and nearly every mail brings this or that good book or books. If all the writers of the Society would donate their past and future works to the Institute of the Society in Japan we would soon

have the best representation of the literary activity of the whole Society, a collection of works we could never think of purchasing with our limited means. Books are on the way from some of our American houses, from England, Jersey, France, Belgium, Italy, Poland, etc., so generous has been the response to supply what we need.

Yesterday we had the first visitors from America, Father McGoldrich and a friend from Brooklyn. But it was pouring rain all day, and I am afraid the miserable weather spoiled the pleasure of the visit for the good priests.—*From a Letter to Father Maas, S. J.*

Tokyo, March 15, 1909—As you may have read something in the papers about the Tokyo earthquakes of yesterday and the day before I hasten to send word that we are all right and have not suffered any serious disaster. The first one of importance was at 5.30 A. M. on Saturday morning. It shook the house pretty well and lasted about four minutes. Then at 10.30 A. M. there was a heavier one, which lasted eleven minutes, and the third, by far the worst of all, was at 11.28 P. M The house simply rocked and kept at it, the beams groaning and cracking above and below; many tiles were broken and went rattling over the roof to the ground. If the experience would only come to an end in a few seconds, it would not be so bad, because the worst would soon be over, even if it meant broken limbs and perhaps a sudden death. But it is inclined to get on the nerves even of a strong man, when it goes on minute after minute, and one can expect a collapse of the building and even death at any second. Those who have had a rough passage over the ocean frequently feel the rocking of the boat for a day or two after reaching terra firma; the sensation is somewhat similar after a severe, long, protracted shock of earthquake. Every motion of the walls and creaking of the beams seem to be the presage of another and perhaps fatal shock. Still it passed over without any serious damage. We shall see what tomorrow's paper has to say. So far the only news we have been able to gather is that the water mains were burst in five places in Yokohama, that some brick walls came down, and tiles from the roofs were hurled into the streets. Our present habitation suffered in a similar way. Well "in manu Dei sumus," and we learn to pray "a flagello terræ motus, libera nos, Domine" with special fervor. The average of more or less perceptible shocks in this neighborhood, according to Professor Omori, is about three and a half per day. But very few are really perceptible, and the city has stood for many a long year and some of the larger buildings are four or even five stories high. Of course they are built in a special manner, strongly strengthened in the direction from East to West, the usual course of the shocks. But the recent one had a sort of revolving motion and a

long, heavy pendulum that I put up in my room, more for fun than anything else, described a complete circle.

You will find some photos enclosed, one for V. R. Father General and each assistant, and one for yourself. They are copies that I had made of a picture preserved in a Christian family all through the long years of persecution; and it may have come originally from the Fathers of the old Society. I shall try to get the history of the picture, if it can still be traced. We are well and in good spirits and looking forward with patience to coming developments.—*From a Letter to Father Elder Mullan, S. J.*

LEONARDTOWN. *The Meet at the Sycamore.*—"The Meet at the Sycamore" was a rally of the parishioners of Our Lady's Chapel, Medley's Neck, to form a procession to the Blessed Sacrament reserved on last Holy Thursday in the Repository of St. Aloysius' Church, Leonardtown.

Promptly at 3 P. M., the cavalcade consisting of about twenty-five men on horse-back and thirty buggies started for Leonardtown, under the guidance of Father Stanton and his mounted escort. Quite an edifying surprise was given the townspeople as the long procession moved into the main street, and halted at the church door. Many wondered what this unusual demonstration meant, and whether some social event was to be forthcoming. But soon all realized that a pilgrimage of faith and devotion was the order of the day. Leaving the saddle the Pastor marshalled his flock into the church and there for half an hour exercises were held before the tabernacle, during which acts of adoration, thanksgiving and petition were offered up to the Savior of us all. Prayers were said for good crops; for the welfare of the county; for its inhabitants, whatever might be their religious convictions; and for the prosperity of the whole State and the republic in general.

At the conclusion of the church ceremonies, the visiting congregation moved out and again forming into line, they rode home—back past "The Sycamore" that now has a new and deeper meaning to our community at large. The tree itself has almost disappeared from its place at the junction of the Red Gate and Medley's Neck roads below Dr. Greenwell's mill, but "The Meet at the Sycamore" has consecrated the spot to God and religion, and for years to come the influence of the meet will be felt in our land. It was a lesson in faith, in unselfish devotion, in virtue.

MEXICO. *Tribute to the Jesuits.*—The editor of the *Mexican Herald*, the pioneer English newspaper in Mexico, Mr. Frederic R. Guernsey, is a New Englander and a Protestant, but he is ever on the alert to pay a tribute to the Church and its work and to defend it and its clergy from misrepresentation and calumny.

Here is what Mr. Guernsey said recently regarding the Jesuit:

"Several agitated souls among our readers in the interior have thoughtfully reminded us to beware of the dangerous influence of the Jesuit Fathers on the daily press. A Jesuit visits a newspaper office about as often as Halley's comet does our solar system, and more's the pity, the members of this order being invariably intelligent and erudite men of the world, who converse agreeably, talk no cant, give one a mental nudge, and go away leaving one wishing they came oftener. Their gray matter is in a high state of activity, and we have long ago learned not to believe the wild tales, that they are to be seen crawling over the roof-tops of the city, spying into other folks' concerns. One correspondent sends us an alleged, 'oath of the Jesuits,' to be read and pondered. This is no thrice-told-tale, but a millionth, and as the zealous followers of Loyola have not yet subjugated the consciences of men, not even a thousandth part of them, one may be pardoned for refusing to become painfully impressed."

Missouri Province. *Chicago. St. Ignatius College. The New College Site.*—About two years ago a piece of property comprising twenty acres on the Lake shore, between Devon and Hayes Avenues, was purchased for educational purposes. It is considered a beautiful location and although the place is not built up as yet, it will be within ten years. The elevated road between Chicago and many suburban towns to the North joins the site, and there is no Catholic college between us and Milwaukee, so we expect to draw from considerable territory. The present site is ten miles from St. Ignatius College, far enough away not to interfere. Our plans—prospective plans—call for six separate buildings of Spanish style in architecture, viz: An Academy or High School, a Service Building, a College (of Fine Arts), a Church, an Auditorium, and a Faculty Building.

We began work on the Academy, last July and it is now ready for the roof. It is of the latest fire-proof variety, two stories and one half high and contains twelve class rooms, each accommodating thirty students. Its cost will be seventy-five thousand dollars. Each of the other buildings mentioned above, excepting the Church, will cost about the same. Our present intention is to content ourselves for some time to come with the Academy building. We have over six hundred students in St. Ignatius College and are crowded for room. Many of our students come from great distances, 5–6–10–20 miles; of course we shall lose a few who live near the new Academy.—*From a Letter of Father A. J. Burrowes, S. J.*

Cleveland. St. Stanislaus Open All the Year Round for Catholic Men.—After an existence of ten years as a novitiate of the Society, St. Stanislaus, Brooklyn Station, Cleveland,

has been changed into a house of the third probation. It is also to serve as a house of retreats.

To all Catholic gentlemen desirous of making such a retreat, St. Stanislaus will throw open its doors at all seasons of the year, but especially during Lent and the summer months, when some forty rooms will be at the disposal of applicants. There are no special terms. Anyone who wishes may contribute a small alms to defray ordinary expenses.

St. Ignatius College. Jesuits Inaugurate World-wide Study of Earthquakes.—It was announced the other day by Rev. Frederick L. Odenbach, S. J., of St. Ignatius' College, Cleveland, that a world-wide movement has been inaugurated among Jesuit scientists for the study of earthquakes. The order will secure absolutely uniform data through which the world of science may grapple with the problem of seismic disturbances.

Father Odenbach, who is one of the most noted seismic authorities in America, found that the International Society for the Study of Earthquake Disturbances was handicapped by lack of uniformity in the apparatus used in the twenty-nine countries forming the association.

Father Odenbach said of the new work of his order: "The thought struck me that the Jesuit order has it within its power to organize a chain of seismological stations around the world, stations which would use the same instruments according to the very same instructions. Under such a system absolute comparability of seismograms would be easy to secure."

"How many stations will be operated under the new plan?"

"We have twenty-eight colleges in the United States and Canada. More than twelve of these will be selected as stations, based on their geographical location."

"Our colleges, scattered all over the world, include some famous observatories, such as Manila, Zi-Ka-Wei, Stonyhurst, England, Isle of Jersey, Havana, Bulowayo, Africa, as well as Georgetown, Omaha, Cleveland and Santa Clara, Cal. The instrument to be installed in each station will be the Wichert pendulum."

The following are the stations selected for the work in the United States, Canada and Cuba: Georgetown, Brooklyn, Worcester, Buffalo, Mobile, Chicago, St. Boniface, Manitoba, St. Mary's, Kansas, Denver, Spokane, Cleveland and Havana.—*Daily Paper.*

Kansas City. Site for a New College.—A site for the new Jesuit college which is to be established in Kansas City has been secured in the purchase for $50,000 of twenty-five acres from the Peers estate, lying between Troost and Lydia avenues and Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets. The name of the college is to be Rockhurst college of Kansas City.

The twenty-five acres selected will afford accommodation for all the buildings that may be needed, for athletic field, playground and observatory. The east end of it is within a block of the Marlborough trolley line, and the west end will have the advantage of the Troost avenue line when extended. The first buildings to be erected will be built at the west end facing Troost avenue. The property shortly will be surveyed and cross-sectioned, so that a contour map may be made and the differences of level determined, with a view to the proper location of buildings and the preservation of landscape perspective. Most of the ground is high and it rolls toward the east, commanding a fine view from that direction. Fifty-second street is not yet opened at that point, but the other three streets are.

The Rev. M. P. Dowling, pastor of St. Aloysius Church, is behind the movement to establish the college.

St. Louis University. Purchase of a Site for a New High School.—Our Fathers of St. Louis have crossed the river into Illinois and have purchased a large plot of ground which is in East St. Louis, yet only three miles from Belleville. The intention is to start a Catholic high school for the large Catholic population there. St. Louis University has three high schools already. This is the fourth.

New Orleans Province. *Grand Coteau. Golden Jubilee of Father Anthony Boven.*—Saturday, September 26th, 1908, Father Anthony Boven, S. J., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus. The church, but especially the sanctuary and altars, had been decorated with bunting and flowers and plants by his loving friends. A devout congregation filled the church. The venerable jubilarian was the celebrant of the mass. Rev. Emile Mattern, S. J., President of the College of the Immaculate Conception, of New Orleans, acted as deacon, and Rev. H. S. Maring, S. J., President of St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, as sub-deacon. Several pastors of neighboring churches and Fathers attached to the college were in the sanctuary. After the Gospel, Father Mattern ascended the pulpit and in an eloquent sermon paid tribute to the life of labor and sacrifice led by Father Boven during the fifty years of his career as a Jesuit, and especially during the last thirty-eight years passed at Grand Coteau He laid special stress on the fact that Father Boven had labored with predilection for the colored people and had given to their care the better part of his life.

After mass the jubilarian was surrounded by the people who showered congratulations upon him. During the day many letters and telegrams were received from absent friends expressing felicitations on the jubilee, and regrets at inability to be present. One particularly touched the heart of the humble priest, a telegram from His Grace, Archbishop

Blenk, who, on account of his pastoral visitations, was unavoidably absent.

In the afternoon the children of the colored school, the various Sodalities of which the Rev. Father is director, and a concourse of people, gathered in the school to offer their congratulations to the jubilarian. They presented him with a beautiful set of vestments in gratitude for his zealous labors among them.

Laying of the Corner Stone of the New St. Charles College. From fifteen hundred to two thousand people gathered on the beautiful grounds of the St. Charles College to witness the imposing ceremonies. The day was an ideal one. Gentle Spring and the weather man indeed joined hands in an utmost effort to make the day propitious.

People and clergy from every part of the country, among them His Grace, the Archbishop of this diocese, and many of the prominent State officials, lent their presence to the occasion.

At the hour of noon the procession, headed by His Grace, Most Rev. Jas. H. Blenk, Archbishop of New Orleans, wended its way to the platform which had been built over the foundation, and artistically and appropriately decorated with United States flags and palms.

After benediction, Judge Wm. Campbell, of Lafayette, master of ceremonies, opened the speechmaking, reviewing briefly the history of the institution, in which he himself was once a student. Speeches were also made by the Archbishop and Rev. Father Provincial of New Orleans, the Rev. J. F. O'Connor.

The New St. Charles College, will be one of the most pretentious of the Jesuit colleges in the South. Not only will it be large and roomy but the style of architecture is ornamental as well, being of the Doric order happily grafted on the Corinthian, making an imposing showing.

The building will be erected at a cost exceeding $200,000. The length will be 384 feet, while the width varies, the main part being 75 feet and the wings 110. The main, or middle portion, will be four stories high, and the wings three stories.

New Orleans. Father Biever Elected President of the Anti-Ant Society.—Following out the suggestion made some time ago by Rev. Albert Biever, S. J., in a lecture, in which he stated that plant and animal life were threatened by the ant invasion of this city, an anti-ant society was organized by a number of prominent citizens. Father Biever was unanimously elected president of the newly formed association. The object of the Anti-Ant Society, as explained by Father Biever, is to enlist public interest in the checking and destruction of one of the greatest plagues that has ever visited this section, and that threatens not only the

comfort of citizens, but vegetation and agriculture. As a result of the scientific researches made into this subject, Father Biever said that even the cotton and sugar crops were menaced by this pest, which is also a carrier of disease germs.

The Brazilian ant, first found near Buenos Ayres, was imported into New Orleans and Louisana through the avenues of commerce, principally by means of coffee ships plying between this and Brazilian ports.

In the course of the meeting, the important fact developed that Father Biever has been in correspondence for some time with Jesuit Fathers in Brazil, who have also devoted many years of study to the subject of ants. The pest became so destructive to crops in that country that the Jesuit Fathers, who were called upon for assistance, invented an instrument for exterminating the ants. Without this instrument it is said to be impossible to have, in certain sections of Brazil, flowers and fruits. The instrument is placed in the earth, and by the aid of a chemical, deadly fumes are generated, which are forced into the earth by air pressure, killing the ants, but in nowise injuring the tender roots of plants, flowers or trees.

Notes.—The Archbishop started a new seminary last fall under the direction of the Benedictines. It is at present temporarily located in the city. Later it is to form part of the new Benedictine college now building at Covington. That priests are needed in the city is evidenced by the fact that every Sunday several of our Fathers go out to say mass at the various churches throughout the city. Besides Father Power and Father Gore, quite a number preached during lent in the various churches.

One of our Fathers also goes on Sundays to the Soldier's Home. This is a very beautifully situated institution, and is in charge of a regular organization. The inmates are all confederate veterans of the civil war, who are well provided for by the good people whose homes they defended in their earlier days. To this place also on Sundays comes a very zealous group of members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of the neighboring church. These gentlemen attend the mass in the soldiers' little chapel, and afterwards go around among the old soldiers, managing to do a great amount of good in a quiet and unostentatious way. Quite a number of the inmates are Catholics. The Superintendent, Captain Ward, is a devout Catholic and each Sunday serves the mass said at the Home. The Vincentians (as the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society are familiarly called here), have been instrumental in bringing not a few of these old battle-scarred veterans to the practice of their religion. As there are two or three protestant ministers who go to the Home regularly to hold services, this speaks well for these zealous laymen. Their

latest work of zeal has been an effort to organize a young boys' choir to sing at the mass on some Sunday during each month—thus making the services less drearisome and gaining the heart through that means so commonly made use of in the church.

Three new appointments to Judgeships, which took effect May 1st, were recently made by the Governor of Louisiana. They were as follows:

Judge John St. Paul, Judge of the Court of Appeals.
Judge E. K. Skinner, Judge of the Civil District Court.
John B. Fisher, Judge of the Frst City Criminal Court.
All the gentlemen appointed are old Jesuit boys.

NEW YORK. *America Press, Washington Sq. The Messenger replaced by America.*—The following editorial from the *Messenger* for March, 1909, will be of interest now and hereafter.

"The Editors of *The Messenger* announce that they have completed arrangements to replace this magazine by a new periodical.

For many years members of the Hierarchy, prominent priests and laymen, and a large number of subscribers have urged upon them the desirability of such a Review. Besides this general good will, the Editors have the approbation of their ecclesiastical superiors, and notably the approval and hearty encouragement of His Grace the Archbishop of New York, where the Review will be published.

The object of the new Review is to gather into one central publication a record of Catholic achievement and a defense of Catholic doctrine, built up by skilful hands in every region of the globe. It will discuss questions of the day affecting religion, morality, science and literature, and suggest principles that may help to the solution of the vital problems constantly thrust upon our people.

The Review proposes to preserve and expand the popular features of *The Messenger*, namely, the editorial, chronicle, reader (book reviews), notes on science, literature, education and sociology. Special short articles or leaders on current topics of interest; biographical sketches of leading men; comments on passing events and correspondence from international centres, will be among the additional features which the Editors hope to make equally popular with the readers of the new Review.

The Review will represent both North and South America; in fact, all this western hemisphere; it will, however, keep its readers fully informed of all that interests Catholics in any part of the world, especially in Europe. It will be a representative exponent of Catholic thought and activity without bias or plea for special persons or parties. Promptness in meeting difficulties will be one of its chief merits, actuality will be another."

The Editors are Fathera John J. Wynne and Edward P. Spillane, Maryland-New York Province; Francis S. Betten, and Michael J. O'Connor, Missouri; Lewis Drummond, Canada; Dominic Giacobbi, California-Rocky Mountain Mission; Michael Kenny, New Orleans.

"This central Board of Editors, residing at No. 32 Washington Square, W., New York City, will be assisted by eminent collaborators and contributors drawn from all ranks of the clergy and from the laity in every part of the world.

In 1866 the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* was established as the organ of the Apostleship of Prayer in the United States.

In 1884 it was altered in form and appearance and somewhat also in contents and with it was published another and smaller magazine, *The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs*, also known as the *Little Messenger*, to serve as a cheaper periodical for sodalists of the Blessed Virgin, for the Apostleship of Prayer, and for helping the cause of the early Jesuit missionaries and martyrs. The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* was recommended as a general literary as well as a devotional magazine.

About 1890 an attempt was made to establish a periodical of a learned and scientific character, to be edited by members of all the Jesuit provinces in the United States, but it was not successful, chiefly because the contract proposed by the publishers, although liberal in terms, would have required a larger editorial staff than the Society could spare.

Meanwhile the literary character of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* was developing so that gradually it became less suitable for an organ of the Apostleship of Prayer, and on the other hand the *Little Messenger*, or *Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs*, was considered too complicated for that purpose on account of the variety of interests it was advocating. Accordingly in 1897, the *Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs* ceased to serve as a *Little Messenger*, and was issued only quarterly, exclusively for the interests of the Jesuit martyrs and the shrine erected on the site of the death of three of them at Auriesville, New York. It is still published for this purpose. For the Apostleship of Prayer a *Little Messenger* or Supplement of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* was published monthly, for the members, and a special bulletin, the "League Director," for the Directors, then numbering over five thousand. This arrangement lasted until December, 1902. In 1900 a proposal for a general weekly review was again considered, and it was decided to prepare for one by developing the *Messenger* and by issuing the *Catholic Mind*, a fortnightly periodical containing one article only, usually a reprint of some article or document of importance. It was decided to issue the *Messenger* as a monthly distinct from the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. The "League Director" ceased to appear." The first number of *America* appeared April 17th, 1909.

Brooklyn College. Donations.—Generous benefactors have recently beautified St. Ignatius Church. Very handsome Stations of the Cross have been erected in the church, donated by kind friends. The faculty library of the college was more than doubled by a princely donation of books. It was the gift of the Right Rev. Monsignor John Barret, of Brooklyn, chosen from his own private store, and comprising in all about twelve hundred volumes, handsomely bound.

The Church of Our Lady of Loretto. An Old Custom Revived.—Michael Rucci, twelve years old, was selected to preach the sermon on the evening of January 10th, at the special Christmastide ceremony held in the Church of Our Lady of Loretto, in Elizabeth street.

It was a unique service in which about fifty of the little boys and girls of the mission took part. There were 250 patrons and friends of the mission present, and when they left they said Father William M. Walsh, who trained the children, deserved credit for the revival in New York City of one of the oldest Italian customs.

The children represented the characters of the Nativity. After a procession through the aisles, Michael Rucci mounted the pulpit and related the story of the Saviour. He had chosen for his text "Behold! I bring you Tidings of Great Joy," and so clear and simple was the little fellows's sermon that it was a revelation to many of his elders.

Fordham University. The Law School.—The annual dinner of the Fordham University School of Law was held at the Catholic Club on Tuesday, February 23rd, and was a most unqualified success. It was attended by more than one hundred students who had as their guests the Hon. Peter A. Hendrick, Justice of the Supreme Court; the Hon. John J. Brady, Justice of the Supreme Court; Municipal Court Judge Roesch, and Special Sessions Judge Mayo. The Rev. Daniel J. Quinn, S. J., President of the University; Paul Fuller, LL. D., dean of the Law School, and the members of the faculty were also present.

Fordham intends to start a precedent among the law schools of the country the coming year by establishing in September, 1909, a fourth year course leading to the degree of LL. M. At present there is no other law school offering a definitely and regularly organized fourth year course. Announcement as to the fourth year course and schedules will be made later.

Another of the attractive features of the Fordham University School of Law is the course in Jurisprudence given by the Rev. T. J. Shealy, S. J., professor of Ethics at the College of St. Francis Xavier. This course is creating, perhaps, greater interest among the students and is certainly attracting more attention from the legal world than any other course offered at Fordham. It is hoped that this series

of lectures will inaugurate a movement which will place legal education in this country on a broader and more scientific basis.

PANAMA. *Spiritual Conditions in the Canal Zone.*—The interests of religion in the Canal Zone are not as bright as they were. The improvements made from Colon to Panama may be reduced to a stone parish church built at Colon by a German priest, named Father Wolls. This holy and apostolic man gathered the money himself for the church, going from door to door, and then helped in its erection like any other laborer. Besides this there is another frame church erected, which will serve as a school for Christian Brothers on week days. At Gatun the old village has been moved, the church pulled down, and a small new one built by the Commission. Unhappily there are no priests there at present. Some time ago one of our Fathers used to go there for Sunday services, but he can no longer get a free pass, and so this work had to be given up. And yet it is a very important place, containing many Americans both Catholic and natives. At Gorgona and Empire, two Lazarist Fathers are acting as parish priests; in both these villages the Protestants have churches and are busily at work.

Culebra, a new town of about four thousand Americans, is now the headquarters of the Panama Canal Commission. Father Collins, an English priest, who speaks Spanish and French fluently, is trying to build a concrete church in the town, but the people are impatient of the delay such a structure would entail. Then again it is hard enough to get money for any kind of church. This same Father Collins also attends a mission at Cascadas, on Sundays, where he uses as a church a hall abandoned by the Y. M. C. A. This Association as well as the Masons are thriving here. I cannot understand how Protestant ministers can act as Masons and preside at the laying of a corner-stone with Masonic rites, as was done a few days ago, when the corner-stone of St. Luke's Episcopal Church was laid with masonic rites. Archdeacon Bryan, one of the two Protestant chaplains, is a very active preacher. We are friends as far as may be.

My work here is not as beneficial as I should like. Among the Patios there are some 300 Catholics, the greater part from Spain. These last are not as good Catholics as the Americans, some few of whom come weekly to confession and communion. These tropical countries seem to enervate the energies of the soul as well as of the body. The Protestant ministers cause me a great deal of annoyance. They give the Spaniards leaflets written against the Church, against Catholic practices and the priests, and I am not allowed to take these leaflets from my parishioners.

The outlook for religion and especially for Catholic education is not bright to say the least. This is partly due to

the efforts of the American Government to keep the Liberal Party in power. Liberals here as everywhere are hostile to the Church. They insist on non-religious schools. Many of the Christian Brothers who have been working in the schools, will have to give up. We have not a single Catholic paper to express our sentiments against this injustice and against all the other pernicious teachings of the Masonic press. Lately I heard the government of Panama was thinking about banishing the Sisters of Charity. But things are not yet ready for such a step, and they must rest content with having deprived the poor Sisters of their hospitals.

Your readers probably know of the progress of the canal work. Beyond this there is nothing of interest to tell you as regards Panama. In the interior of the Columbian Mission, our Fathers are working with great success. Their colleges of Bogota, Medellin, Busaramanga, and Pasto, are well frequented and are doing efficient work. Two of the Fathers attached to Medellin College for some time past have been giving eight day retreats to men in the different villages and have obtained very consoling results, especially in repressing intemperance. More than 40,000 men have attended these retreats.—*From a Letter of Father D. Quijano.*

PHILADELPHIA. *St. Joseph's Church, Work for Sailors.*—The Work for Sailors was begun in St. Joseph's Church by Father John Scully, just sixteen years ago. He organized a Sailor's Committee among the associates of the League of the Sacred Heart, to visit the ships arriving in this port and to hunt out Catholic sailors and bring them to the sacraments. Pious objects, Catholic magazines and books and the "comfort bags" which sailors prize so highly, were distributed among the men.

All the expenses were paid from the League Treasury. About five years ago, the Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul adopted the Work for Sailors as one of its Special Works. Since that time the expenses are paid by this society.

While the management has thus passed out of our hands, yet the sailors are nearly all brought here to St. Joseph's for confession. Of the 319 confessions marked in the Report for the year 1908, about 300 were heard by Ours. Fifty-four sailors made the Annual Retreat.

The noonday services held on Wednesday and Friday during Lent attracted a large number of business men and women, who sacrificed half of their lunch hour to be present.

Founder's Week Celebration. "The City of Brotherly Love," founded by William Penn in 1683, celebrated the 225th anniversary of its foundation in 1908. The week from October 4th to the 11th, was chosen for the celebration, and Sunday, October 4th, was assigned as "Religious Day."

In accordance with this arrangement, Solemn Mass was sung in old St. Joseph's, the cradle of Catholicity in the "Quaker City." Father Woods, professor of History at Woodstock College, in his sermon paid a brilliant tribute to the devoted men who were the founders of the faith in Philadelphia. At the close of the services, Archbishop Carroll's "Prayer for the Authorities" was recited, and the *Te Deum* chanted.

The outdoor celebration took place in the afternoon. The marking of historic sites was one of the projects undertaken by the managers of the Founder's Week celebrations. Mr. Martin Griffin, in a letter to the *Public Ledger*, suggested that the Knights of Columbus should place a tablet outside of St. Joseph's Church, to tell what there is down the narrow alley . . . and to mark the dear, old patriotic site. The suggestion of the historian of St. Joseph's was received with enthusiasm. Meetings were held by the various Councils and it was determined to erect an ornamental iron gate, adorned with a bronze tablet, at the Walnut street entrance to the church. "Religious Day" of Founder's Week was chosen for the unveiling and solemn dedication of this tablet.

Early in the afternoon of Sunday, October 4th, Broad street, the principal thoroughfare of the city was filled with Knights of Columbus marching to the starting point of the parade, the headquarters of the Knights at Broad street and Girard avenue.

When the various Councils had reported it was found that ninety-six per cent of the total membership of the Order in the city appeared in line. At the head of the line marched St. Joseph's College Cadets acting as escort to His Excellency, Diomede Falconio, the Apostolic Delegate. With His Excellency rode the Mayor of the city, the Hon. John Reyburn with Director Clay, and Father Gillespie, Rector of the College.

As the procession moved along it was greeted by nearly 300,000 spectators who occupied every point of vantage in the miles of reviewing stands that had been erected along Broad street. All traffic was suspended, and on Chestnut and Walnut streets, even the trolley cars were removed to other streets, so that no obstruction might be placed in the way of the marching hosts. The American flag and the Papal colors were carried by the marchers.

A stand had been erected in front of the tablet. Here was seated the Apostolic Delegate, with Father Provincial, Father Gillespie, Father Cahill, pastor of St. Joseph's, and a number of Ours with other priests.

Michael J. Ryan, Esq., made the presentation speech.

The tablet was accepted by Very Rev. Joseph Hanselmann, S. J. Rev. J. M. Woods, S. J., made an address, giving a brief history of St. Joseph's Church.

When Archbishop Falconio rose to bestow the Papal benediction a hush fell upon the street, and the great throng dropped to its knees. The tablet bears the following inscription:

ST. JOSEPH'S
CHVRCH
1733
IN MEMORY OF THE
FOVNDERS OF THE FAITH
IN
PHILADELPHIA
AND IN GRATITVDE FOR THE TRIVMPH OF
RELIGIOVS LIBERTY
THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY THE
KNIGHTS OF COLVMBVS
1908

From a Letter of Father Patrick Kelly, S. J.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS. *Manila. Marvellous Visitation by God.*—Manila papers for November 10th, 1908, reported a marvellous visitation of God's wrath upon the town of Peñaranda, in Northern Luzon. Incited by the goading of a Protestant minister, the people threw into the river all their Statues of Saints, medals and scapulars. In one case, a carved Statue of Our Lady of the Rosary and one of St. Anthony, when tossed into the river, were carried off by the current and then brought back by a counter current. The ministers urged: "Throw them hard, deep down; then they won't come back." Four times the two statues were hurled into the stream; four times they were borne back to their owners; a fifth attempt succeeded, the statues were borne away for good. No, not for good!

Two days later a hurricane drove down a tidal-wave. The town was swallowed up by the waters. One hundred and sixty people and all live stock were drowned. The statues of Our Lady and St. Anthony were found floating there where they had been cast into the river, and are now preserved in the town of Tugnegaras. The few survivors of the town, when they had realized that God had visited his wrath upon them, set out to find the minister. He had escaped on horseback.

Leper Colony.—The Government has named Father Manuel Valles to be chaplain of the leper colony of Culión.

Leprosy was brought to the Islands by the Japanese two centuries ago. To destroy the disease in the Islands, the government has chosen Culión (one of the largest of the Calamianes group) for the isolation of all lepers. The care of the lepers is in charge of the Sisters of the Congregation of St. Paul.

Father Algué has established a meteorological station on Culión. Father T. Becker has been appointed to assist Father Valles. The salary of each is $900.

Mindanao. In the Footsteps of St. Francis Xavier.

Davao, Moro Province, Mindanao, P. I., Jan. 26, '09.

It is considered certain that St. Francis Xavier was here in Mindanao; the Bull of Canonisation says: "Ipse primus Mindanais Evangelium Christi annuntiaverat." It is admitted, too, by the the most recent and careful historians of the mission that he was here in Davao. In a long and most interesting letter he says he found many Christians here, but without a pastor, for the secular priest in charge had died a short time before. St. Francis baptized many, especially children; and remained, he writes, three months, visiting every place in which there were Christians. His description of what he saw is applicable at the present day—the frequent wars, the lack of flocks, subsistence of the natives on roots, etc. The history of the modern mission of the Gulf of Davao is recent and sufficiently brief. Just before the late revolution, the Fathers, aided by the civil power, baptized, with little difficulty, many thousands of the docile natives. Even the Moros, who here have little relation with the main body of their tribe, submitted to Baptism. There was little time for instruction, the hope of the missionaries being to train the children in the Faith. Small schools and chapels were established all around the coast line of the Gulf; four residences were established; and the various stations were visited regularly. At the revolution all this was swept away, the "wild" people, as they are called, but who are in reality gentle, went back in great part to the hills. Parts of the mission district were visited at intervals on the return of the Fathers; but little hope seemed to be entertained of doing successful work under American control, considering the imperfect Christian formation of the natives; the unwillingness of the Moros especially, and of others also, to profess the Faith in an era of entire religious liberty or indifference; and, finally, the lack of means to establish missions now that government aid had been withdrawn.

Around the Gulf of Davao, within the last six or eight years, many Americans, nearly all non-Catholics, have begun large plantations, particularly of hemp. The native people began gradually to gather for work on the plantations; and so an opportunity seemed to offer for reviving the mission work. The Americans received the Padre with the utmost hospitality. He said mass in their houses; and they accompained him to gather in the lost sheep. The success was wonderful; in nine months—but really in three or four of actual visiting—1,070 of the "wild" people and their children have been baptized, and some 230 couples married. They come themselves when the Padre appears, so strong is the memory of the self-sacrificing and trusted missionaries who had labored amongst them. The Americans wish for no other propaganda but the Catholic;

and the rulers of the Moro Province will not allow the introduction of Aglipayanism.

The field is great; there are some 33,000 non-Christians in this mission district, the coast line is some 300 or 400 miles long, and from the little town of Davao one sole Padre goes out to gather in the harvest through from 200 to 300 little settlements or plantations. One other, an old Padre of seventy-two years, remains at home (in Davao).

A little money, but especially a *few* more men, with another small residence or two, would simply do wonders. The presence of a few suitable American Fathers would help enormously; but they would never suffice without a sufficient staff of Arragonese.—*From a Letter of Father D. Lynch, S. J.*

Vigan, January 3rd, 1909. Some Notes.—During October we had three very severe baguios here—each one more violent than its predecessor. The last one, about October 23rd, was very destructive through Luzon. In Vigan 1000 houses were blown down; in the province of Ilocos Sur there were 75 deaths; nearly all the churches and priests' houses suffered terribly. In Ilocos Norte and Abra, the number of deaths passed 500, I think reached 700.

Here, in Vigan, for two or three days after the baguio, the streets presented a strange spectacle. Hundreds of men, women and children went from house to house begging alms. The difficulty was that not only was there no rice to give them, but there was none to buy. For two or three days after the baguio there was the greatest scarcity of this commodity. Thanks to the goodness of God, we succeeded in securing enough for all our boarders, so that it was not necessary to diminish the ordinary table supply. The baguio may have a future effect on the college, in that owing to losses on the part of their parents, some who are boarders now may not be able to return next year, and others who thought of coming may be unable to enter.

I have taken up a little prison work here, and, thank God, not without some good results. When I came here three years ago, I wanted to go to the prison, but as nearly all the prisoners spoke only Ilocano, I concluded to wait. Meanwhile I had to blush a little later to find my "friend" Williams had gone there and "baptized" two of the inmates. This was the information that the President of the Apostleship gave me, suggesting that something be done. I thought I ought to do something. I went, in June or July, and found some thirty prisoners. I was accompanied by one of the seminarians, Mr. Lozo, now studying in Rochester. I read an Ilocano discourse on the Bible and at its conclusion asked if there were any questions. Three or four of the "boys" had difficulties—protestant difficulties—at once. They had texts of Scripture to support their statements, but had not yet become as deeply "dyed in the wool" as my

friend Edwards. Three or four had Protestant Bibles, these I urged them not to read, but destroy, and made no effort to take them away. Yet, Lord, the successor of Williams, "complimented" me in his paper by asserting that *Mr.* Thompkins, the American professor in the Seminary had been following in his footsteps, trying to take the bread of the word of God from the prisoners, and had tried to deprive them of the Bibles which the prisoners refused to give up. I continued going each Sunday, while the minister's visits decreased. After a month or so, one of the "baptized" began to give me—but opened—the protestant paper he had received during the week, and finally gave it to me unopened. I was hoping to "get him back" into the fold again, but his term expired and he left Vigan without honoring me with a call. But I think he lost nearly all his protestant ideas. About October, I lost my other two "protestant" boys, and from that time forward had no more "questions" after instructions. Meantime those that remained were beginning to feel something of religious enthusiasm and asked for Confession and Mass. Could we refuse it? So on December 15th we began a retreat. The first night I preached on the End of Man, in English, and one of the college boys translated it into Ilocano; the next night Father Tarrago, S. J., preached on Sin, in Spanish, having one of the boys as interpreter; the third night Father Verzosa, of Bantay, preached in Ilocano on Death and Judgment, and the last night, Father Brillantes, the parish priest of Vigan, was to have preached on Hell. But the Knights were having their last meeting of the year, and Father Brillantes waited for me until it closed; when we reached the prison at 6.45, we found it all locked up. However, we returned Saturday night for confession, and fifteen confessed—this was about half the prisoners. At five the next morning, Sunday, December 20th, I said Mass in the quadrangle and the devotion of all was really moving. Two of the Seminarians accompanied me and sang and read prayers for Communion during the Mass. After the Communion I preached in Spanish, one of the Seminarians translating it into Ilocano. At present the prisoners have much Catholic spirit and have begged the prison authorities not to permit the ministers to come near the place. On the day of their Communion and also on Christmas day we rejoiced the hearts of the prisoners by distributing rosaries, pictures, etc., and cigars.

I would like to write you of the splendid celebration of the Pope's jubilee, the Pontifical High Mass, in which our boys, under the direction of Father Benaiges, S. J., sung so well as to elicit the greatest applause from all, the entertainment of the Madres in the Bishop's Palace, in which all the Catholic Societies of Vigan took part, our own magnificant celebration, but these, for lack of time, must remain

among the unrecorded glories of Vigan. One incident of the 29th of November, the day of the Jubilee, I must record, and that is the blessing of the Catechism banners and the children's processions. Father Alfonso desired a banner for each section of Catechism. He called the *Instructoras* and told them he wanted each one to make two banners—one for their own section and one for the corresponding boys' section. All he gave them was the silk and the picture to be used on the banner. The decoration, painting, gold work, etc, be left to their own ingenuity and generosity. Was there a little feminine vanity in the assiduity with which each one of the young ladies set to work to have the finest banner? Be that as it may, before November 29th, Father Alfonso had thirty-six as beautiful banners, of all colors, of all styles of decoration, as any Catechism class, even in the States, could boast of, and which my unfortunate lack of artistic taste, prevents me from adequately describing. At four o'clock, with the Cathedral full of children, the little standard bearers entered the sanctuary with their banners and Bishop Dougherty blessed them, after which there was Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The Blessed Sacrament had been exposed all day. At the conclusion of Benediction, all the children filed out of the Church for the grand procession round about the two large squares near the Cathedral. *De More*, Jupiter Pluvius smiled down benignly, and just as the last of the little girls had left the Cathedral the light kind of a shower began to fall. The sweet airs of "Ti Catecismo" and "O Maria" were at once changed to shouts of glee as boys and girls scattered in every direction looking for shelter. All managed to find shelter and few escaped beyond calling distance. After about fifteen minutes, we formed ranks again, only to be driven a second time to shelter owing to a second down-pour. After another delay of some ten minutes, we started once more, and this time succeeded in returning to the Cathedral unmolested. This sight of 1000 children with their 36 beautiful banners was certainly an inspiring one to the people of Vigan. The good work of the Cathedral Catechism is already bearing fruit. On the outskirts of the city of Vigan is a barrio or small town, Cota by name. It has always appealed to me on account of its great abandonment, especially of its children. During my first year here I used to pass through it each Sunday, and often desired to do something there, but linguistic difficulties prevented me. By the distribution of little pictures during these walks, I became more or less friendly with the ragged—they can better be called clotheless—little children there, meantime hoping to do a little more, The Bishop had often spoken of the spiritual desolation of the place, and was often of the impression that, as he drove through there in his evening drive, he was the object of ridicule or mockery on the part

of the children. When Father Alfonso had gotten his catechism well under way in the Cathedral, the Bishop insisted with Father Brillantes—the parish priest of the Cathedral—that a Sunday School should be opened in Cota. After a little delay in finding some house to hold the Catechism, the class was at last arranged and it was my happiness to be put in charge of it. We had the first Catechism, I think, on July 26th, and some 54 were present; on August 2nd, we had 73, and on August 30th, 143. As the Cota Catechism is only a branch of the Cathedral Catechism, the same system of "Asistencias" is used there, the Cathedral supplying these. A spiritual change began to appear in Cota, and in place of even apparent mockery when the Bishop passed through the place, the little ones came out of their houses, and kneeling down with clasped hands as his carriage passed, entoned the "O Maria" and "Ti Catecismo."

In September as the Bishop was passing the Catechism, one Sunday afternoon, I invited him in. He came, praised the children, told them how delighted he was and concluded by offering fifteen Pesos for prizes; five Pesos each to the boy and girl who made the greatest progress and was most regular in attendance, and two and one half Pesos to those who were second. He also promised a Christmas present to each child. The numbers hovered about 170 until December, when on the sixth of that month we made a procession through the town, and since then we have been at the 200 mark. I think we have nearly all the children of the place. On the day of the distribution of the prizes, December 27th, there were present 350, including many grown people, who when there is a rosary or a *estampita* in sight become little children.

But we were not to have everything our own way—or perhaps I can say the protestants were not to have everything their own way. They had, some time before, secured a house and tried to hold services in an upper room, but few attended. Lord, for about three months, preached in the street, but did not make much headway. About a year and a half ago, I had a little talk with the fellow who now gives the use of his house to the protestants, but seeing he was pretty well dyed in protestantism, I let him alone. Seeing lately however that his house is the protestant meeting house, I have cultivated his friendship and have been trying to have him tell the protestants not to come any more. This he is ashamed to do. "No," he says, "we are all friends and the Scriptures say we must love even our enemies." He told me in one of our first talks, "I'm the only protestant in the family; my father, mother, wife and all are Catholics. As I was going out I said: "Where's your mother, I want to give her a picture." She was in the next room, and as I entered she never moved from the bench on which she sat, or showed any mark of respect. Rather a bad sign, I thought,

for a Catholic. I gave her the picture (of the Holy Family) and said: "Now you must pray to the Blessed Virgin every day, and beg her to keep you a good Catholic and not let the Filipinos become protestant." "No," she answered, "I'll not do that, I am a protestant, and there's only one mediator, Jesus Christ." I felt sad, but her son felt much ashamed. "Father," he said, (he always calls me Father) "she wouldn't say that if she wasn't drinking. She's a Catholic at heart." "No," I answered, "if she's been drinking, then the drink is speaking and shows too well how protestant she is." In another visit she claimed her Catholicity, but she and the women of the household smiled when I told them they must have nothing to do with the protestants. Almost my chief formidable opponent here is none else than my "friend" Lazara. She had been helping at the "services" for some time, but is now in Manila teaching some sixty girls in the methodist Bible Institute. Lord help us! Sixty ignorant Filipino girls, who in two or three years, armed with their ignorance and pride, will be doing the devilish work of Lazara.

SPAIN. *Ignorance of the Spanish Jesuits in 1908. A Reply to the Charge.*[1]

A distinguished writer once affirmed that the Jesuits might be accused by their enemies of ambition, presumption, avarice, and hypocrisy, but not of stupidity. Not long ago the German, F. Duhr, in his "Jesuiten-Fabeln," and the French writer, F. Brou, in "Les jésuites de la légende," gathered together some of the many charges circulated at various times, against the sons of St. Ignatius; and though among these fables there are many absurdities, we fail to find the charge of ignorance. The glory of bringing this accusation against the Society was reserved to a deputy, who, had he been as cautious as he is loquacious and bold, would have given his opponents less cause for merriment. This deputy is Sr. Morote. We copy his words: "We must explode the myth of Jesuit learning. . . . The Jesuits are the most ignorant of all the religious orders. Why do they build their colleges so far away from cities? I will never send my sons to these pestilential centers of education."

Shortly after the opening of the Legislature another voice was heard in the Senate, denouncing the plague of Jesuit education. Don Fermin Calbeton assures us that from the halls of the University of Deusto have come forth the seeds of "Separatism."

Neither Morote nor Calbeton deigns to substantiate the charge, but such is their way, when they deal with ecclesiastics. We will endeavor to furnish them with some facts, that they may speak on this subject with a knowledge that

[1] The following is a resume of an Article by F. Goyena in the *Razon y Fe* for January, 1909. A full list of the publications and authors referred to can be found in the original.

becomes men, called to rule the destiny of their country by their wisdom and prudence.

We will confine ourselves to the year 1908, to the Spanish Jesuits and to their literary labors, for although spiritual works are more important and more numerous in the Society, yet they have little value in the eyes of these sectaries.

The progressivists and liberals make the number of periodicals the standard of culture. Well, the Spanish Jesuits have under their direction thirty-five publications, and to fifteen others they are regular contributors. The compilers of the Monumenta have reproduced in phototype the original manuscript copy of the Constitutions of the Society, corrected by the hand of our holy founder, and the original manuscript copy of the Spiritual Exercises.

The Spanish Jesuits have enriched by their books and articles the literature of dogmatic and moral theology and biblical study. They have given valuable contributions to history and hagiography. Four useful works on Sociology were published, five on Pedagogy, six on Literature and three musical compositions were given to the public. Their work in astronomy and meteorology is well known to the maritime world, and the number of their devotional publications is legion. Besides their original works, some valuable products of other languages were translated into Spanish.

During the past year several Congresses were held in Spain, and in all these the Spanish Jesuits took an active and prominent part. In two cases their scientific work won prizes of merit.

While the leaders of State-education are protesting against wretched school appropriations and small salaries, declaring that this parsimony is depriving Spain of literary glory, and submerging her in shameful inactivity, the Spanish Jesuits are, by their deeds, lifting up their prostrate country, and diffusing on all sides the light of education.

Not to mention those houses in which young Jesuits receive their training, the Sons of St. Ignatius have under their direction: one University, two Pontifical Seminaries, two petit-Seminaries, one Apostolic School, one Institute of Arts and Industries, fifteen Colleges of secondary and higher primary education, four commercial and two elementary schools.

In addition to this, they hold chairs in the Seminaries of Madrid, Tarragona, Tortosa, Burgos, in the English College of Valladolid, and in the University Academy of the Court. Besides directing a number of literary and scientific academies, they are responsible for thirty-seven schools where serving-maids and poor children receive primary instruction, on Sundays, from charitable ladies. Moreover, they have charge of twenty six societies of working men, the purpose of which is to furnish free, such elementary education as is helpful for the different laboring classes. Over and above

the scientific work done in their own colleges, they direct a chemical and two biological laboratories, three astronomical, five meteorological and two geodynamic observatories.

In the cause of religion and charity they have five houses of retreats and a leper hospital, and they direct a popular social movement which rivals the splendid Catholic social organizations of Germany.

SYRIA. *Beirut.*—The *Faculté Orientale* of the *Université St. Joseph* has been made to depend immediately upon the provincial of the Province of Lyons for support and management. This year Father Prat gives New Testament exegesis for the first semester, Father Cales for the second. Last year Father Durand gave this course.

WASHINGTON. *St. Aloysius Church. The Men's Third Sunday.*—The Men's League of the Sacred Heart is known in St. Aloysius Church, Washington, D. C., as the "Men's Third Sunday Service." It is so called because at the 7 o'clock Mass on the Third Sunday of every Month the church is reserved for men.

During the past eight months there has been an average attendance of about 1200 men who receive Holy Communion on the Third Sunday. At the Men's Mass, Congregational singing is an attractive feature of the service.

Each month every man receives a postal. The postals are not alike any two months. I always try to have some news, something to make the men read them. After God's grace, I am convinced that this postal is the secret of whatever success has been attained. A printed form would be useless.

The postals are type-written in the girls Parochial School and addressed by them. The mailing list is made out according to streets, not according to names. The postals, which are returned every month, and there are a number, are carefully kept and wrong addresses are corrected, otherwise the list would become almost useless in a short time.

This postal to each man is a personal appeal from the priest, and when a man once realizes that a priest is especially interested in him, this appeal will not be in vain. It may be months before any result is obtained, but the postal coming regularly every month to the home, will do its work at last. There have been some remarkable examples of this here, where men have given no other reason for coming to confession than that they felt ashamed to have the priest sending postals every month, and not show appreciation of his interest in them. This, of course, is but a natural motive, yet it is not difficult to make their sorrow supernatural when once they are before us.

The expense of the postals is justified by the increase of the collection every Third Sunday, and thus there is really no extra outlay on their account, and when we consider the work they accomplish, any expense possible would be justified.

The men are urged to attend the 7 o'clock Mass every Third Sunday, and we find this sufficient, for if they come and see their friends receiving Holy Communion, it is not long before they too fall into line. It is well to have no women in the church, if this be possible, and it is also advisable to have one or two fathers hearing confessions during the Men's Mass, for besides the fact that some men cannot go to confession on Saturday nights, there are many who will go to confession with the men in the morning, when no women are present, who would not go otherwise; this applies especially to our friends who insist upon hearing Mass on one knee at the rear of the Church. On account of these also, Communion is given beginning with those in the rear of the Church who come up first, because they thus get some time for thanksgiving, and besides, if these were obliged to go up last some of our bashful gentlemen would remain seated for fear that they would have to face the congregation coming back to their place almost alone.

On the Third Sunday of January between 1100 and 1200 men received Holy Communion for Very Rev. Father General, and special prayers were recited by one of the men for the Society and for Father General.

Our Membership has increased in five years from about one hundred to the present number. The work of the Fathers in the confessional and the monthly postals have in large measure been responsible for this result. Each Mission and each retreat has added several hundreds. The difficult period was the beginning, when the men and women were together, but as soon as the number of men justified having a special Mass for them, the number rapidly increased.

I feel confident that in any parish of ours where there are a number of Fathers hearing confessions, the upbuilding of the Men's League would not be difficult, and if every man and woman, who comes to us, were given a little slip on which to write the name and address of a new member and were told to drop it in the box for the Third Sunday names, and if to each of these a monthly postal were sent, I'm sure in a short time the church would be filled with men. It is God's work, however, and the prayers and sacrifices of the mothers, wives, and sisters, as well as of the priests who devote themselves to this work must be the potent factor in obtaining God's grace to win back prodigals to the Sacraments. God has indeed blessed the work in this parish and it is a source of consolation to our Fathers and Brothers now, as it has been to those who have labored for its upbuilding in the past.

HOME NEWS. *The Public Defence.*—A Public Defence "De Verbo Incarnato" by the Rev. Herbert J. Parker, S. J., and "De Universa Philosophia" by Mr. John P. Meagher, S. J., took place at Woodstock College, on Thursday, April

22nd, beginning at nine o'clock. Each defendant was allowed two hours.

Those who objected against the theological theses were:

Rev. M. A. Waldron, O. P., S. T. L., Professor of Moral Theology and History of Philosophy at the Dominican College of the Immaculate Conception, Washington, D. C.;

Rev. A. Vieban, S. S., J. C. D., Professor of Dogmatic Theology at St. Mary's Theological Seminary, Baltimore, Md.;

Rev. C. Sauvage, C. S. C., D. D., Professor of Dogma and Canon Law at the Holy Cross College, Washington, D. C.;

Rev. D. Giacobbi, S. J., Associate Editor of "America", New York City.

Against the theses in Philosophy were:

Rev. Edward Pace, PH. D., S. T. D., Professor of Philosophy at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.;

Rev. Edward F. X. McSweeney, A. M., S. T. D., Professor of Moral Theology and History at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Emmitsburgh, Md.;

Rev. Francis P. Siegfried, Professor of Philosophy, St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Philadelphia, Pa.;

Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S. J., President of Boston College.

Besides the objectors named above, there were present clergymen from Washington, Baltimore and New York.

The Theologians' Academy, 1908-1909.—The Theologians' Academy opened its meetings this year on October 1st, with a paper by Mr. Peter A. Lutz on *The Modernistic Distinction between Faith and Knowledge*, in which some of the fundamental principles of Modernism as seen in the works of Loisy were carefully sifted and exposed. On October 15th, Mr. John M. Salter continued the study of Modernism in his paper, *Father Tyrrell's View of Revealed Truth*, which afterwards appeared in the "Catholic World," April, 1909; while on October 27th, Modernism again claimed attention in Father Mark J. McNeal's essay, *Dogmatic Stability and Ethical Progress*, being an examination and refutation of the doctrine condemned in the sixty-third proposition of the *Lamentabili Sane*. Ecclesiastical History succeeded Modernism as the topic of the three following essays. Mr. Charles J. Hennessy's essay, November 19th, *Ireland's Share in England's Conversion*, gave an illuminating account of the immense but almost forgotten part played by Irish Missionaries in the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons. Mr. Henry A. Coffey, December 17th, *A Catholic Convent in the Throes of the Reformation*, gave a graphic picture of the violent persecution resorted to by the Early Reformers, as portrayed in their harsh treatment of the Nuns of Nuremberg. On January 7th, Mr. James T. McCormick discussed in an able paper the causes, progress and effects of the schismatic *Synod of Pistoia*. *The Imaginative Sermon—A Modern Need*, by Mr. William M. Stinson, February 4th, was an

earnest plea for a more extensive use of the imagination in preaching, based upon the Scripture, the Fathers, the Exercises of St. Ignatius and the practices of the modern business world. *Factors in the Growth of Legendary Hagiology*, by Mr. James F. Mellyn, March 18th, contained an interesting account of the most recent developments in the scientific study of the legends of the Saints.

Besides these essays actually read, others of a social, economic or theologico-scientific character were projected, but owing to unforseen circumstances were not completed.

The officers of the Academy for the year closing, 1908–1909, were Mr. John F. X. Murphy, President; Mr. John J. Cassidy, Secretary.

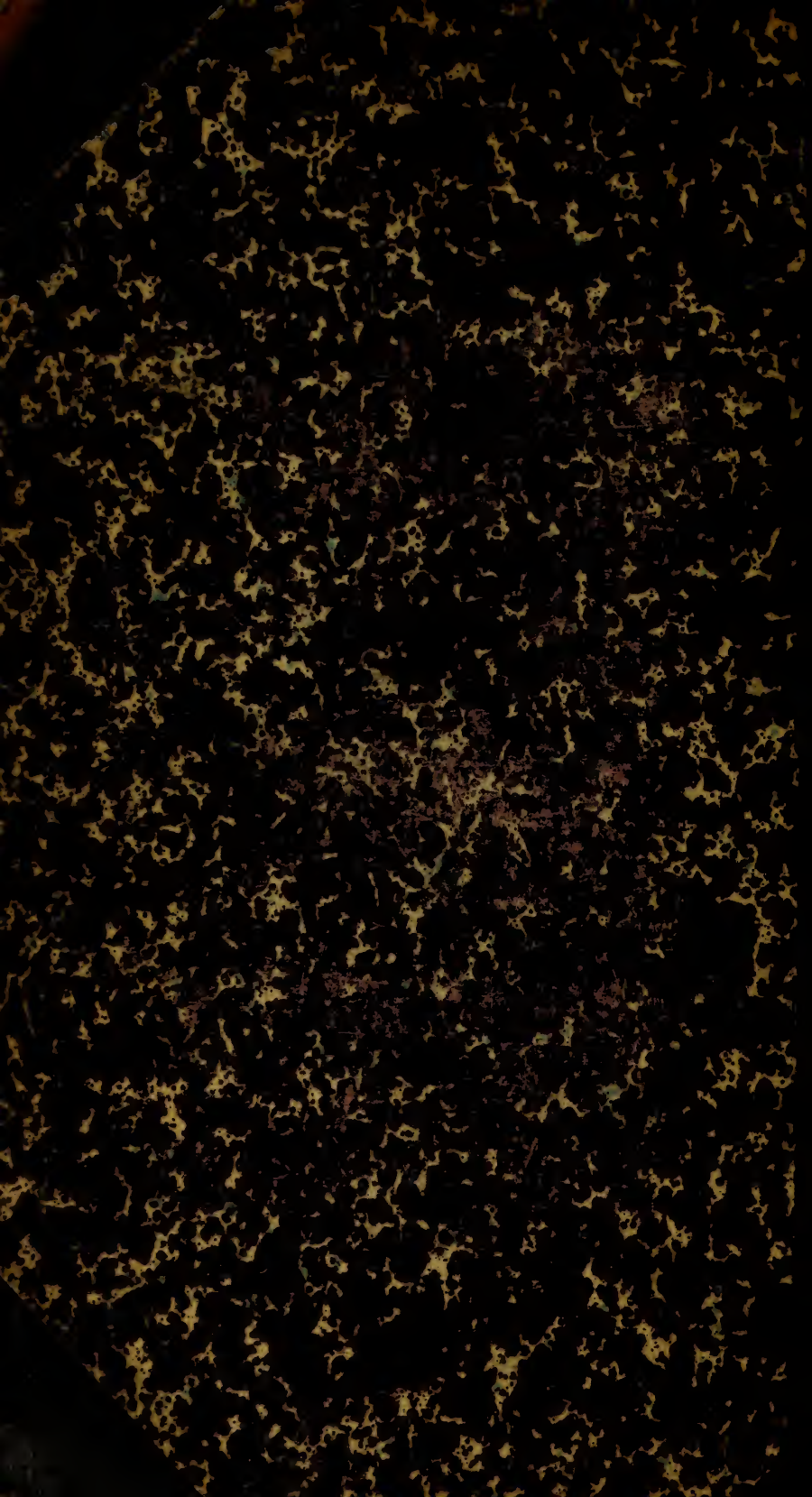
The Philosophical Academy, 1908–09.—The Academy, under the direction of Mr. Edmund A. Walsh, President, Mr. M. A. Clark, Vice-President, and Mr. J. B. Mahoney, Secretary, furnished the following course of lectures during the Scholastic year:

September 30; *Has the Amazon Ant Intelligence? A Study of the Modern Efforts to Humanize the Irrational Animals;* Mr. John H. Schieswohl. October 21; *The Scepticism of Modern Protestantism and its Logical Consequences;* Mr. Ferdinand Haberstroh. November 11; *The Mystery of Cell Life.—A Study in Vitalism*, Mr. Clarence Shaffrey. December 9; *The Recent Panic and its Leading Economic Causes*, Mr. Edward Brosnan. January 5; *Dante's Divina Commedia* (*illustrated*), Mr. Dominic Cirigliano. January 13; *The Pragmatic ὕλη of Mr. Schiller. An Examination of Some Aspects of Pragmatism*, Mr. Ignatius Cox. February 1; *Some Modern Nominalists*, Rev. D. Callahan. February 10; *The Steam Turbine—An Epoch in Marine Engineering*, Mr. J. B. Mahoney. March 17; *Wild Flowers—Their Traits and Phenomena* (*illustrated*), Mr. C. J. Deane. March 31; *An Examination of the Ethical and Moral Teachings of Shakespeare According to the Catholic Norm*, Mr. Edmund A. Walsh.

The Theologians' Academy in Honor of St. Thomas Aquinas. The Theologians held a Symposium in honor of the Angelic Doctor on the evening of the transferred feast, March 11th. A neat little program gave promise of pleasant entertainment, musical and literary. The following papers proved extremely interesting: "Student Life in the Days of St. Thomas," Mr. Gaynor; "St. Thomas, the Man," Mr. Salter; "St. Thomas, the Poet," Mr. Cahill; "St. Thomas, the Statesman," Mr. Young. The music, vocal and instrumental, was of a very high order; the members of the Glee Club and Orchestra were the recipients of well deserved congratulations. Sincere thanks are due Mr. John Cotter for his efficient direction of the Academy.

The Winter Disputations took place on the 15th and 16th of February. *De Verbo Incarnato*, Mr. Lutz, defender; Mr. Coveney and Mr. Hacker, objectors. *De Deo Creante*, Mr. Causey, defender; Mr. Cotter and Mr. Snider, objectors. *Ex Sacra Scriptura*, "The Prologue of the Gospel according to St. John," essayist, Mr. McNally. *Ex Jure Canonico.* "The Reorganization of the Roman Curia by Pius X," essayist, Mr. Murphy. *Ecclesiastical History*, "The Abolition of the Office of the Penitentiary Priest by Nectarius, Archbishop of Constantinople," essayist, Mr. McCormick. *Ex Psychologia*, Mr. Walsh, defender; Mr. Clark and Mr. Ayd, objectors. *Ex Cosmologia*, Mr. Duggin, defender; Mr. Bernard and Mr. Carbajal, objectors. *Ex Logica*, Mr. Herzog, defender; Mr. Eberle and Mr. Graham, objectors. *Chemistry*, "The Water Supply of Woodstock College"; Mr. McHugh, Lecturer.

The Spring Disputations took place on April 19th and 20th. *De Verbo Incarnato*, Mr. Cahill, defender; Mr. Morgan and Mr. O'Connor, objectors. *De Lapsu Hominis*, Mr. Deniz, defender; Mr. Coffey and Mr. Hammer, objectors. *Ex Ethica*, Mr. Dolan, defender; Mr. Kiehne and Mr. Robb, objectors. *Ex Theologia Naturali*, Mr. Schieswohl, defender; Mr. Brunner and Mr. Ciriglianro, objectors. *Ex Cosmologia*, Mr. McCormick, defender; Mr. Donlan and Mr. Duston, objectors. *Ex Ontologia*, Mr. O'Leary, defender; Mr. Sanders and Mr. Francis, objectors. *Astronomy*, "The Opposition of Mars in 1909," Mr. McCloskey, lecturer. *Physics*, "The Motive Power of a Dreadnought," Mr. Mahoney, lecturer.

Fructus Ministerii Patrum Provinciae Missourianae S. J., a die 1 Julii, 1907, ad diem 1 Julii, 1908

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MANKATO, Eccl. SS. Petri et Pauli	109	13	36936	33026	4755	35	6	113	105	192	274	2105	1	4	...	1	4	18	375	.....	198	4	540	680	.....	354	35
MILWAUKEE, Coll. Marquette	146	37	71678	88227	23562	62	3	164	205	172	434	393	...	11	3	1	1	5	358	.....	875	9	1737	4500	354	460	46
OMAHA, Coll. Creighton	50	18	33252	28000	21502	22	2	20	70	.....	203	418	3	12	1	...	.....	15	40	.....	177	6	628	680	356	160	10
PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, Coll. SS. Cordis	14	2	29178	29	.....	3	10	19	6	28	248	234	2	11	1	2	.....	3	.....	.....	52	2	91	80	115	.....	.....
ST. CHARLES, Eccl. S. Caroli	43	6	14100	15295	12800	9	1	32	42	.....	245	540	...	.....	...	...	.....	13	70	62	436	4	381	430	.....	125	12
ST. LOUIS, Coll. S. Ludovici	94	116	115035	97000	110865	60	12	131	180	160	712	803	1	38	...	...	.....	16	609	167	567	14	3006	9800	430	190	19
ST. LOUIS, Eccl. S. Josephi	68	11	35571	25130	10080	14	.....	34	77	.....	357	420	...	.....	...	...	.....	26	20	.....	213	6	1054	1648	.....	183	19
ST. MARYS, Coll. S. Mariae	90	17	21503	12000	19925	9	3	29	49	86	240	530	...	9	1	2	.....	3	.....	1	240	8	634	800	423	135	16
TOLEDO, Coll. S. Joannis	141	.....	62342	35330	.....	40	.....	279	101	.....	887	1627	...	10	...	2	.....	11	366	.....	834	4	1574	.....	224	320	38
MISSIO HONDUR.–BRITANNICA	1121	20	39083	36934	5636	318	.....	287	330	342	1756	1536	...	4	...	...	.....	29	3505	118	2628	19	805	4404	65	1200	80
MISSIONARII	32	302	131193	.....	87818	30	52	105	455	2630	445	602	4	31	12	...	233	32	3	.....	21	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Summa Totalis	3356	922	1173884	769829	436773	937	152	5005	3057	4907	10247	15083	13	219	50	25	269	293	7871	728	13409	140	22646	55305	3618	5883	560